Collier's

APRIL 4, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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Will They Climb Mt. Everest Now?

The Riddle of the LONELIEST MAN IN WASHINGTON

CAN A MECHANICAL BRAIN REPLACE YOU?

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA
11192 10783 2Y

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Sure gems of wisdom

The value of words is measured by their meaning. And to those who appreciate whiskey at its finest, the wisest words in the language are: "Say Seagram's 7 Crown and be SURE!"

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

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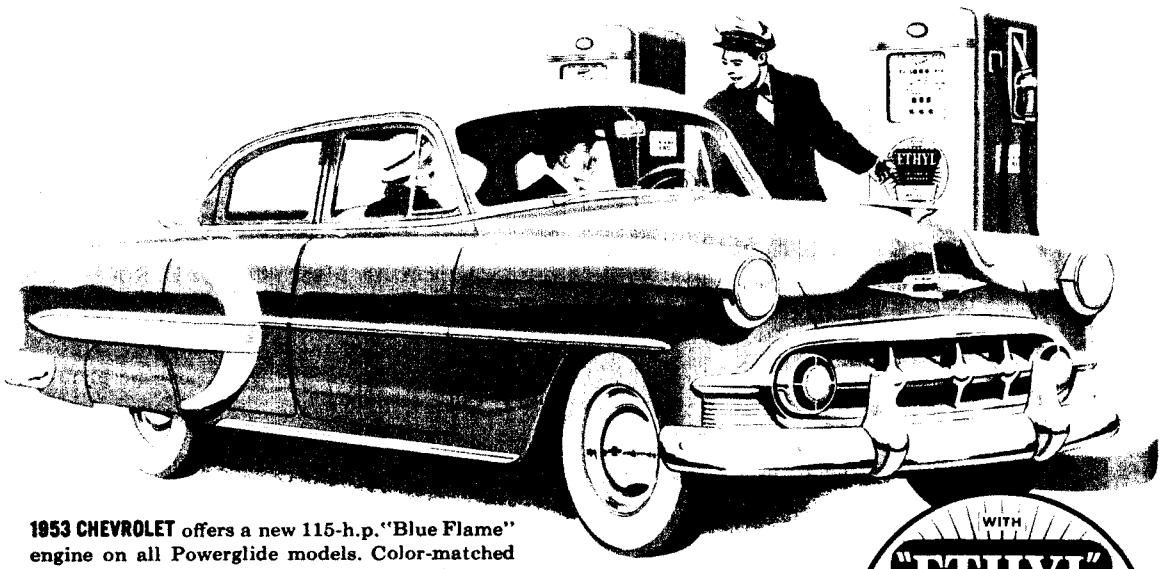
1913 CHEVROLET "Baby Grand" was one of the first of this make. It had a four-cylinder, valve-in-head engine that put out 24 h.p. A modest price range of $750 to $1,000 helped make it an immediate success.

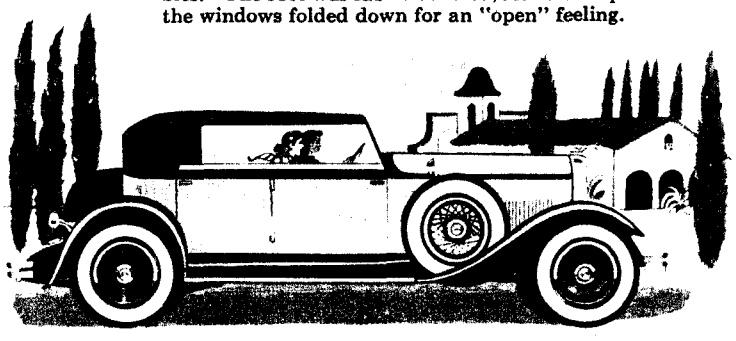
TODAY AS YESTERDAY cars run their best on the best gasoline



1953 CHEVROLET offers a new 115-h.p."Blue Flame" engine on all Powerglide models. Color-matched interiors and optional power steering are other new features for Chevrolets.

1907 APPERSON could do 90 mph in the days when people bragged of 45. But you had to pay $15,000 for one of these speedsters. The Apperson was the nearest thing to a racing car that you could get from a regular car dealer.

1931 LINCOLN, with a Derham custom body, is regarded by many to be the forerunner of today's "hard-top convertibles." The roof was fabric-covered, and center posts between the windows folded down for an "open" feeling.



WITH "ETHYL" (TRADE-MARK) ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL
CORPORATION
New York 17, New York
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada

In 1913 an automobile buyer had scores of makes and models to choose from. But no matter what car he picked, he got very little power.

Today, any make you choose has plenty of power. A modern high compression engine is designed to whisk your car up steep hills without effort . . . to give you quick response in traffic . . . and to provide the safety of reserve power.

To make sure you get all the power your engine can deliver, fill your tank with "Ethyl" gasoline. It's the high octane gasoline that helps modern high compression engines develop top efficiency. Remember . . . there's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Our bonniest Easter bonnet is off to "Sombrero"—another big and beautiful music-romance from M-G-M, weavers of those musical magic-carpets. Here's south-of-the-border excitement in song, dance and story made to order for young lovers everywhere. "Sombrero" is tipped rakishly but resplendently in the direction of our good neighbor Mexico, where beautiful girls on their balconies are serenaded by Latin sweethearts with love songs, rhumbas, maraccas and such.

Think of it in Technicolor! How else to capture, once and for all time, the almost made-to-order magnificence, the holiday hues and carnival customs of this south-of-the-border rendezvous for romance? And how else, than with six of Hollywood's brightest new stars, to tell the three enchantingly entwined stories that "Sombrero" relates of love in conflict with the feuds and codes of two Old Mexican villages?

When lovely Pier Angeli meets Ricardo Montalban, impetuous Romeo from a forbidden village, it's an exciting case of primitive love at first embrace... seductive Yvonne de Carlo and Vittorio Gassman (the new matinee, and evening, idol of the screen) are childhood sweethearts who have grown up on irreconcilable streets to share a surreptitious love... breathtaking Cyd Charisse (show-stopping dancer of "Singin' In the Rain") is a gypsy girl made of hot-pepper and spice and everything nice. The Cisco Cyd, incidentally, lets loose with a back-to-nature sabre dance whose barbaric beat will yank a lady's favorite Yank right out of his seat.

Then there's the world's foremost Spanish dancer, Jose Greco, in a devastating debut with a truly memorable solo. "You Belong to My Heart", "Eufemia", and "Gypsy Dance" are among the enchanting melodies that hold you captive in this dream world of romance.

All in all, and from top to brim, "Sombrero" is lilting and lyrical and literally overflows with the fun of life as it is fiercely lived and loved down Mexico way!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in color by Technicolor "SOMBRERO" starring Ricardo Montalban, Pier Angeli, Vittorio Gassman, Cyd Charisse, Yvonne de Carlo. With Rick Jason, Nina Foch, Kurt Kasznar, Walter Hampden, Thomas Gomez and Jose Greco. Screen play by Josefina Niggli and Norman Foster, based on the novel "A Mexican Village" by Josefina Niggli. Directed by Norman Foster. Produced by Jack Cummings.

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April 4, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY, Vol. 131, No. 14. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Donnerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

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ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

It's spring again, and artist Carol Johnson has caught a couple of suburban foresters doing their bit to conserve the national timber stock. Judging from the contents of the wheelbarrow, there is at least one new tree that is not going to suffer this year from lack of loving care in the planting.

Week's Mail

Karl Marx, Beekeeper

EDITOR: It seems to me that ridicule of Karl Marx and his book Das Kapital is the weapon with which to destroy Communism—*not satire.*

My grandmother (I am sixty-six and semiretired) made many trips to Europe. Marx fled to England, and it was there that she met him, and had a long talk with him. In his youth Marx was his family's beekeeper. He loved bees, and they would not sting him. His theory was that mankind ought to pattern its government and ownership of property after the bees in the beehives.

Remember how Cervantes laughed chivalry clear out of Europe.

L. S. GAULDEN, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Glamor All Over

EDITOR: You did stick your neck way out and so did Herb Caen of Baghdad-by-the-Bay when you published San Francisco's Most Glamorous Women (Jan. 31st). Both of you have stuck your necks out before and that helps to make a good magazine and a good column. By now you have probably had scathing reactions from New York, Dallas, Chicago, Atlanta, Denver, Richmond, Detroit, Louisville and all other cities, including Los Angeles.

Do hope that you have not heard from New Orleans, so I can hurl my reaction at you which was, *"Tiens!* New Orleans can better that by a couple of dozen." Right away, I wrote down two dozen names.

May I challenge you to a repeat article with glamor charmers from New Orleans? MRS. WILLIAM D. ROUSSEL, Waveland, Miss.

There's nothing Collier's editors like better than a challenge—except glamorous women.

Ordeal By Pain

EDITOR: I am curious about a certain term in the article How Much Pain Can You Stand? (Feb. 21st). On the pain chart is the term "average man seldom gets beyond here all his life." Does the use of the word "man" in this term mean the male sex or does it refer to the human race in general of both genders?

MRS. JACK PINKERTON, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The reference is to the male sex.

. . . It is not often I write this kind of letter, but after reading the article on pain I felt something should be done to encourage its kind. I congratulate you and John Lear, the author, for the excellent and highly readable exposition.

E. G. ARCE, Montezuma, N.M.

. . . I just finished reading the article on pain and became so indignant that I

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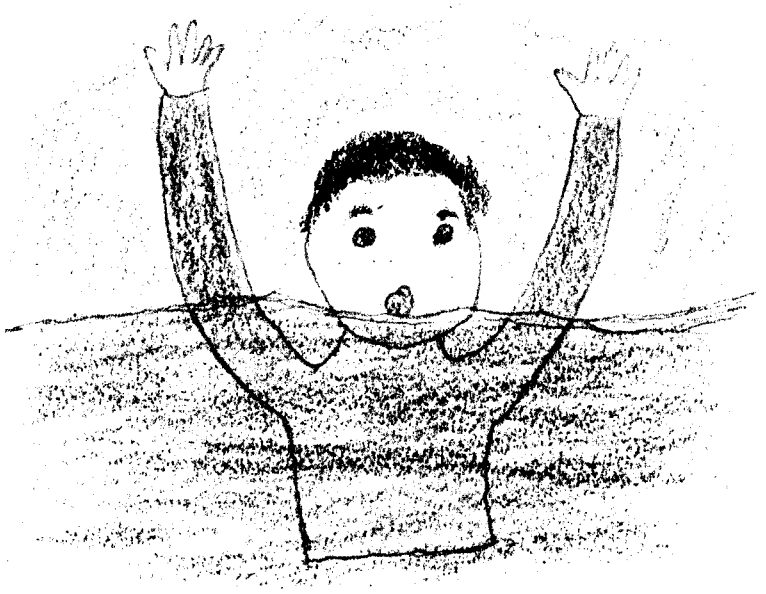
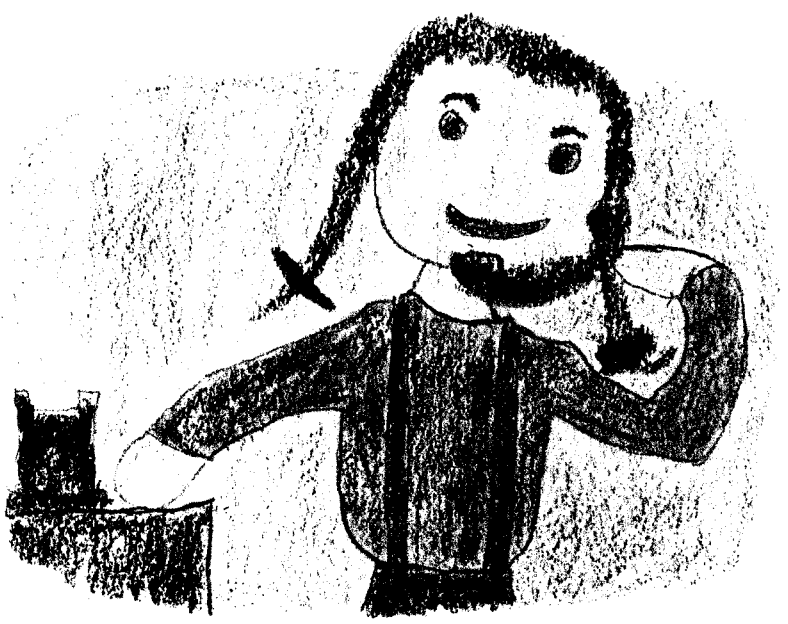
"You could never without a telephone"

by Ann Loeb

The telephone is used in sending many different messages. Here are some of them:

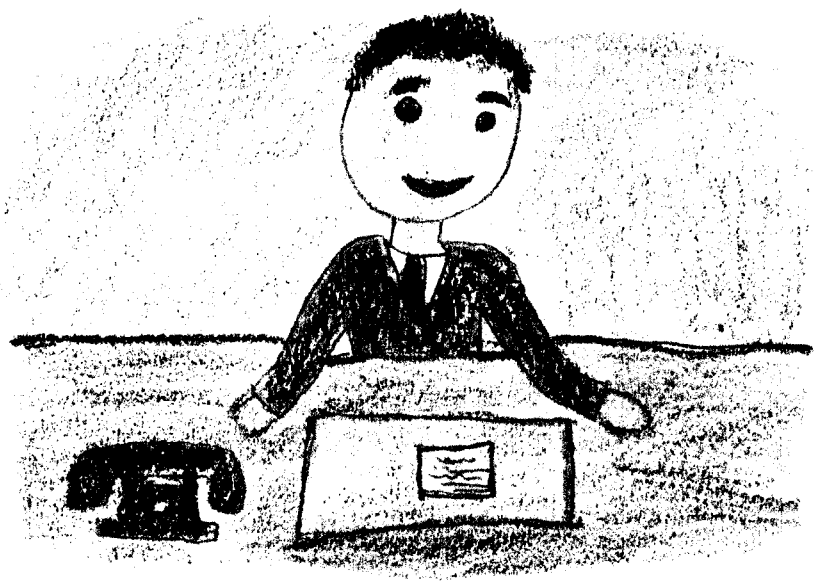


It helps report fires, floods and that people have fallen into deep water and need a doctor very quickly.



Children use the telephone by inviting other people to parties or other children to come over and play, and it is used in telling each other newnews.

Housewives use it for calling the grocery store for orders.



Fathers use it in business.

The telephone was invented by Alexander Graham Bell. It was born June 2, 1875.

You could never without a telephone — and use manners if you are listening or talking.

The telephone is one of our great friends today so take care of it.

The End

When Ann Loeb wrote this third-grade theme in her school in Ottawa, Illinois, she had no idea her father would send it to the telephone company. Not a word has been changed. The handwriting is Ann's. So are the pictures, which she drew later at our request.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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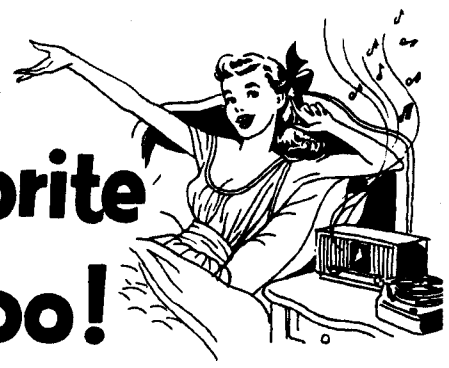
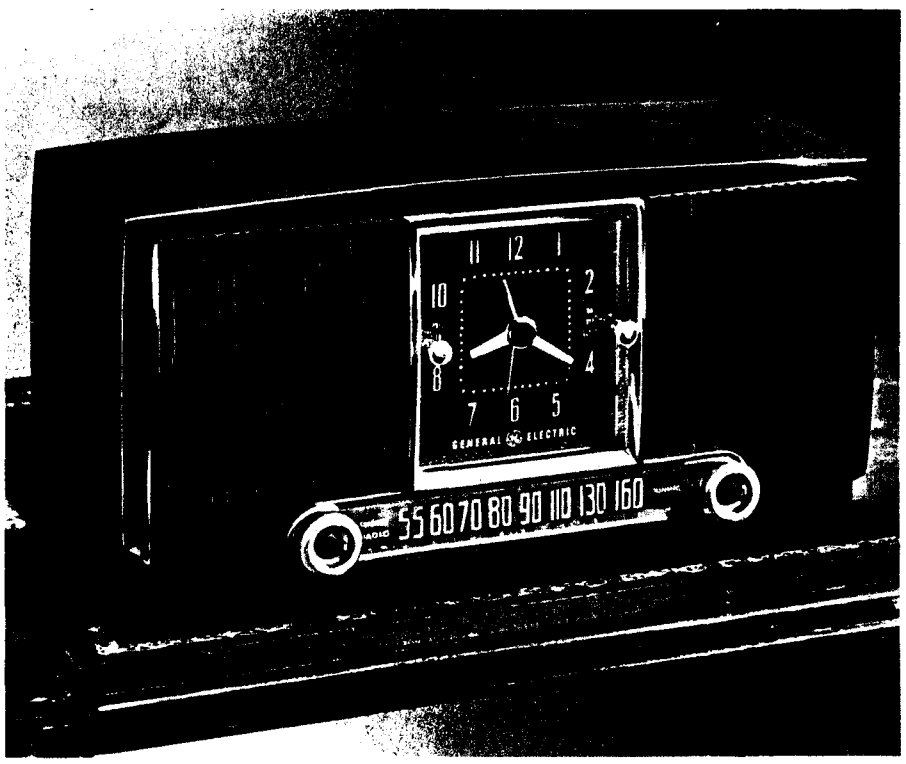
Wakes you to your favorite records, too!





Model 551

Automatically turns appliances on or off!

G-E CLOCK-RADIO

NOW MORE THAN EVER THE WORLD'S MOST USEFUL RADIO!

Turns itself off after you go to sleep! Wakes you without resetting!

Now you can wake up to your favorite records—or to music or news from the radio, with this amazing new G-E Clock-Radio! It's super-powered, too—10 times more sensitive than ordinary clock-radios. With five tubes plus rectifier, it brings in hard-to-get stations sharp and clear. In mahogany or pearl gray plastic.

G-E Clock-Radios start at $29.95
Subject to change without notice. Slightly higher West and South.

FREE 10 Day trip to Coronation Procession in London. See your G-E Dealer for entry card.

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

had to write you. The author has done a great disservice to a lot of expectant mothers by his flat statement that "the sharpest pain a human can suffer is the agony of childbirth."

I would like to know upon what reasoning the author bases this conclusion. I am far from being an expert on the subject, but I have had four children, which does give me some little idea of the so-called agony of childbirth. I will grant you the fact that childbirth can be painful, but hardly agony. If a woman knows what is to happen, is not afraid, and is properly relaxed at the right moments, childbirth can be a wonderful experience, with perhaps a small amount of discomfort. In saying this, I speak from personal experience, which is more than your author can say.

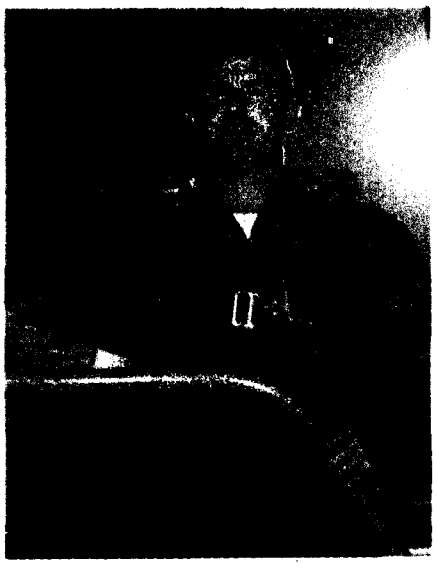
I realize that the article in itself was not concerned with childbirth, but I certainly think that the statement should have been modified, or left out entirely.

MRS. LEONARD CROSBY,
Friday Harbor, Wash.

Collier's felt that John Lear's statement concerning childbirth—"Millions of women endure it every year, welcome it, seek it, and even by choice undergo it without the aid of drugs"—established the fact that most mothers consider childbirth as Mrs. Crosby does, "a wonderful experience." We thank Mrs. Crosby for confirming the conclusion of Mr. Lear's article: "It isn't the pain itself that gets you. It's your attitude toward the pain. . . . If you make up your mind you can take it, you'll be surprised how much better you feel."

Flying into Space

EDITOR: I've just finished the article Picking the Men (Feb. 28th). I found the article interesting and intelligent, except for the paragraph and drawing on "weightless flight," "devised" by Dr.



Major Charles Yeager

Heinz Haber, and "first experienced" by Major Yeager. I feel sure that anyone who has ever piloted a light aircraft, from Mr. Wright to the present, has experienced, either accidentally or intentionally, this weightless flight, which can be produced by merely pushing forward to the correct degree on the elevator control stick, regardless of the aircraft's attitude. I was also amused by the exactness of the figures, 2.7 miles and 32 seconds, on the drawing, because they are completely meaningless. The duration and distance of the weightless flight varies with many factors, mainly the pitch attitude at the start and finish of the arc, which is controlled by the individual judgment of the pilot. It would be the same on two tries only by rare coincidence, even if the pilot tried to use the same starting air speed and attitude.

CAPT. JOHN T. HALE, JR.,
Bryan Air Force Base, Bryan, Tex.

A pilot who pushes his stick forward will rise out of his seat briefly before being restrained by his safety belt or (if he's not wearing one) striking the top of the cockpit. In that case, he's weightless for only a few seconds; the rest of the time, his weight is against his belt or the roof. Dr. Haber figured out that by flying in an arc, at a certain speed and angle of climb, the pilot can sustain weightlessness for a much longer time, so that he will rise out of his seat and hover unsupported. The figures in the diagram were theoretical, based on a specific speed and angle of climb; Dr. Haber agrees that no two pilots will fly the arc precisely the same way.

Heroes and Medals

EDITOR: I have just finished reading Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall's and Bill Davidson's article Do the Real Heroes Get the Medal of Honor? (Feb. 21st), and I wish to congratulate you on presenting such an informative article. I feel that this lack of proper recognition such as he points out should not be allowed to exist any more in the military service.

If there has ever been a better subject for a crusade in our time I do not know of it. I sincerely hope that Collier's will see fit to help the enlisted men and officers—the men who are ready to give their lives for us at home—get a fair deal. If General Marshall is correct, they most certainly need a voice here in America.

WILLIAM BARRONS, Midland, Mich.

. . . Real short and sweet, that article by General Marshall, but accurate in every word.

I know men in my former battalion who refused medals, and just for some of the reasons the general hits upon.

GEORGE F. GORMAN, Bridgeport, Conn.

Watch Those Bottles!

EDITOR: After reading Leonard A. Stevens' You and a .22 (Feb. 21st), I ask: Can it be possible that the author is actually guilty of throwing glass bottles into streams or any body of water for moving targets, and further recommending that practice to other human beings?

The thought runs shivers up and down my spine as it brings to my mind how I spent one entire summer on crutches because some other smart marksman shot the top off a bottle and left the bottom and jagged sides of it to sink gently to the bottom where it came in contact with my bare foot while I was enjoying a swim. Mr. Stevens would make a great hit also up on the coast of Maine where he could use lobstermen's nicely turned and painted pot buoys for targets. But the good Lord help him if any of them ever caught him in the act.

EUGENE B. HAMILTON,
Lexington, Mass.

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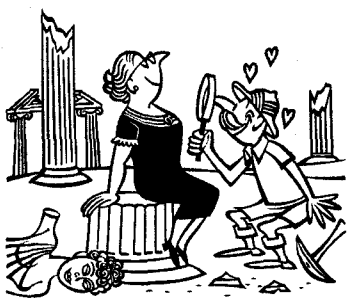
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Mr. Joe Creason of the Louisville (Kentucky) Courier-Journal insists that there's a sign in a North Carolina store reading: Try Our Easy Payment Plan —100% Down—No Future Worries About Monthly Payments.

★ ★ ★

The latest news we have from Mr. Thomas Charles McKibben is that his niece in Walla Walla, Washington, married an archaeologist. Figured that the older she got, the more he would appreciate and cherish her.



★ ★ ★

What may very well be the last word in something or other: A school in Milwaukee has stopped serving midmorning milk to the pupils for fear some youngster will be injured while carrying the milk, and the parents will sue the school for damages.

★ ★ ★

Among the absorbing hunks of instructive information old 48 has received this week is a piece telling us how to "live graciously" in one room. A trifle complicated for an old park-bench hand. Even goes on to tell us how to use an old nylon stocking as a laundry bag. Liberal education, this job.

★ ★ ★

The Ancient and Honorable Guild of Former Soda Dispensers is thriving. Dan Mahony, of New York City, Executive Secretary, says the AHGFSD at a recent luncheon in Chicago pledged itself to "helping present-day and future soda dispensers rise to fame and fortune," as many of its charter members have done. Moreover, Mr. Mahony cautions us against ticketing dispensers as jerks, even if we were so employed some years ago. AHGFSD has a Latin motto, *Ex Fonte ad Famam*—From Fountain to Fame.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours asked his doctor whether violent exercise after a man reaches fifty is really dangerous. Doctor said it all depended. "If you mean at the table," said he, "the answer is yes."

★ ★ ★

Do your best to forgive us for flaunting a bit of modest pride. A post office is about to be established in Two Egg, Florida, a small but seething community which, until we protested in a fairly high dudgeon, the Post Office Department said didn't exist. We were about to do something similar for a couple of Texas oil spots—Cutandshoot and Shootandrun. But Carl Stimson, of Houston, held us back. He took the matter up with his local postmaster who said Cutandshoot and Shootandrun both are served by the post office at Conroe and at present are pretty quiet about it. But he admits they exist.

★ ★ ★

Naturally, sooner or later somebody was going to come up with the answer to what's wrong with the world. It's tight shoes. Got this from a fellow in Chicago, who says he's been in the shoe business for 25 years. People insist on shoes not large enough for them. Feet hurt. Can't think. Result: bad temper, prejudice, war. Letter ends with offer to organize shoe dealers into a league to refuse to sell shoes to customers who won't buy them big enough.

★ ★ ★

Newly appointed vice-president (one of seven) was given a lengthy lecture on his duties by the chairman of a large Midwest corporation. "Do you now understand what your new job calls for?" asked the chairman. "Yessir," said the new V.P. "If you make a mistake, I cheerfully take the blame."

★ ★ ★

Customer named G. Rosenberg has us confused with some other deep thinker. Accuses us wrongfully of saying that fat men are more honest than thin fellows. But maybe they are, at that. They can't run as fast.

★ ★ ★

Should a few of your more intellectual friends drop in unexpectedly and you wonder what to say to them, just tell them that the Eskimo population has climbed about 20 per cent since 1941. Then sit back and enjoy the look of amazement that lights up their faces. The information is derived from figures that are guaranteed by the Honorable Robert H. Winters, Canadian Minister of Resources and Development, who has been out counting Eskimos.

IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

There's a moral here somewhere but we'll leave it to you. While Colorado and Kansas were battling about the rights to the water of the Arkansas River, the river went dry. ▲▲▲

Rarely in nature is there a creature with more perfect protection than the porcupine. Equipped with long barbed quills, it can effectively stand off the most vicious attacker—as these Bay Lynx (American bobcats) will painfully discover.

Perfect Protection

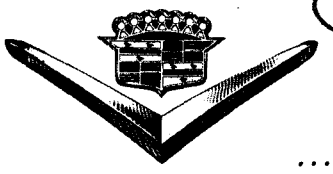
AC's *Aluvac* Oil Filter Element provides protection as outstanding in the motor world as nature has given the porcupine in the animal world.

- AC *Aluvac* has 10 times the filtering surface of ordinary elements.
- AC *Aluvac* has twice the sludge retaining capacity.
- AC *Aluvac* screens out dirt particles as fine as 1/100,000 of an inch.
- AC *Aluvac* won't remove detergents from heavy-duty oils.

Engine oil that has been filtered by an AC *Aluvac* Element is truly clean. It will protect the engine against wear and insure smoother, more powerful performance.

Install an AC *Aluvac* next time you change your element. You'll agree that it provides *protection at its best.*

OPTIONAL FACTORY EQUIPMENT ON



Cadillac

. . . and standard or optional factory equipment on Buick, Chevrolet and Oldsmobile cars—Chevrolet and GMC trucks

AC SPARK·PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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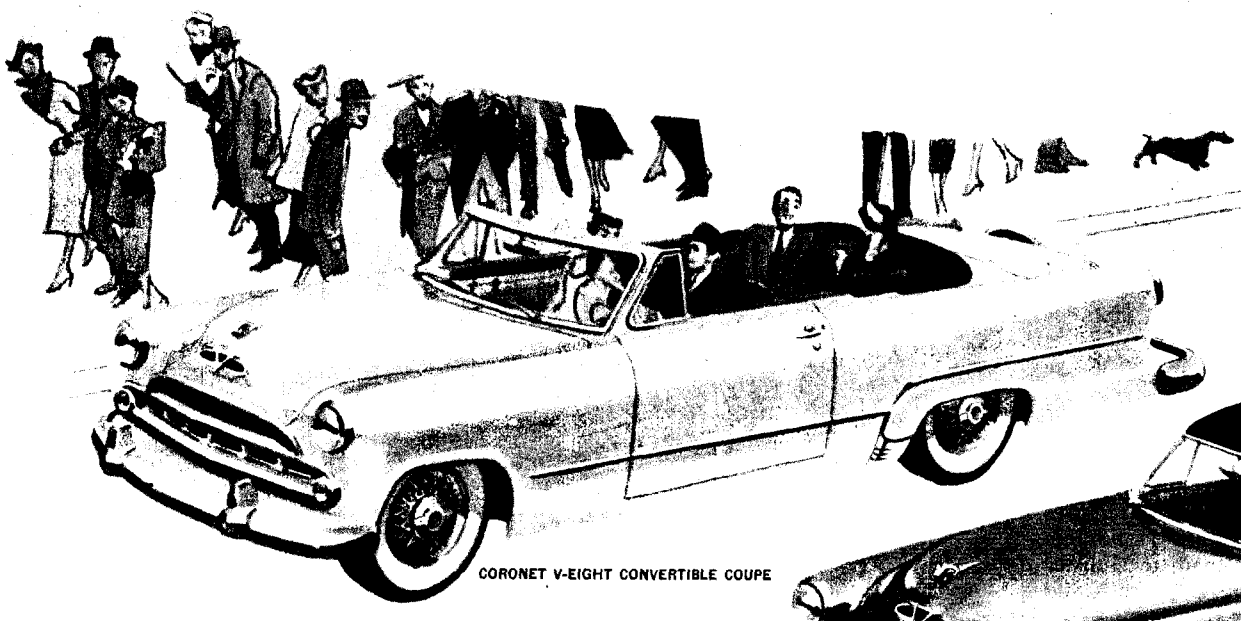
CORONET V-EIGHT 4-DOOR SEDAN

The Action Car for Active Americans



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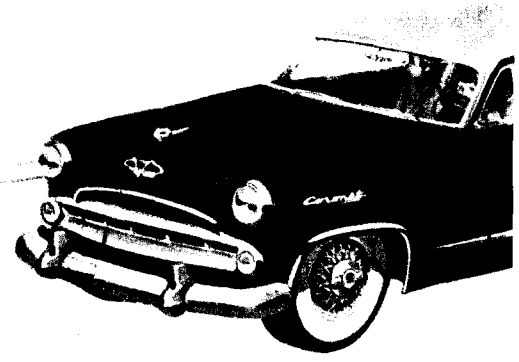

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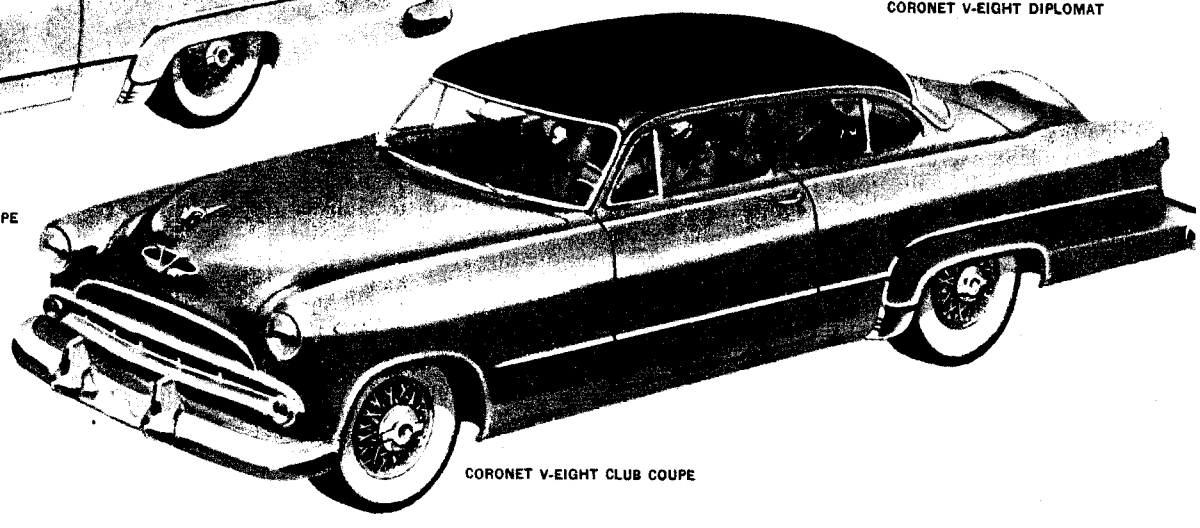

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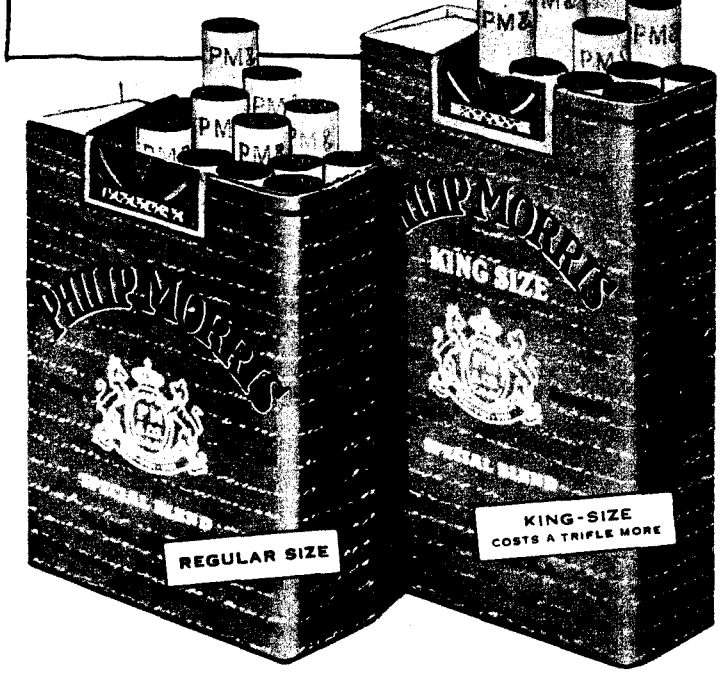

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Will They Climb

MT. EVEREST NOW?

Fifteen climbers have died on the world's highest peak. But another group is trying

By ERIC SHIPTON

THE Tibetan natives call her Chomo-lungma—Goddess Mother of the World. We know her as Mount Everest, the highest mountain on earth. If you have challenged her—as I have, and as other mountain climbers have for more than 30 years—you know her for what she really is: cold, cruel, impersonal; taunting man from behind her armor of blizzard and avalanche and altitude; majestically contemptuous of the little humans who crawl and sometimes die on her flanks in their efforts to conquer her.

Man has reached the poles and circled the equator. There is no place on earth where he has desperately wanted to go, thus far, that he has not been able to go—except to the top of Everest. Attaining the peak is one of the last great human exploits yet unachieved. Another try at her is right now under way: a new British expedition is in The Himalaya Mountains, on the border between Nepal and Tibet, determined to write finis to a classic adventure that won't be ended until a man finally stands on Everest's summit, 29,141 feet above sea level. Within a few weeks they will start up through the great ice fall which girdles the mountain, hoping to establish their advanced camp at 23,000 feet before mid-May, the start of the four-week critical period when—given a break in the weather—they should find Everest most vulnerable.

The new expedition, sponsored by the British Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club, is the eighth attempt to climb Mount Everest. Previous British expeditions were made in 1922, 1924, 1933, 1936 and 1938; I took part in the last three. Two Swiss expeditions made the attempt last year. The Swiss attempts, incidentally, were somewhat unexpected, because before the war, mountain-climbing convention had it that once a country made an attempt on a mountain, it became that nation's exclusive preserve until it succeeded or gave up. The Swiss argued against Britain's claim, however, and perhaps rightly, that Everest is in a category by itself.

The idea that climbing Mount Everest might be possible at all took hold in 1921. Up to that time attempts to get permis-

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In the oxygen-poor air high on Mount Everest, men lose energy, appetite and sometime

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sion for the climb from the Dalai Lama of Tibet had failed because of the traditionally rigid isolation of his country. Then George Leigh Mallory, an English schoolmaster who had taken up climbing to correct a weak heart, led a reconnaissance across the Tibetan Plateau, and in September of that year reached a saddle—a gap between peaks —23,000 feet up on Everest. Known as the North Col (another word for saddle), it gave direct access to the north face of Everest.

Mallory returned to England with word that the conquest of Everest was all but over. But today, in grim refutation of his optimism, the mountain's still unvanquished heights hold Mallory's body as well as the bodies of Sandy Irvine, an Oxford student and athlete; Maurice Wilson, an eccentric who thought to bring a "message" to the world; and 12 Sherpa porters—the small, wiry natives of northeast Nepal who perhaps know the mountain best.

Five times, climbing parties have reached to above 27,000 feet, with only 2,000 tantalizing feet to go. Five times, individual climbers have driven themselves to within 900 feet of the top in an agony of mind and body, only to find further advance either beyond their endurance or made impossible by the weather.

What has made Everest so impregnable? A number of tremendous obstacles.

Without good weather Everest simply cannot be climbed, and weather on Everest is unpredictable. If there can be said to be any best time to climb the mountain, it is from late April to late May. By late April the spring gales have blown away the powder snow deposited by the monsoon—that dread seasonal wind of southern Asia. For a varying period, the rocks are clear and climbing is easiest. But by late May or early June, the monsoon returns, and with it more snow.

Storm May Strike out of Blue Sky

But even the period of so-called good weather is far from dependable. I have been on the mountain when suddenly, out of a sky deceptively blue and mild, a hurricane has struck, hurtling stones past as though shot from a cannon. All I could do was to try to get behind a rock or turn my back and pray that the storm would soon be over. At 25,000 feet and higher snow does not pack, and the stinging powdery stuff can blot out eve ything. The steeply tiled, shinglelike slabs of rock that make up Everest's upper face are difficult enough under any circumstances; hidden by slippery, powdery snow, they can be so many steps to suicide.

All of us who have been on Everest know and respect its 100-mile-an-hour gales. In the 1922 expedition G. I. (now Professor) Finch and Major Geoffrey Bruce were almost blown off the mountain in a storm. They had to pile rocks onto their tent to keep it from soaring away, and even so, the howling wind drove spray right through the fabric.

Another formidable obstacle—perhaps an even greater threat to a climber's success—is the lack of sufficient oxygen in the rarefied air at Everest's great altitudes. If a man were taken straight up from sea level to 29,000 feet he would lose consciousness and shortly die. By going up slowly, as a man must when climbing a Himalayan peak—on one journey across Tibet we took a month to travel at 14,000 feet and cross passes at 18,000 feet—the body makes various physiological adjustments which enable it to function fairly efficiently despite the lack of a normal supply of oxygen.

This process of acclimatization goes on until the climber reaches about 21,000 feet, so that one can live at that height for many weeks and remain fairly fit. But above that level physical deterioration sets in, with a rapid loss of muscle tissue which makes one thinner and weaker with each day spent up

Men carefully maneuver equipment up the icy cliff to set up base camp for final assault

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heir memory. They suffer from violent chills and fever

there. It is rather like some wasting disease which steadily saps one's strength and vitality even when one is at rest.

I had grown used to the fact that the slightest physical exertion—pulling on my boots in the morning or fixing the guy ropes of the tent—called for a great effort of will, and left me gasping for breath. That was nothing; I could adapt myself to that curious slow-motion world, although there was nothing slow motion about the wild violence of the blizzards or the crazy flapping of the tent canvas. But the steady ebb of vitality, the creeping gangrene of weakness eating into every fiber of my body—that was a terrifying experience.

In the Grip of a Spasm of Inertia

The feeling of moving above 26,000 feet is like that of a sick man climbing in a dream. From time to time, I recall, I was smitten by an overwhelming spasm of inertia as though all the blood had drained from my body. I felt sick and faint, utterly unable to summon the resolution to take the next step. These spasms would pass, but they became more frequent and intense as time went on.

At such great heights there is also a slowing down of mental processes. Sir Francis Younghusband, first chairman of the Mount Everest Committee (a group which exists for the sole purpose of planting the British flag first on Everest), put it aptly when he said that climbers at these great heights had "brains like wool." One climber once reported that he looked at his camera, couldn't remember what it was for, and didn't use it.

E. F. (Ted) Norton (now Lieutenant General) reported that on the 1924 expedition he tried to make himself remember to take 20 paces before resting, but didn't recall ever being able to count beyond 13. I had an even more curious experience on the way down after the 1933 attempt had failed. I developed a form of aphasia, and could not articulate properly. I was unable to synchronize my tongue with my thoughts, and if I wanted to say something like "Where is my ax?" it would come out "tramcar" or "shoes." This condition, which had the rest of the expedition wondering about my mind, wore off by the next morning.

In extreme altitudes hotheaded arguments are started on the slightest provocation, brought on partly by the boredom of spending hours and even days in sleeping bags waiting for good weather. Always there is the nagging certainty that with each passing hour the chance of success is dwindling. The struggle for survival seems colder, bleaker and more insidious inside those squalid little tents. The business of lighting the stove to melt snow for drinking water (and a raging thirst is caused by inhaling air with the mouth open), the business of forcing down food and conquering the nausea it usually induces—all these help little to divert the mind from brooding.

The scream of the wind, the hiss of driven snow, the cannonade of flapping canvas, the cold and the cramped tent space all make a relaxed wait difficult. It may seem strange to speak of squalor in surroundings so magnificent, but squalid is the only word to describe the filth and confusion when these tiny huts have been occupied for any length of time. For in these cramped quarters smoking is impossible, eating brings on nausea, the only reading matter is the labels on cans of food, and there is nothing to look at but the bearded face of one's companion. To top it all, there is a feeling of utter helplessness and inability to meet any emergency that might arise.

Physical reactions to the effects of high altitude vary widely. Some climbers vomit a great deal. Some suffer from blinding headaches. Some cannot sleep, while others cannot keep awake. In my own case I had a feeling of lethargy, which can be dangerous when one must be on constant guard against the ever-present threat of frostbite due to inefficient circulation.

On the 1924 expedition Norton shivered so violently as he sat in the sun during one of the halts at 27,500 feet that he suspected the approach of malaria. Yet he was wearing a thick woolen undershirt, long drawers, thick flannel shirt, two sweaters, a windproof gabardine coverall lined with light flannel and over that a heavier windproof gabardine. On the other hand, Tom Somervell, a medical missionary who later became a fine surgeon, got sunstroke during the same period. Somervell, by the way, found that below 27,500 feet he could walk comfortably with three or four breaths for each step. Above that height seven, eight or ten complete breaths were necessary for each step forward.

Eating is another serious problem at Everest's high altitudes. The appetite is jaded. Men have to force themselves to eat enough to keep going. I have often seen climbers out for an exhausting day on the mountain with little more inside them than a cup of cocoa and a couple of biscuits. It's easy to convince oneself that one has had a good meal.

Weather and the effects of altitude on the body and mind are not the only obstacles Everest places in the paths of its would-be conquerors. The actual climb itself on the last 2,000 feet of the north face of Everest is far from easy. The difficulty is due to the fact that the rock strata dip steeply to the north, forming a series of overhanging shelves which stretch right across the mountain's face. It is like climbing up a vast roof of steep tiles from which long strips have been torn away, leaving lines of overhanging eaves. Foothold is scarce and precarious. When there is no snow lying on the rocks—say in the spring after powerful winter gales have swept them clean—it is possible to climb them. But not after the powdery snow has fallen.

Each new Everest expedition has had a better chance of success than the previous one, for each attempt adds to knowledge of the mountain and its tricks, and technologists keep producing better and lighter climbing equipment. The current British expedition has the best chance of all forays thus far of reaching the summit.

It will be using the route from the south instead of from the north. A reconnaissance expedition I led in 1951 discovered this new south route, which permits easier climbing on the last 3,000 feet because the rock face is less difficult.

Equipment for Crossing Crevasses

In addition, the expedition will have the advantage of the best scientific equipment yet. To cross the monster crevasses on the Khumbu ice fall, a special bridging technique is needed; the climbers have with them 30-foot sectional ladders made of light metal, plus rope ladders and hoisting tackle. When snow looks as if it might avalanche, it is standard alpine practice to dislodge it by firing an avalanche gun; the ordinary variety, such as an 81-mm. mortar, is too heavy for Everest, and the expedition has with it a much-lighter-than-usual avalanche gun. For the first time, walkie-talkies will be used, and also special types of tents.

Even more important, the present expedition will use oxygen tanks made of the newest alloys. The best and lightest ever, these may well prove decisive on the last 1,000 feet to the top of Everest —if they work perfectly. But the "if" is big. The use of oxygen is dangerous. A climber who relies upon it too much may become unconscious or even die if the supply is interrupted at great heights. Because living above 21,000 feet requires a long period of acclimatization, the short cut of oxygen must always be a hazard.

Some mountaineers believe that it is unsporting to use oxygen on the climb, and that if Everest is ever conquered that way the feat ought to be repeated without oxygen. I don't feel strongly on this subject. It seems illogical to protest at oxygen

HANS WILD

Eric Shipton, author of this article, is ranked as one of the greatest mountain climbers of all time. Now forty-five, he has spent the last 22 years in assaults on The Himalaya, and in 1931 reached the summit of Mount Kamet, 25,117 feet, until then the highest peak ever scaled. Neighboring Everest has claimed his efforts five times, twice on reconnaissance ascents

and not at other manufactured aids such as hobnail boots and ice axes. Oddly enough, though, all of us who have reached 28,000 feet up on Everest and lived have done so without oxygen; the first 28,000-footer, Ted Norton, who got to 28,200 feet in 1924, is convinced that the remaining climb to the top can be achieved without oxygen.

An Aviation Medicine Expert's Opinion

I think so too, although the theory has formidable opponents, including Sir Brian Matthews of Cambridge University, who was with the R.A.F. Institute of Aviation Medicine during the war and made a study of the physiological effects of high altitudes. Sir Brian, himself a mountaineer, regards the Everest attempts as "one of the most heroic experiments in human endurance of all time." But he fears that somewhere below the summit it may be impossible for a man to suck in enough oxygen from the air to enable his muscles to keep breathing—much less keep climbing. He believes that the use of oxygen is a must, and, he asks, why not? He considers The Mountain an adversary worthy of all weapons.

The Everest story goes much further back than the first attempt to climb it in 1922. In 1849, a surveyor dispatched to the office of the surveyor general for India information about Peak XV (it was customary to assign numbers to mountains at first). Three years elapsed before overworked clerks got around to the data on Peak XV. Then, one day in 1852, an assistant rushed in to his immediate superior shouting: "I've found the highest peak in the world!" It was named after Sir George Everest, the former surveyor general, and its height recorded as 29,002 feet. Later, with more accurate methods of measurement, the figure was corrected to 29,141.

This change, incidentally, launched the story that Everest is growing. As a member of a comparatively new mountain range, it *is* growing—but only a matter of inches over several centuries.

The present expedition of 12 climbers is one of the largest ever to make the Everest try. I prefer smaller parties, which is one reason I did not go along (we mountaineers have strong opinions on our hobby). However, I acted as adviser to the group before it sailed in February from Tilbury, England, because I had led the 1951 reconnaissance expedition which revealed that an approach to Everest was possible from Nepal, in the south. This discovery was opportune, for the occupation of Tibet by the Chinese Communist army had

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Do strange half-men, half-beasts live high on Everest

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Michael Westmacott (l.) and H. A. Rawlinson testing oxygen equipment they will use on this year's climb

closed the old line of approach from the north. Nepal is far more willing to let climbers through than Tibet was, even before the Chinese invasion.

The current expedition is headed by Colonel John Hunt, forty-two, a veteran Himalayan and alpine mountaineer, who was released from his army duties to make the attempt. With him are such experienced climbers as Thomas D. Bourdillon, twenty-seven, whose regular occupation is that of rocket expert for the government; Alfred Gregory, thirty-eight, a travel-agency executive; Edmond P. Hillary, a New Zealand bee farmer; George Lowe, a New Zealand schoolmaster; Major Charles Wylie, a regular army officer; George C. Band, C. Wilfred Noyce, Michael Westmacott and three doctors, Dr. R. Charles Evans, Dr. Michael Ward and Dr. L. Griffith Pugh, who will act as physiologist. In addition, the expedition has four reservists: J. A. Jackson, J. H. Emlyn Jones, H. Nichol and H. A. Rawlinson. Some of these climbers were with me on the 1951 reconnaissance.

Russians Reported Training for Climb

Before he left, Colonel Hunt studied the records of the earlier British climbs and the two Swiss expeditions, first to use our southern route. Recently unconfirmed reports indicate that Russia also has an eye on Everest, with a huge group of mountaineers, 160 in all, in training for a climb.

But Everest is, remember, a sporting venture. Give me 10,000,000 pounds sterling ($28,000,000), two divisions of expendable troops, a regiment of engineers, half a dozen climbers and freedom to move about and I'll *guarantee* to climb the mountain! For less than the cost of the last war I'll even cut Everest to sea level.

But mountain climbing isn't a military operation, and I wonder how China will take so large a group of Russian climbers. Tibet lies within its sphere of influence, and the Chinese have been remarkably sensitive to anyone at all climbing in The Himalaya. Often they have accused us of "imperial aggression" because of our expeditions.

Physically everything is in favor of the present British expedition. If it were climbing any mountain but Everest, I would consider its success assured. But as a veteran of 20 years of campaigning against the great peak I wonder more and more about the breaks of the weather. In the first climb in 1922, the monsoon broke without warning and the slopes quickly turned icy and dangerous. Mallory, Norton and Somervell had ascended to 26,985 feet—gingerly, because scientists had previously hinted that men probably could not live at that height without oxygen. A few days later, Finch and Bruce moved even higher, to 27,300 feet. But the monsoon beat back the entire party, and in attempting to reoccupy a camp on a lower level they were overwhelmed by an avalanche which swept seven Sherpas to death.

Mallory was trapped in the avalanche, but by vigorously keeping up a swimming motion he managed to stay near the top of the snow, and got out alive. Earlier this superb mountaineer saved three companions on the icy slopes by digging in his ice ax and hitching the rope, with which they were all bound, around it as the others began to slide.

Failure of the 1922 expedition was put down to bad luck. Elaborate plans were made to conquer Everest in 1924. It seemed reasonable that since men had proved that they could climb above 27,000 feet without dying, it would be easy to establish a camp at that height and finish off the last 2,000 feet. It sounded easy—in London.

But in May, 1924, the climbers encountered a series of terrible storms on Everest. Some Sherpas were marooned on the North Col and rescued only after desperate efforts. As a result the climbers were left in a state of great exhaustion by the time the weather had cleared. They needed a long spell of rest, but by now it had become a race against time and the onset of the monsoon. Mallory and Bruce made the first attempt at the summit from 25,000 feet but were beaten back by a blizzard. When the storm had spent itself, Norton and Somervell took a fresh party of Sherpas to 26,800 feet and next day made the attempt.

Medical Mystery Will Be Investigated

There's an odd medical puzzle about Everest—one Dr. Pugh is inquiring into this trip. It's the strange susceptibility of climbers to infections such as sinusitis, influenza and sore throat. Somervell was suffering from such severe bronchial trouble that in ordinary circumstances he would have been in bed. He was weakened by terrible spasms of coughing which tore the mucous membrane from his throat and filled his mouth with blood. At about 28,000 feet he could go no farther. Norton, too, was very tired, but struggled on alone to a height estimated at 28,150 feet. Here he found his strength almost exhausted; he could not even focus his eyes. He, too, had to admit defeat. Both men were lucky to get down alive.

A few days later came a third attempt. Mallory and Irvine reached the camp at 26,800 feet, and started up in fine, calm weather, breathing oxygen from cylinders strapped to their backs. They never returned. They may have reached the summit and died on the way down, although my own feeling is that they did not get to the top, for they did not fire the signals given them for use if they succeeded. In 1933, we found Mallory's ice ax at 27,600 feet. Anything could have happened to them—failure of the oxygen equipment

KEYSTONE

Eight of the 12 Britishers who will try to conquer Everest soon: front (l. to r.) G. C. Band, John Hunt, Alfred Gregory; in back row, C. Noyce, Michael Westmacott, T. Bourdillon, Charles Wylie and Dr. R. C. Evans. Expedition will hire natives to help establish base camp

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atives believe they do. The new expedition may find out

or its improper administration (taking just the right amount at that height is a delicate business) or a sudden gust of wind.

Another member of the 1924 party, N. E. O'Dell, a geologist, watched Mallory and Irvine from 27,000 feet. The mists above parted for a moment and he saw both climbers at about 28,000 feet. Then the mists closed in again.

Government Is Wary of Foreigners

The government of Tibet, never too happy about having foreigners—even mountain climbers—in its territory, did not grant permission for another attempt at Everest until 1933. That was my first time at Everest. I was twenty-five. My companions and I never doubted that we would reach the summit.

We thought we had reason for our confidence. Less than two years before, four of us—Francis Smythe, an electrical engineer; E. St. John Birnie, a cavalryman in the Indian army; Dr. Raymond Greene, now a noted specialist, and I had climbed Kamet (25,447 feet) in The Central Himalaya, 500 miles from Tibet, the highest summit hitherto reached. We thought we knew where the previous Everest expedition had gone wrong—exhausting themselves trying to set up the higher camps while the spring gales were still raging.

We took it for granted that we would get a spell of fine weather before the end of the gales and onset of the monsoon. But we were wrong. In 1933, there was no such spell.

Day after day that May we toiled to carve a staircase up the steep ice slopes leading to the North Col. Night after night blizzards swept away the steps we had made, erasing them as completely as a wet cloth drawn across a chalk mark on a blackboard. At more than 21,000 feet it was gruelling work, but we were comfortably housed in large double-skinned dome tents which kept out most of the weather and allowed us to sleep at night. These tents were supported by wooden struts which fitted together like interlaced fingers. One skin was on the outside of the strut and the other fitted underneath to provide an air cushion against cold. Such tents were tested on the Greenland icecap in 1931.

Then news came over the radio that an exceptionally early monsoon was spreading rapidly over India and would reach us a fortnight before we had expected it. And still the northwesterly gales raged. It took us a full week to set up camp at 25,700 feet. Here we were met with a storm of such intensity that for three days we were unable to move. Finally we had to retreat to the North Col.

On May 28th, we came back up and the final assault on the peak began. We set up a tent on a ledge barely four feet wide at the tremendous altitude of 27,400 feet. It was occupied by two successive assault parties—the first consisting of Wyn Harris, who was in the Colonial Service in Kenya, and L. R. (now professor) Wager; the second, Smythe and myself. Smythe and I were pinned to the ledge for 42 hours. But we had lost the race. Already the first snows of the monsoon had fallen, covering the steep overhanging slabs which form the north face of the final pyramid of Everest and obscuring all footholds.

Thus again, in 1933, attempts at the peak of Everest were brought to a halt less than 900 feet below the top. We cursed our luck. The weather had betrayed us by denying us the chance we thought we had every reason to expect. But had we?

Both in 1936 and 1938 we fared even worse. In 1938, to our amazement, Everest was blanketed with snow as early as the third of May. We made a desperate and, we knew in our hearts, hopeless attempt to scale the peak in monsoon conditions. We carried a camp to 27,200 feet. Having spent far less time above 23,000 feet on this new expedition, Smythe and I were in much better condition than we had been in 1933. But at the foot of the steep slabs we sank in snow up to our armpits. An hour's continuous toil took us only 20 yards forward and 12 feet up. At that rate of progress, we would have taken three weeks to flog our way to the top, and we knew that conditions would be a great deal worse higher up.

Even so we might have persisted. But neither the killing labor nor our ludicrously slow rate of progress caused us to turn back. Every step we took threatened to start an avalanche that would have swept us to destruction.

There is nothing specifically anti-British about Everest weather, as the two 1952 Swiss expeditions found out when they tried out the route from the South Col which we had mapped in 1951.

They also suffered from the weather, even though their ranks included some of the finest alpine climbers alive. In their first attempt last May, Raymond Lambert, an alpine guide who wears special boots because of loss of his toes from frostbite, and a Sherpa porter, Sen Tensing, carried a tent to 27,500 feet, and the next day reached approximately 28,200 feet. (The Sherpas are Tibetans who settled in Nepal on the southern slope of The Himalaya.) But the official accounts of the expedition indicate the party was not sufficiently acclimatized before the final assault was made, and much confusion at the upper camps seems to have resulted. For example, Lambert and Tensing had neither sleeping bags nor stove with them at their top camp. This baffling omission, which would have spelled death for most men, was quite sufficient to account for their failure.

The Swiss explained that Lambert and Tensing had not intended to spend the night at 27,500 feet, but had gone up there on reconnaissance and decided on the spur of the moment to wait it out rather than return to the lower camp and have to climb up all over again.

The second Swiss attempt was made last November after the monsoon had ended. Although except for the leader, Dr. Gabriel Chevalley, the party was composed entirely of professional guides, most of us who have climbed much on Everest did not rate their chances very high. We knew that by November the cruel winter gales would have started again. Against them not even the toughest mountaineers could long survive. And so it proved.

After experiencing terrible hardships, even in the comparative shelter of a basin below the South Col which Mallory had named the West Cwm (pronounced Combe, a Welsh word for valley), the party managed to establish a camp on the col. It was a magnificent effort in which Lambert and Tensing again played a leading part. But above the col they met the full force of the wind. I believe no one who has not experienced it can understand what the Everest wind is like, especially when at the same time the temperature is down as low as 20 below zero—a combination encountered several times during the British expeditions.

Seeking a Better Approach to Summit

It was not until after 1933 that we began to realize the true nature of the climbing difficulties on the upper part of the north face of Everest. We then began to consider the possibility of an alternative line of approach to Everest's summit. From the east we had seen another saddle 25,800 feet high separating Everest from Lhotse, the next peak to the south. If only we could reach this South Col, we thought we could attack the south face of Everest where the ridges should be composed of inward sloping ledges, comparatively easy to climb.

In 1936, I took a reconnaissance expedition out, but we came to a dead end at a sheer drop of several thousand feet, and could not examine any possible southern approach. The only way of reaching the South Col was by a journey through Nepal, then inaccessible to Western travelers.

Since the war, however, the Nepalese government has relaxed its policy of rigid isolation and in 1951 permission was given for a British expedition to visit the area. I was invited to lead this reconnaissance. I was by no means optimistic, but to our surprise and delight we found that we could get through the fantastic defile of the West Cwm and reach its massive retaining wall, the South Col, itself nearly 26,000 feet high. It is from the South Col that the present attempt is being launched.

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One of the mysterious footprints found 19,000 feet up on Everest. The writer has seen such prints often

Footprints High up on a Glacier

The 1953 expedition may solve the mystery of the curious footprints we found in the snow during the 1951 reconnaissance on one of the glaciers of the Menlung Basin at a height of about 19,000 feet. I had found many sets of these footprints, but my efforts to follow them had always ended on the moraine, or rocks on the side of the glacier. In 1951, we could not follow the prints for more than a mile because we were at an important phase in our exploration of the basin and could not afford the time.

The tracks appeared to be not more than 24 hours old. Tensing, who accompanied us, declared emphatically that they were made by Yetis, or Wild Men, sometimes called Abominable Snow Men. He claimed that two years earlier he and a number of other Sherpas had seen one of them from a distance of no more than 25 yards, and described the Yeti as half-man, half-beast, standing about five feet six inches, with a tall, pointed head, and a body covered with reddish brown hair.

Tensing insisted, with utmost sincerity, that the beast was neither bear nor monkey—with both of which animals he was, of course, very familiar. I questioned him in Hindustani, but to make sure I understood correctly I later had him cross-examined in Nepali. He still held to his story, and maybe he'll be able to prove it, for he's on the present expedition. The tracks we found were made by two of the beasts, whatever they were. Various theories have been put forward to explain the Yetis, but even the most plausible of these—that they are langurs—is far from convincing.

The 1953 expedition can climb—if weather holds out—until the first week in June. The coronation of Queen Elizabeth II is June 2d. The events, if fate is kind, may coincide. And the climbing of Everest would be a jewel for the diadem of the second Elizabethan era— an adventure worthy of the Drakes and the Raleighs who set alight the reign of the first Elizabeth.

But one thing is certain. If the 1953 attempt fails there will be another expedition, and another and another, until Everest is conquered. For it is a doomed mountain; no mountaineer will rest until it is humbled. ▲▲▲

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PEOPLE WILL TALK

By JOE McCARTHY

THE throat surgery that Sam Dellarosa invited me to watch at Bellevue would be interesting, but not interesting enough to justify a whole afternoon in New York in the middle of the week. It was really only an excuse to get me into the city so that Sam and I could eat some spaghetti at the Villanova and have a few laughs about our adventures as first lieutenants at the 43d General Hospital in Casablanca in 1943. When I drove to Stamford to catch the train that afternoon, I had the guilty feeling of playing hooky.

But even before the train pulled away from the station, the uneasiness left me. I sat down and looked around and saw the girl who was sitting across the aisle, two seats ahead of me, and I was glad that I had taken the afternoon off. It was the same girl. I had not seen her in almost five years, but I remembered her right away. Her case was not the kind of thing that usually comes to a general practitioner in a small Connecticut town, and I had often wondered what had finally happened to her. Now, I was in a position to find out.

I was not at all sure that she would remember me, and I am not much good at striking up conversations on trains with people I do not know well. The train was almost empty, however, and there was no danger that anyone would take the empty seat beside her until Larchmont or New Rochelle. So I had time to think of what I would say. From where I was sitting, I could see her hands folded on her lap and I leaned forward to look at them. I remembered that it was on the back of her left hand, near the thumb. But she was wearing gloves and I could not see whether it was still there or not.

I thought, without much originality, that it was an odd coincidence seeing her again like this on a train; it was on an evening train, coming up from New York, that I had first talked with her five years ago. Actually there was nothing so odd about the coincidence. She lived in Connecticut too, though not in the town where I practiced, and I was likely to run into her on the train, if anywhere.

I had a good view of her profile from where I was sitting; and I noticed that she seemed more attractive than I remembered her, and she had been attractive enough then. I wondered if it would be a mistake to move across the aisle and remind her of that problem of hers. Maybe she did not want to talk about it. While I was wondering, she turned her head and saw me looking at her. She smiled. I stood up, and she held out her hand.

"Dr. Ahearn!" she said. "Hello! Won't you sit down?"

"I wasn't at all sure whether you'd remember me," I said.

"Oh, I think I'll always remember you. That was sort of a big day in my life. And you were very nice to me."

"Nice?" I said. "What did I do for you? I didn't do anything."

"That's what you think. I meant to come back afterward, or write to you and tell you what happened."

I tried to think of something to say. "Well," I said. "You're looking fine. I suppose you're married now."

"Yes, I'm married. I've been married—let's see—I've been married almost three years. Very happy."

"You look happy," I said. "Did you marry that same man? The one who came to my office with you that night?"

She laughed. "You didn't think much of him, did you?" she said.

"No, I guess I didn't."

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She was left behind alone to look at the shops in Chinatown. While she was walking, she came upon a tattooing parlor and stopped. The proprietor was standing in the doorway

She was prepared to face stupid gossip. She was not prepared to have the incident unmask, as a coward, the man she loved

She seemed to be enjoying whatever she was thinking about. She looked at me for a moment and laughed again. "I married a different man," she said. "A different person altogether. Wasn't it sort of awful the way I dragged you into that business? I didn't even know you before I started talking to you about it that night on the train. I suppose I had to talk to somebody. I wonder why I picked you."

"I was sitting beside you, and I was reading a medical journal. You must have realized that I was a doctor."

"That's right," she said. "The medical journal was what did it. If you'd been reading a newspaper or a detective story, I'd never have opened my mouth."

AS I said, I'm not much good at striking up conversations with people on trains. This failing causes me no distress, because on rare occasions when I find myself on a train, I prefer to pass the time catching up on the reading of medical journals that I never seem to get to at home. I have found from experience that if you want to read on a train it is wise to sit beside a good-looking girl. Good-looking girls seldom speak to you unless you speak to them first.

So it was no accident that I happened to be sitting next to this girl as the train left Grand Central that evening. She was the best-looking girl with an empty seat beside her. I headed straight for her and settled down with the latest issue of the Journal of the A.M.A.

When we were still in the tunnel under Park Avenue, I noticed that the girl was looking at what I was reading, but I didn't give her a second thought. Then I noticed that she was looking at me and getting ready to say something. "You're a doctor?" she said after a while.

I said I was.

"What can I do with a thing like this?" she said.

She pulled the glove off her left hand and held it toward me. On the back of her hand, under the index finger and near the thumb, there was a small black cross.

At first I thought it was a birthmark, but then I saw that it had been tattooed on her hand. It was less than a half inch long, but the black mark stood out noticeably on her white skin.

"How long have you had it?" I said.

"Since this afternoon."

"And now you want to get rid of it? You should have thought of that."

"I didn't have any choice in the matter," she said. "I didn't ask for it. A man did it to me before I realized what was going on."

I looked at her. There was only a trace of anxiety in her voice and on her face. On the whole, she was quite casual about it.

"That sounds awful, doesn't it?" she said. "It sounds as though I was under the influence of dope or something. Honestly, I wasn't. It's a pretty weird story. Nobody will ever believe it."

SHE told me that she had gone into New York that day from Connecticut to have lunch with two girls she had known in college. They decided to eat at a restaurant in Chinatown. The other two girls had tickets for some matinee, and after lunch they hurried off uptown, leaving her alone to look in the Chinese shops. While she was walking along one of the streets near the restaurant, she came upon a tattooing parlor and stopped to look at the designs displayed in the window. The proprietor of the place was standing in the doorway. She talked with him about tattooing, which had always interested her, and he invited her to come inside and look at the instruments that he used in his work.

"He didn't lure me or hypnotize me or anything," she said. "I was just curious. After all, it was broad daylight and the street was full of people and he seemed polite. I didn't think I was taking any kind of risk."

While the man was showing her how tattooing was done, she asked him if it was painful.

"Not at all," he said. "Here. I'll show you."

He grabbed her hand and held it firmly. Before she realized what he was doing, he made several quick jabs at it with an electric needle.

"There," he said. "It didn't hurt, did it?"

She did not really understand until after she had hurried away that the cross he had made on her hand was a permanent tattoo. It had taken only a second, and she had felt only a slight, quick pricking of the needle.

"At first I was only mad, but then I got a little panic-stricken," she told me. "What can I do about it? In our town, up in Connecticut, girls don't go around with tattoo marks on their hands. People will think I'm immoral. I'm being married in October. The boy I'm engaged to, when he sees this, he'll die."

"You think he'll have ideas about you and the tattoo man?"

"Oh, no. Not Bob. He's not like that, although sometimes I wish he were. It's just that—well, how shall I describe Bob? You know that expression—big man on the campus? He's sort of a big man among the younger people in our town. He won the club championship at the country club this year, and he's trying to build up business contacts. You know."

"I know," I said. "A thing like this could make it really rough on him."

"Oh, now, I'm serious," she said. "This might not seem important to you, Doctor, but if this thing were on your hand instead of mine, you might look at it differently. It shouldn't be too difficult to remove it, should it?"

"More difficult than you think," I said. "It would involve skin surgery."

She turned away and looked out the window for a while without saying anything. I searched in my pockets and found a pad of prescription blanks with my name and address printed on them. I tore one of them off and handed it to her. "If you like, you can get in touch with me," I said, "and I'll arrange for you to see a friend of mine in New York. He's a good skin man, and he could handle this for you. In the meantime, don't worry about it. You can cover it with a patch of flesh-colored tape."

"Thanks," she said. "You're being very nice. But you know something? In a way, I'm a little afraid to have it taken off." *(Continued on page 56)*

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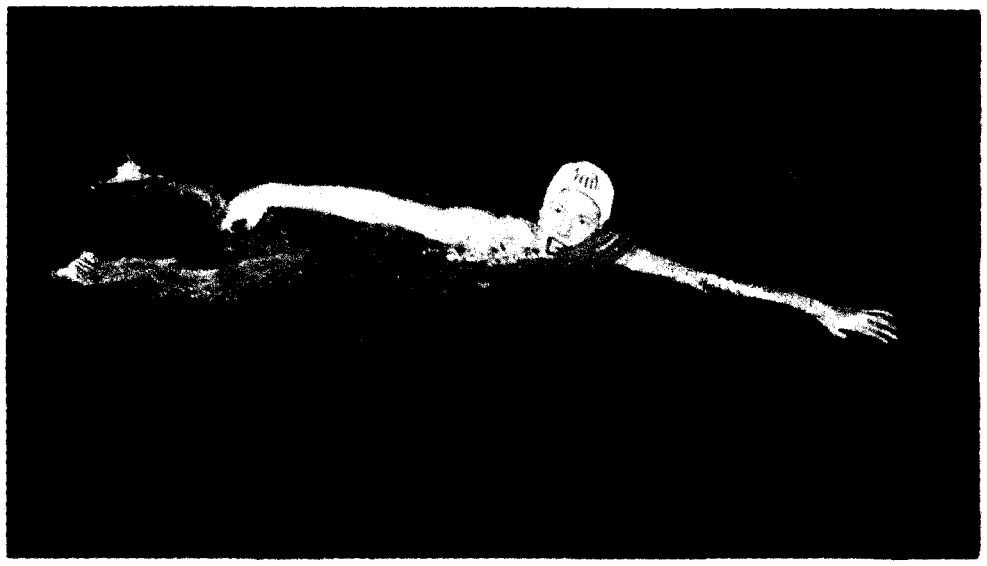

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

◀ Chicago's Jody Alderson, a free-style expert, shows how she swims with almost no splash at Northwestern U., where the photos were made

Shoving off from edge of the pool, Jody glides underwater on her side. She finds a simple exercise of this kind best for limbering up ▶

▲ Trained to kick scissors style below surface, Jody deliberately kicks wrong—showing how foot raises bubbles which slow swimmer down

◀ Practicing a flip-over in mid-pool for benefit of underwater camera; Jody demonstrates the whip-fast maneuver she uses in racing turns

A popular rule for swimmers is: keep fingers together. But Jody can't break old, relaxed habit of holding her fingers apart, wins anyway ▶

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE WOODRUFF

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H_2 OHHH JODY!

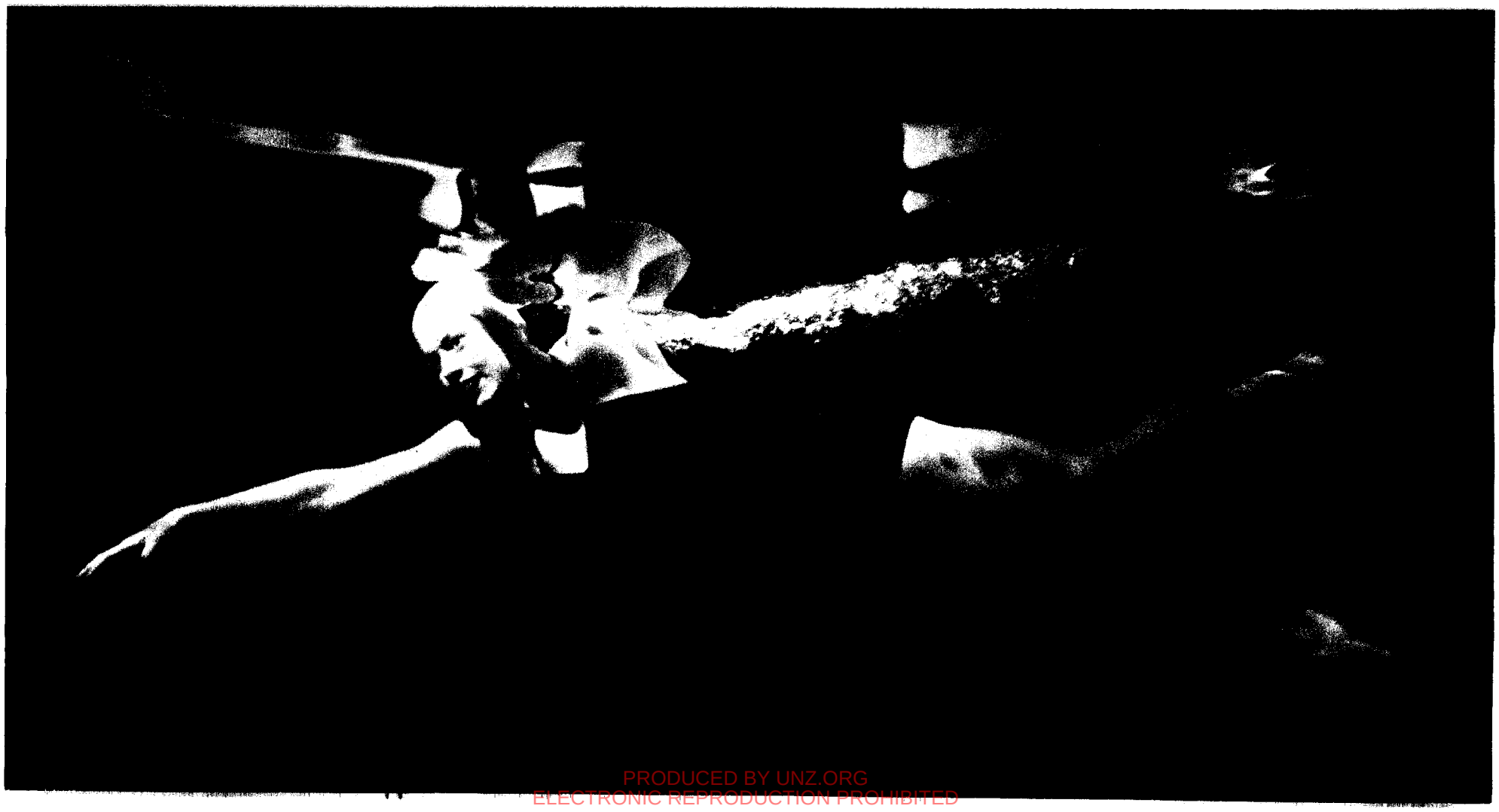
Young, pretty girls are traditional in U.S. swimming competition. Meet a challenger—lithe, lovely and swift

JODY ALDERSON of Chicago is one of the best and youngest competitive swimmers in the country. At eighteen, she is, in the tradition of American swimming champions, pretty enough to win beauty contests. But Jody isn't interested in beating anybody at beauty. She wants to win swimming races. And in her three years of national competition, she has been getting closer to the top. The experts are guessing 1953 may be her biggest year so far.

Jody, a freshman at the University of Illinois, specializes in the 100-meter and 100-yard free style. In 1951 she placed second in the national women's championships, and in 1952 third. Last summer, in Helsinki as a member of the U.S. Olympic women's team, she finished the 100-meter free-style race in 1:07.1, only three tenths of a second slower than the girl who won. But she was in a three-way tie for third place and the judges rated her fifth.

Next week, between April 2d and 4th, at Daytona Beach, Florida, Jody will be swimming for the 100-yard national free-style crown at the A.A.U.'s Indoor Women's Swimming Championships. The present champion is twenty-two-year-old Jackie Lavine, one of Jody's best friends. With coach Walter Schlueter of the Community Builders Swimming Club in Chicago, Jackie has been training the younger girl to be a winner and she is prepared to be beaten.

Jody comes by a good deal of her talent through her father, who swam for the University of Illinois. He trained her up from a tow-headed tad on the Chicago beaches to a lady with class in the city's indoor pools. And now, talking about the National Indoors, Jody says simply, "I think I'm going to win." And nice young ladies like Miss Alderson rarely say anything they don't fully believe. ▲▲▲



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LONELIEST MAN In Washington

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

Wayne Morse lives on a political desert island of his own creation—and he won't leave

THE lonesomest man in Washington, D.C., is Wayne Lyman Morse, the junior senator from Oregon, who decided last fall that most political parties are bad for him.

With Wayne Morse, to think is to act. He quit the Republican party and—although he campaigned for the Democratic Presidential nominee, Adlai Stevenson—he stayed out of the Democratic party.

The only political organization to which Wayne Morse belongs is the Independent party. As its only member, he has so far managed to tolerate that party, but his friends predict that if anybody else should join it, there would soon be a split.

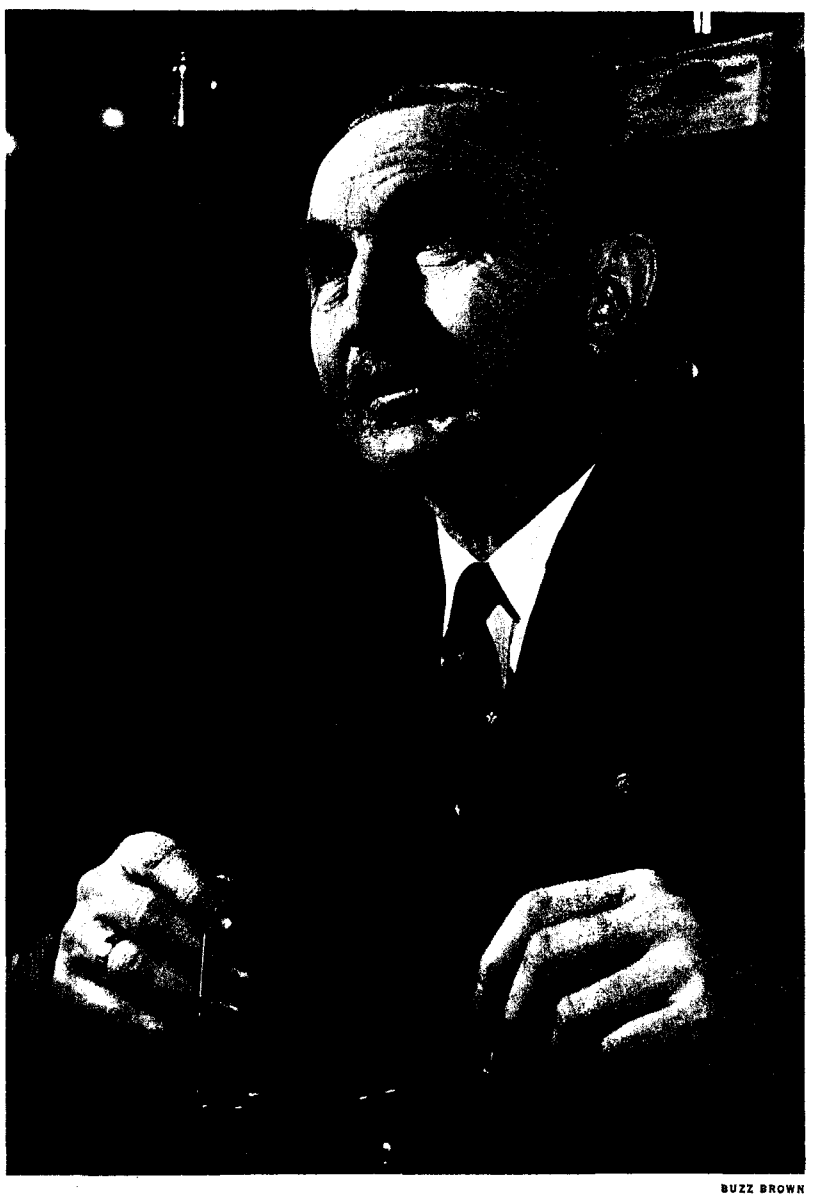
On a recent typical Washington week end, Morse attacked the Republican Cabinet appointments on Friday afternoon in a Senate speech which greatly pleased the Democratic side of the Upper House. And that night, as chief speaker at the annual Roosevelt Day dinner of the Americans for Democratic Action, Morse denounced the Democrats assembled before him.

On a Sunday-afternoon television show, he slugged the Communists. On Monday morning, when two emissaries from a labor union went to his office in a sentimental mood to give him an honorary membership card in their outfit, Morse stood up behind his desk and denounced the labor movement for ten minutes for not supporting him in some of his recent Senate fights. Then he accepted the membership card and shook hands all around.

The Senate of the United States, a body of men usually wisely and deeply tolerant of one another's human foibles, does not quite know how to handle the Oregon maverick who has thrust himself outside the party system. One result is that Morse is not on any Senate committee—the first senator in 82 years to be involuntarily in this fix. He is not on any committee because he is not in either major party, and, for the same reason, he cannot attend Republican or Democratic party conferences. Neither Robert Taft, the majority leader, nor Lyndon Johnson, the minority whip, ever calls him up to ask for his advice or to plead for his support.

Morse has the constitutional rights of a United States senator, of course. He may speak and he may vote; he may steep himself in the hot waters of the Senate baths, and he may ride the exclusive senatorial elevators. But he is an exile from that deep inner Senate life of the telephone confab and the committee room, which is based on the party system and on the principle that, at least to some degree, you either play along or you don't play at all.

Although Morse formally resigned from the Republican party last October 18th to campaign for Stevenson, he was allowed to keep his old seat on the Republican side of the Senate chamber. This decision is typical of the Senate, which dislikes overt acts against any of its members—and which in any event couldn't put him in the aisle because he would block traffic.



BUZZ BROWN

Founder and only member of the Independent party, Wayne Morse of Oregon battles alone for his ideals

At his old desk (front row, fifth on the left from Vice-President Richard M. Nixon), Morse is bounded by Irving M. Ives of New York, Hugh Butler of Nebraska, William F. Knowland of California and Andrew F. Schoeppel of Kansas.

The distinguished Republicans around Morse never discuss political issues with him, but ask after his family regularly; in fact, Morse gets asked about his family by somewhat embarrassed senators more often than any other member of the Upper House. Recently, too, Senator Eugene D. Millikin of Colorado came to Morse's rescue during a long speech with a bottle of soothing throat mixture. Since Millikin was one of the key figures in the Republican party conferences that deprived Morse of his former seats on the important Armed Services and Labor committees, the gesture had a certain air of pathos, as though indicating that he wished he could give more.

Morse had not expected, even after resigning from the Republican party with a whoop and a holler last fall, to be deprived of his committee posts; he had expected that he would only be demoted in seniority to the foot of each committee.

The boom fell on him when the Senate reconvened this year. The Republicans, searching their consciences, could see no good reason for keeping Morse, under the G.O.P. label, in his old places on the two important committees—committee jobs of this caliber being cherished by senators as diamonds are by chorus girls. The Republicans did offer Morse places on the minor District of Columbia and Public Works committees, but these spots would have represented a serious comedown; in any case, Morse felt a principle was involved and spurned the offer.

It had been speculated that Morse might go over to the Democrats, wiping out the Republicans' narrow (48 to 47) majority and leaving them tied with the Democrats, 48 to 48. Then the deciding vote would have gone to Nixon as presiding officer, thus making him one of the most powerful Vice-Presidents in history. But those who had these dreams misinterpreted Morse's feelings about the Democrats, or perhaps about Nixon.

Morse made no move to join the minority party, and the Democrats, with new members of their own hungry for

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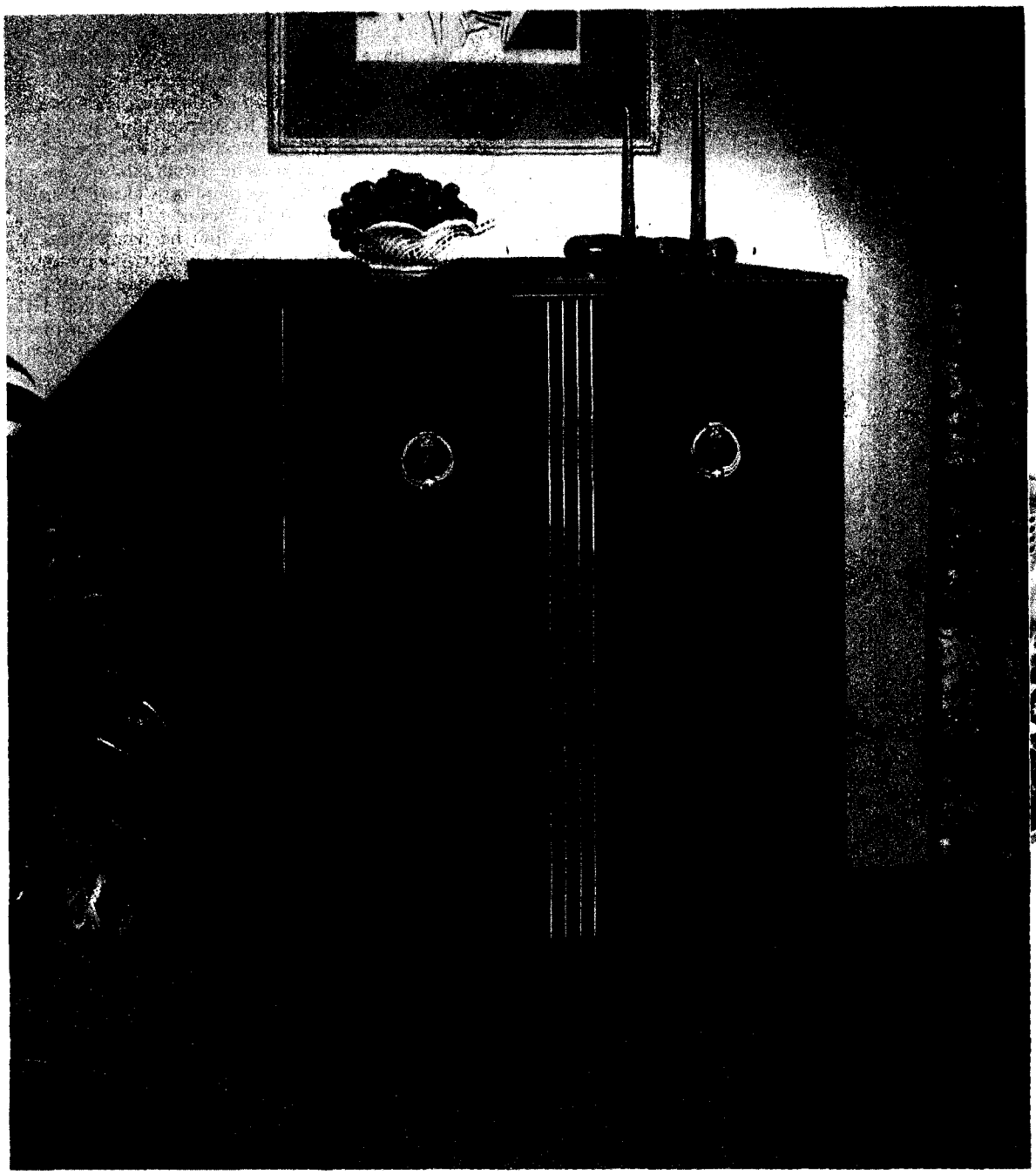

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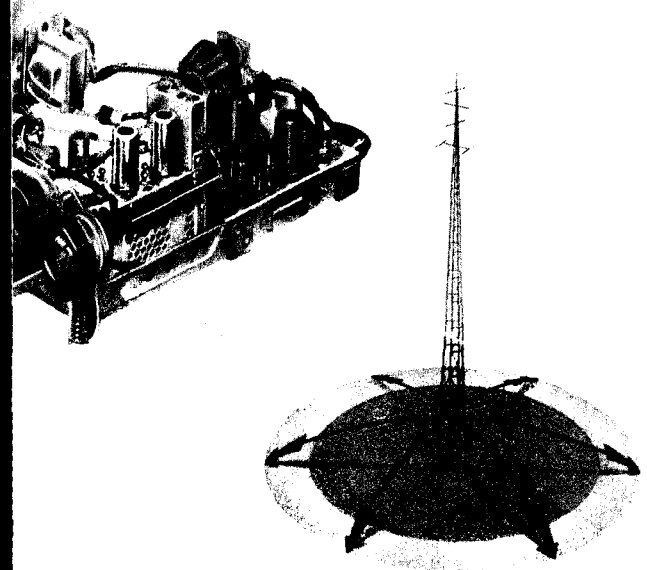

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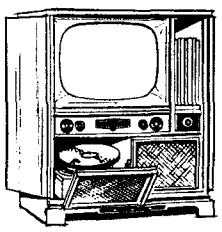

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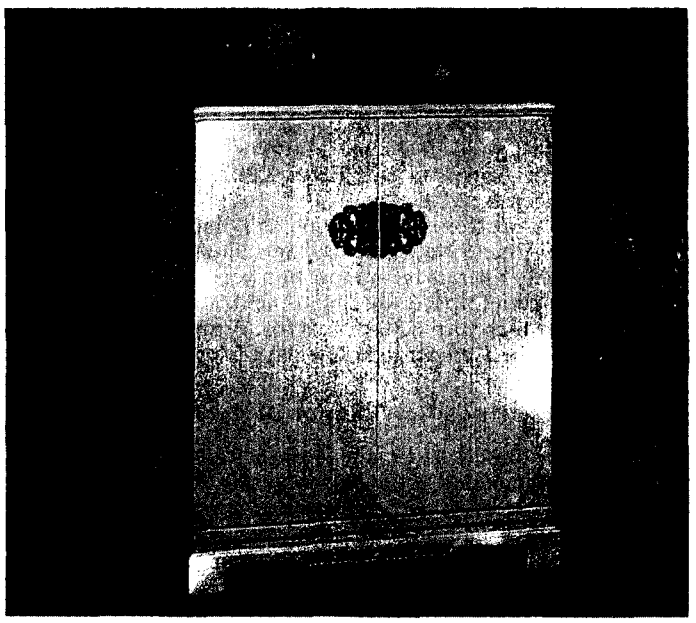

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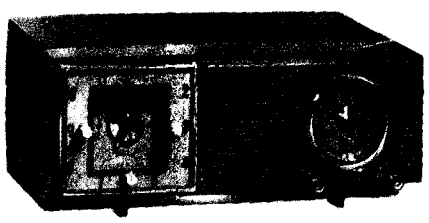

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BUZZ BROWN

Morse, with daughter Amy, 17, sits astride Golden Flirt, champion palomino that won first prize at 1949 Oregon State Fair. Senator spends week ends in country caring for his fine livestock

minority places on the important committees, failed to reserve any seats for the ex-Republican from Oregon. On Morse's motion from the floor to be restored to his old committees, he obtained support only from Senator Charles W. Tobey, among the Republicans, and Senators Russell B. Long, Harley M. Kilgore, Matthew M. Neeley, Clinton P. Anderson and Estes Kefauver among the Democrats.

In view of Morse's reputation as a liberal and a fairly consistent New Dealer, the failure of more Democratic liberals to support him was surprising, but Democratic party discipline held. It was this incident which formed the basis for Morse's speech attacking the Democrats a few days later.

Party Discipline Cannot Be Ignored

Morse himself had made it easier for both parties by announcing at the outset that he didn't want committee seats as a gift from either party; he wanted the Senate as a whole to give them to him, with no question about what political organization he belonged to. Theoretically, of course, the former law-school dean was right. Committee seats are voted by the Senate as a whole, but the nominations for them are made by the parties and there is no subject on which party discipline holds firmer.

After the first test vote, Morse introduced a resolution to expand his old committees by one member each, to make room for him without using up party allotments. The resolution at last report was languishing in one of the committees of which Morse is not a member.

One distinguished Democratic liberal senator, who had not supported Morse on his bid for committee places, went to him in the cloakroom afterward and offered his own seat on an important committee to the man from Oregon.

Morse characteristically drew himself up, put on his antiparty look, and said: "What makes you think I would take charity from you? I won't take a seat from any individual or any party. I want it from the Senate of the United States." He then denounced the senator for having yielded to party pressure and discipline in supporting the Democratic committee slate on the floor.

"Nobody ever talked to him like that before," Morse chuckled later.

Twenty-one senators in all—Morse has kept a record—have come to him in the cloakrooms at various times to express sympathy for his present plight. To each he said tartly: "I didn't hear you speak up about it on the floor."

He recognizes that his lone position, on what he regards as a great issue, makes him appear somewhat eccentric to the country as a whole. He also is sensitive about newspaper editorials depicting him as a kind of senator gone berserk.

"If three or four senators went along with me," Morse says, "we'd be a movement, we'd be formidable, we'd have the balance of power in the Senate and we wouldn't look so darned eccentric at all."

Morse has a warm feeling of affection for some of the senators who failed to support him, but he keeps his personal and political emotions in separate compartments. He feels he is doing these senators a favor by rebuking them and thus clearing up their thinking about the iniquities of the party system. He frequently remarks that he would treat his own brother in this way if he were wrong on an issue, a threat which nobody in the Senate doubts.

It was with some trepidation, therefore, that I arrived at the Morse home in the Kent district of Washington 40 minutes late for a nine-o'clock Saturday-morning appointment with the master of invective. (My cabdriver, a stubborn man about asking directions, had got lost.) My offense was not political, however, and Morse was unruffled.

Introducing the Senator's Family

The senator lives in a pleasant two-story brick house ("about the only house in the block without a houseman," he says happily) with his wife, the former Mildred Downie, whom he met in grade school in Madison, Wisconsin, and their youngest daughter, Amy, seventeen, a junior at Woodrow Wilson High School. Two other daughters, Judith, eighteen, and Nancy, twenty-one, are at the University of Oregon, where their father—now fifty-two—had become dean of the Law School at the age of thirty-one.

The Morses told me that they have suffered few personal snubs because of the senator's actions, Washington being a fairly broad-minded town about political peculiarities. Mrs. Morse, who like her husband is a University of Wisconsin graduate, said smilingly she even gets preferential treatment at Washington stores. Most of the clerks, she said, seem to be under the impression she is married to Wayne Morris, the movie star.

The senator was in rough country clothes. Mrs. Morse went into the kitchen to finish preparing a picnic basket of fried chicken for him. The senator, a former Wisconsin farm boy, spends his week ends on 24 acres of fields and sheds he rents for $30 a month from Herbert Swarthout, a farmer in Poolesville, Maryland, about 35 miles from Washington.

Morse gets up every Saturday morning at five-thirty, drives out to Poolesville and spends the day happily manuring his fields and taking care of the prize saddle horses and cattle he has been raising for most of his life. There are no sleeping facilities on his acreage; he goes home at night, but returns Sunday after services at the Cleveland Park Congregational Church. (During the week a hired man tends the farm.)

Out of consideration for me, Morse had delayed his trip this Saturday until what was for him late in the day.

As Mrs. Morse handed us the basket of fried chicken, she said: "The only thing I mind in this political situation is that people are getting the wrong impression of Wayne. They think of him as an angry, bitter man. They don't understand his joviality and his humor."

Morse does have considerable humor. He tells stories on himself. Aside from five-gaited saddle horses, which he trains himself, his chief equine interest is a harness-horse type, the roadster, a standard horse-show animal in the gentleman's driving class. These horses are driven from sulkies or buggies—skimpy contraptions which are little more than wheels and a few simple sticks on which the driver sits and steers by leaning his body far to port or starboard on turns.

The class is a throwback to the horse-and-buggy days when men used to show off behind stylish animals. In present-day exhibitions the riders try to show bursts of speed and fast turns; it is among

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...but he hates sympathy

the most dangerous and exciting of show classes.

Morse drives his roadsters himself. At the Oregon State Fair in 1949, he hitched an animal he then owned, Sir Laurel Guy, perhaps the greatest roadster in America, to a borrowed buggy and was whizzing past other drivers when the noseband on the horse's bridle broke. The noseband holds the horse's jaws shut; the horse practically pulls with its mouth. Morse was leaning far out for a turn and couldn't hold the animal back. As the horse and buggy hit the turn, the wheels caved in like toothpicks.

Morse fell beneath the wrecked buggy. He was struck in the spine and knocked unconscious for two hours. He was lifted onto a stretcher and carried across the arena to the infirmary. The crowd applauded to show sympathy and Morse, unconscious and with no later memory of the incident, waved an arm to the crowd all the way across the field.

"The attending physician," he laughs, "remarked, 'How can you beat a man like that—he's a politician even when he's unconscious!' "

Scared Mare Inflicts Severe Injury

Morse has won 25 trophies and 10 championships with horses he raised himself. In August, 1951, he won the saddle-class championship at Orkney Springs, Virginia. He was walking through the stables after the event, kidding the man who owned the second-place horse about having to buy the steak dinners, when a scared mare let fly with both hind feet. Morse got the full blow on the right side of his face; his jaw was broken in four places, and 13 teeth were knocked out. Bystanders reported that the blow sounded like a pistol shot.

Morse's knees didn't even buckle. He walked into an empty stall, lay down and spit out his teeth. He didn't stop talking for 30 minutes, giving instructions about what to do with his horse, what hospital he preferred to go to, what to tell his family, and how he preferred to be loaded into the ambulance. He again had been unconscious throughout and later had no memory of this period. But, as he says, his ability to talk goes very deep.

One afternoon not long ago he delivered an hour-and-three-quarters' oration in the Senate against confirmation of Charles E. Wilson as Defense Secretary. Yet that morning he had had a tooth removed from a fracture line of the old jaw injury. The operation, which included jaw scraping, took 40 minutes; his physician, knowing he intended to speak that afternoon, gave him some codeine tablets in case pain should recur while he was on the Senate floor. Morse failed to read the instructions about taking one pill every four hours and, in agony, swallowed one every 20 minutes during his speech. Afterward, full of codeine, he collapsed into a deep sleep in the Senate cloakrooms—"raising a lot of false hopes," he says, "that I had had a heart attack."

A thorough countryman, with a lean, lined, Basil Rathbone kind of face, Morse actually seems far from physical deterioration. As we drove out to his rented acres, he did a 45-minute monologue for me, advancing his view of the evils of party regularity.

"They're not free," he said, "those men in the Senate. A free man is a man who is free to do what he knows is right. They have to take party orders and do things for expediency. Once you put expediency above principle, there is no principle left. Most of the senators take party orders. They stop thinking for themselves, they don't read serious books or try to figure things out. They're not even a very well-informed body of men."

His voice rose. Now he was delivering a speech, but at the same time driving expertly, his eyes never off the road. "Others will join me in the Independent party. It may not grow too big in my lifetime, but I'm planting a seed or two. This is a great movement. It really began forty years ago with Teddy Roosevelt. Someday it'll come to fruition and we'll have a party of truly independent-minded men."

"Wouldn't that be just another party with its own party discipline?" I asked. "What about future Independents who would refuse to follow the Independent party line?"

"No such problem will come up," he said, "because an Independent just follows facts, that's all. He decides on the facts, not on the basis of expediency. Why, most of the things I stand for you'd get agreement on in almost every living room in the land—it's only in the Senate, where party expediency enters in, that you get this one-sided show."

Then he added, more softly and with a smile: "You know, I used to be dean of a law school. I taught thousands of students these principles of political honesty. How can I depart from them now?"

After we arrived at his farm, Morse showed me his Devon cattle, an all-red breed of short, chunky animals, stemming originally from Devonshire, England. "Their milk is both rich and unusually digestible," he said. "That's what makes Devonshire cream so famous."

We walked over to the three or four rough sheds in which he keeps as varied a collection of living creatures as I have ever seen in one place: cows, horses, ponies, goats, turkeys, peacocks, bantams. A new calf was nursing improbably at a goat which stood high on a platform and was eating through a stanchion. Morse beamed at the scene. "Look at how they get along," he said. "You have to lead them, not drive them."

He began to talk about his boyhood on a Wisconsin farm at Verona, near Madison. He grew up in Verona, riding his horse 11 miles to grade school in Madison, or staying with relatives when the weather was bad. He has always been a livestock man. At ten he owned four Shetland ponies, and the proudest moment of his life, he says, came three years later when he sold one of them by mail order to an Ohioan. He paid his way through college raising laboratory animals.

SAMUEL GRAFTON

A clipping amuses the Morses. The family has only rarely suffered personal snubs, but many strangers phone Mrs. Morse to complain about senator. She is in complete agreement with him

The idea of blooded cattle and prize horses suggests wealth, but Morse's holdings cost him little. His total investment in five horses and fifteen head of cattle is about $3,500. (He cheerfully tells you any financial detail of his life. He feels this is an obligation of a public official. He will tell you how much he gets for a speech or how much money he has in his pocket, or any other financial detail you want to know.)

How His Knowledge of Cows Paid Off

He buys his animals shrewdly, like a countryman. He bought his first Devon cow, Lillybelle, two years ago at butcher prices although it is a pedigreed animal. Its owner, a Devon specialist, thought it had a broken leg; Morse found it did not have a temperature and gave his opinion that it was suffering only from a pulled stifle muscle. The owner disagreed and sold the cow at the slaughterhouse price; in three weeks, the cow recovered.

"Later," said Morse, "that man came around to me and said he had to get that cow back—he couldn't let it be known that a politician had come down from Washington and done him out of a blooded cow. I told him he'd sold it, and that was that."

Out of nine Devons Morse exhibited recently at the Southern Maryland Agricultural Exposition at Marlboro, eight won ribbons—two firsts, four seconds and two thirds. "They were in pasture until the day before the show," he said fiercely, "not fattened up"—like some, I gathered, he could name.

As a youth in Wisconsin, Morse used to show his Shetland ponies against entries by the La Follette boys, sons of the old Wisconsin Progressive. Later, as he grew up, he campaigned for the La Follettes. "A group of us," he said, "would get a drum and climb into an old car and go to some small town. We'd beat the drum on the courthouse steps or in front of the post office, get up a crowd and do a campaign speech. Wisconsin was a great place; you could get up great discussions

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there. Hardly anybody talks things over like that any more."

When he married Mildred Downie after obtaining his master's degree in economics at the University of Wisconsin in 1924, Morse found a teaching job—in public speaking, naturally—at the University of Minnesota. He and his bride drove to Minneapolis in a jalopy on the Saturday of their wedding, arriving with a total of 12 cents. A kindly Swedish landlady gave them room and board on credit. Some movie houses charged only a nickel at that time, so the Morses went to a film show that night. Then each had one stick of gum, riotously spending the rest of the 12 cents.

On Monday morning Morse went into a bank and so enchanted the banker with the story of the 12-cent honeymoon that he lent Morse $100 against his future pay checks. "I paid him off in two months," said Morse. "I hate debt. That's one thing I've kept from my childhood."

While teaching at Minnesota, Morse attended the university law school, graduated, and in 1928 moved to Columbia on a graduate law fellowship. In 1929 he went to the University of Oregon Law School as an assistant professor. In two years he was dean; in 15 years he was a United States senator from his adopted state.

He made early contact with the New Deal. On leave from Oregon, he served in 1936 as assistant to the Attorney General in directing a nation-wide study of pardons, probations and paroles. He joined the War Labor Board in 1941. Although already well known as a liberal, he resigned from the board in 1944 in protest against what he regarded as its knuckling under to John L. Lewis and the coal miners' union.

The incident was typical of Morse's brand of liberalism. He recently startled some of his liberal friends by supporting Senators William E. Jenner and Joseph R. McCarthy in their requests for new appropriations for their investigating committees. He explained to those who objected to the Jenner and McCarthy methods that he felt the right of the Senate to conduct investigations was at stake. He resented what he calls pressure from "leftists and some I suspect of being fellow travelers" to use him to block the probes. "These people want to destroy true liberties," he said. "If Jenner and McCarthy violate anybody's rights, I'll take care of them later." Typically, while supporting the requests of Jenner and McCarthy for funds, he prepared a bill to give Senate committee witnesses the right to have counsel and the right of cross-examination.

Morse entered national politics in 1944, when he was persuaded to run in the Oregon Republican primary for U.S. senator. He won. In the election, he ran against and defeated a conservative Democrat, Edgar Smith, who has since joined the Republican party which his victorious opponent has left. Morse, who is considered a stout campaigner, was re-elected in 1950 and has four years to go on his second term.

He feels that if he can get over the hump of his next election in Oregon, he will, like the late Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, have won a real place in the Senate as an independent, a man above party. Many Oregon Republicans are determined to prevent his re-election; they recently introduced a bill in the Oregon legislature to make it illegal for a person elected to office by one party to seek re-election as a candidate of another party.

Morse regards this bill as an attempt to force him to run in the Republican primary rather than stand as an independent in the later election. He said it constitutes a "public confession on the part of Republican politicians that they cannot defeat me if all of the voters of Oregon are allowed to participate in choosing their senator." He is unperturbed about the bill; as a lawyer, he considers it unconstitutional and believes it will arouse protest that will help him.

BUZZ BROWN

Morse probably is happiest doing farm chores. He sees 1956 elections as his greatest obstacle. If he can make the grade, he feels he will have established himself as a bona fide independent

Maverick Role Has Some Advantages

As we walked across his farm acres, Morse told me that there are some consolations in his present position as the maverick senator. He receives above 600 "answerable" letters a day, mostly favorable; people around the country with complaints are beginning to write to him instead of to their own senators, he says. He is in demand as a speaker. He figures that his office expenses outrun his Senate allotments by $500 to $700 a month; he speaks just enough, for fees, to make up the difference. He is in great request for television political panel shows.

"Mine is not a happy role," he said. "Nor an easy one. It is a very unhappy thing. Worst, for me, is the effect on my family. My wife gets nasty phone calls from strangers. They abuse me to her. When she suggests they call me, they say: 'What's the use? We can't influence him.' Then she tells them that she agrees with me, and they slam the phone down."

At cocktail parties, people sometimes get a little tight and become belligerent toward him. "Since I never take it without giving it back," he said, "I just don't go to cocktail parties." He doesn't drink—or smoke—anyhow. He goes to few parties of any kind, attending only when, he said, "I believe the state of Oregon has a right to be represented."

When the Morses retire for the night—usually around 10:00 P.M.—the senator punches a shutoff device on his telephone. Some of his constituents in faraway Oregon are inclined to brood about his exit from the Republican party at the height of the Presidential campaign. As the night wears on, they sometimes feel the need to call him up and reprimand him. Since Oregon enjoys a three-hour time differential over the District of Columbia, these calls are likely to come in around 2:00 A.M. Washington time. Morse feels he can do without them.

But Morse put aside politics as he proudly pointed out his cherished Devon bulls to me. "Look at those bulls," he said. "They never fight. They're so amiable—that's why I love the breed. I wouldn't keep Angus cattle—they go wild."

And with that somewhat incongruous remark, the firebrand of the United States Senate went off to work his field, as happy a man as I have ever seen. ▲▲▲

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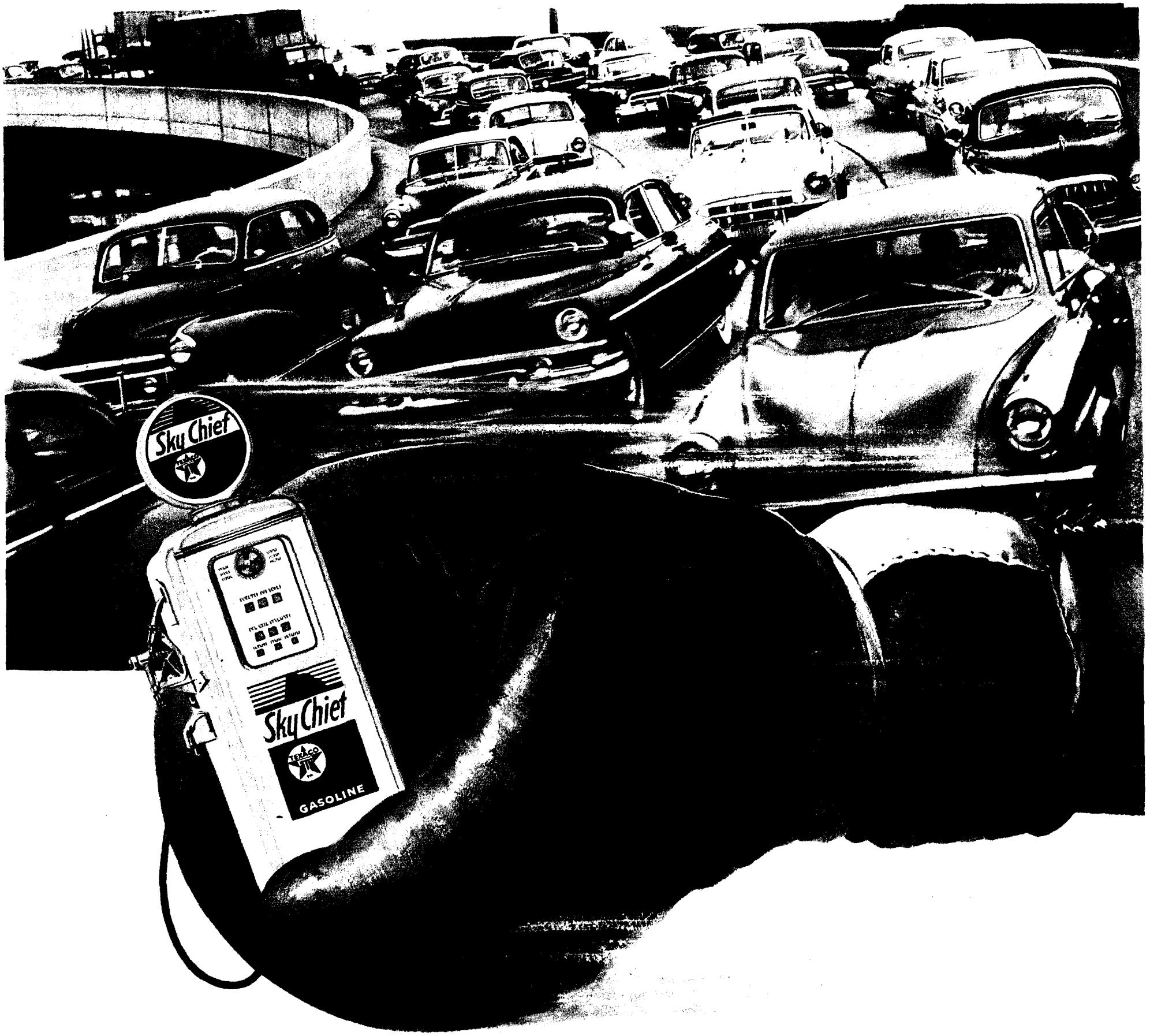

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ARTHUR SHILSTONE

Commander Garrigues said, "You're dead, Mr. Bergdahl, dead through your own stupidity"

Birds at Sunset

By ROBERT A. KNOWLTON

AVIATORS." Commander Garrigues spoke in slow anger. "Children. Heroes in training panties. They know everything, these kids; they were *born* knowing everything, like the Wright Brothers." He paused. "Were we ever that immature, Tom?" he asked. "Even at Pensacola, even with our first squadrons?"

"We're too old to remember," Tom Fullerton answered comfortably. "You and I, we've had it all. We got our three stripes and our ulcers, and it's kind of like the end of a road. What hurts you is that these jockos fly better stuff than we ever dreamed of. They laugh at us, sure, but they'll never know what flying really was."

The high, double whine of a Banshee squadron swelled, shrieked, vibrated through the instructors' lounge. Garrigues waited as the hysterical falsetto of each new jet overlapped the fading scream of its leader. Fliers, he thought coldly. Spare me from fliers. Spare me from myself.

When he was sure the squadron had passed he spoke again, trying to keep his voice low and uncomplaining. "Pitiful, bloody children. They thought they could heckle me in class today, Tom. Heckle *me!*" He tapped the wings on his chest. "There's always one of them who starts it, one wise guy. The others get their cues from him. And you know, being fair about it, the joker's usually the best flier in the whole bunch."

Precisely an hour before, another squadron had skimmed over the Administration Building's flat roof, filling the classroom with its sudden, unbearable blast. As now, Commander Garrigues had waited carefully until the last jet had passed before picking up the lecture at the point of interruption.

"Water will be a problem, gentlemen," he said, "if you bail out over desert or arid country. Your canteens won't be much help unless you're spotted right away."

" 'Bail out,' " Ensign Bergdahl murmured tentatively from the second row. " 'Flash the nylon. Hit the silk. Geronimo!' "

Garrigues ignored him. "Fortunately, very few areas of potential operations are entirely barren," he continued, speaking more rapidly and precisely. "If you keep your heads, you'll find many indications of water. Animal tracks, for example, never by-pass a stream or spring. Notice the flight of the birds at sunset. They'll head toward the nearest drink."

"What kind of birds, sir?"

Garrigues took off his shell-rimmed glasses with exaggerated weariness and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I'm not an ornithologist, Mr. Bergdahl," he said. "Just birds. Any birds."

"I mean, I was thinking they might be parrots," Ensign Bergdahl insisted. "And parrots don't drink. They chew leaves and things for their water."

"If parrots eat leaves, they wouldn't be living in a desert," said Garrigues, hating himself for arguing. "Vultures, maybe. Let's get on with it, shall we?"

He glanced around the room, found neither assent nor objection, and bent to his notes. "Condensation may be obtained from the aircraft fuselage or from rocks, and should be collected with a sponge or clean, absorbent cloth. Is that clear?"

"How about halazone, sir?"

Too much, Garrigues thought. You can live with children too much, too long. "Are you asking just to make talk, Mr. Bergdahl?"

"Sir, you said yesterday *all* drinking water ought to be purified with halazone, and you said just now we could get water from condensation, and I wondered whether you meant the condensation water had to be purified too."

"This is a class in survival, gentlemen." Garrigues spaced the words deliberately. "What I'm trying to do is to save your lives, simply because they represent a greater investment in time and money than your planes or equipment do. Your planes can be destroyed—*should* be destroyed, as a matter of fact, if you come down in enemy territory. But I have—the Navy has a selfish interest in your lives."

"If we destroy the planes, sir, how do we go about collecting moisture from the fuselage?"

The class grinned appreciatively.

Commander Garrigues felt his legs stiffen under the table as he tried to keep from rising. How do you teach them, how *can* you teach them? he wondered despairingly. With too much science in their hands, they've stopped being human. How do you get through to them, when they don't care, that they've got to hang on, to live? Damn them, they haven't any right to care so little.

Speaking to the shiny new insignia on his tormentor's green jacket, Garrigues said, "You're dead, Mr. Bergdahl. You're dead on some barren, godforsaken mountain, but nobody misses you because you're dead through your own stupidity. You're stupid, and that's why you're dead." He began to shiver. "Dismissed," he shouted.

REMEMBERING, Garrigues shuddered again, only this time at his own irascibility. "Why'd we keep putting in for jets, Tom? I wonder if we knew we were kidding ourselves." He spread his hands and let them fall. "Well, the hell with it. Even a nineteen-year-old can only take so many g's. They're not so hot. I won't miss them a bit."

"Oh, you can talk," said Fullerton enviously. "You've got your orders, and staff duty at that. Nice soft staff duty for your poor, frayed nerves. When d'you report?"

"Eleven May," Garrigues said. "On or about eleven May, right when my garden's coming along best. That's another thing I love in the Navy: they've been saying 'on or about' ever since they ran sailing ships, but you report a day late and it's a court. What's that?" he asked abruptly.

"Just the station wagon starting," said Fullerton. "You *are* jumpy. Did I ever tell you about that booby-trapped car on Luzon?" Chuckling, he began the story for the tenth time, but through the familiar words Garrigues could feel the racing of the station wagon's motor and could hear Ensign Bergdahl's proud and empty voice calling to the children, to the faceless, arrogant fliers.

"Any you birds at sunset heading for the oasis?" Bergdahl was shouting. "Want to roll for drinks?"

"Hey, Tom," Garrigues interrupted. "You know something? I got a birthday coming up."

"Well, isn't that just dandy! We'll wear paper hats and pin the tail on the donkey and throw up from the excitement of it all."

"No, seriously, we ought to have one good, final celebration. By the time I see you again, we won't be having birthdays any more. We'll be wearing girdles and lying about our age and pinching waitresses in cheap night clubs."

Fullerton considered, a flicker of interest on his face. "Maybe you got something," he admitted. "We been taking it too hard. We could tie one on and forget about these brats. How old you going to be? Thirty?"

Garrigues shook his head ruefully. "Thirty-one," he said. ▲▲▲

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THE YANKEE

By JOHN ANDREW RICE

Margaret found Charleston beautiful and strange. In time she would get used to its disturbing ways, its odd language—even its magic

WHEN Don Heyward's company offered to move him from New York to Charleston, where he had been born and reared, his wife Margaret wondered at his hesitation. "Don't you want to go?" she asked.

"It isn't that," he said, and to answer the question in her eyes, he added, "It's a lot of things. For one, I'm used to living here now, and I've got so I like it. Up here, there are so many things I don't have to know about or think about or feel. But down home . . ."

"I'd like it," she said. "I've always wanted to live in the South."

He laughed. "Who hasn't? Better let it go at that, honey—wanting. It's different when you're there. Down home we don't forget, and we never change. Everything's like it always has been. There'd be a lot of things would seem crazy to you, and I reckon they are, from the outside." He was silent for a moment, then he added soberly, "As a matter of fact, it's you who make me hesitate the most."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. What if you didn't like Charleston? And how do you know you'd like me, in Charleston? I might be different too, you know."

"I'll chance it," she said; "I took one chance on you. I'll take another. As for Charleston—well, for one thing, we could live in a house. I've never lived in a house. Summers, yes, in New Hampshire, but that's not *living* in a house. Couldn't we get a house, an *old* house?"

"You're determined to do it the hard way," he said. "An old house, with the kitchen half a mile from the dining room. And trying to keep warm in the winter—you've never been so cold. Why, we used to have three kinds of fuel: coal for the kitchen stove, kerosene for the pot-burner in the hall and charcoal for the washerwoman to heat her flatiron, and— Did I say three? There were four, counting wood for the fireplaces. Hey, where are you going?"

"To pack," she said. "Fireplaces!" . . .

The house, over a hundred years old, had charm. It also had water pipes running up the outside. "Why did they do that?" Margaret asked her husband.

"The house came first," he said.

"But why didn't they put the pipes inside the walls?"

"Too much trouble," he said.

"Anyway," she said, "we can plant a climbing rose there."

"No," he said firmly.

"No? Why not? You like climbing roses. You've told me so."

"Love them," he said, "especially Maréchal Niel, and they grow here."

"Well?"

"The plumber," he said.

"The plumber? What plumber?"

"Sometimes, once a year at least, it gets so cold that the pipes freeze and the plumber has to thaw them out. He wouldn't like getting scratched."

"For Heaven's sake," she said.

"I warned you, didn't I?"

"But it's lovely," she said, "just the way I wanted it to look. Now let's see what it's like inside. I hope it's as nice as the door."

It was, until they came to the kitchen, with its ancient faucets, wooden drainboards, and huge coal range. Seeing dismay creeping into her face, he said, "Don't worry, honey. The cook won't mind."

"Cook? What cook?"

"Ours, of course," he said.

"No!" she said.

"No? No what?"

"No cook."

"You mean we aren't going to eat?"

"I mean, silly," she said, "we aren't going to have a cook, except me."

"You mean to say you're going to take care of an eight-room house *and* do the cooking? Why, everybody has a servant, at least one."

"Not me," she said. "I hate the very idea of servants. Oh, you can smile, but I do. It's so degrading, the relationship, I mean."

"I know what you mean. I used to feel awful sorry for my mother."

"For your *mother?*"

"Yes," he said, "she used to cry sometimes, she'd be so humiliated when the servants bossed her around."

"I wasn't thinking about myself when I said it was degrading." Her voice was chilly.

"You weren't? Oh, I see. Well, maybe you're right."

THEY had been in the house about a week when one day she said, "I don't know what to do about the garbage. Sometimes the man comes and sometimes he doesn't. I spoke to him about it today, and he smiled all over his face and talked for five minutes, but I didn't understand a word he said."

"Gullah," he said. "All the Negroes on the coast speak Gullah. It's a mixture of African and English. Some Saturday I'll speak to the garbage man."

"Meanwhile," she said, "I'm supposed to put up with it."

"You're learning, honey," he said.

"And the grocery boy. I never know when he's coming."

"But he does come, doesn't he? That's something."

One morning at breakfast she said, "Something waked me up last night. A sound. In the walls."

"Rats," he said. "They live in the walls."

"How can we get rid of them?"

"Can't," he said, eating away. "And besides, it wouldn't be fair, you know. They live here too, and as a matter of plain justice we couldn't ask them to move. They've been here longer than

It had happened at the mailbox. There were five boxes close together, and it was here, at some neighbor's box, the hex had been put

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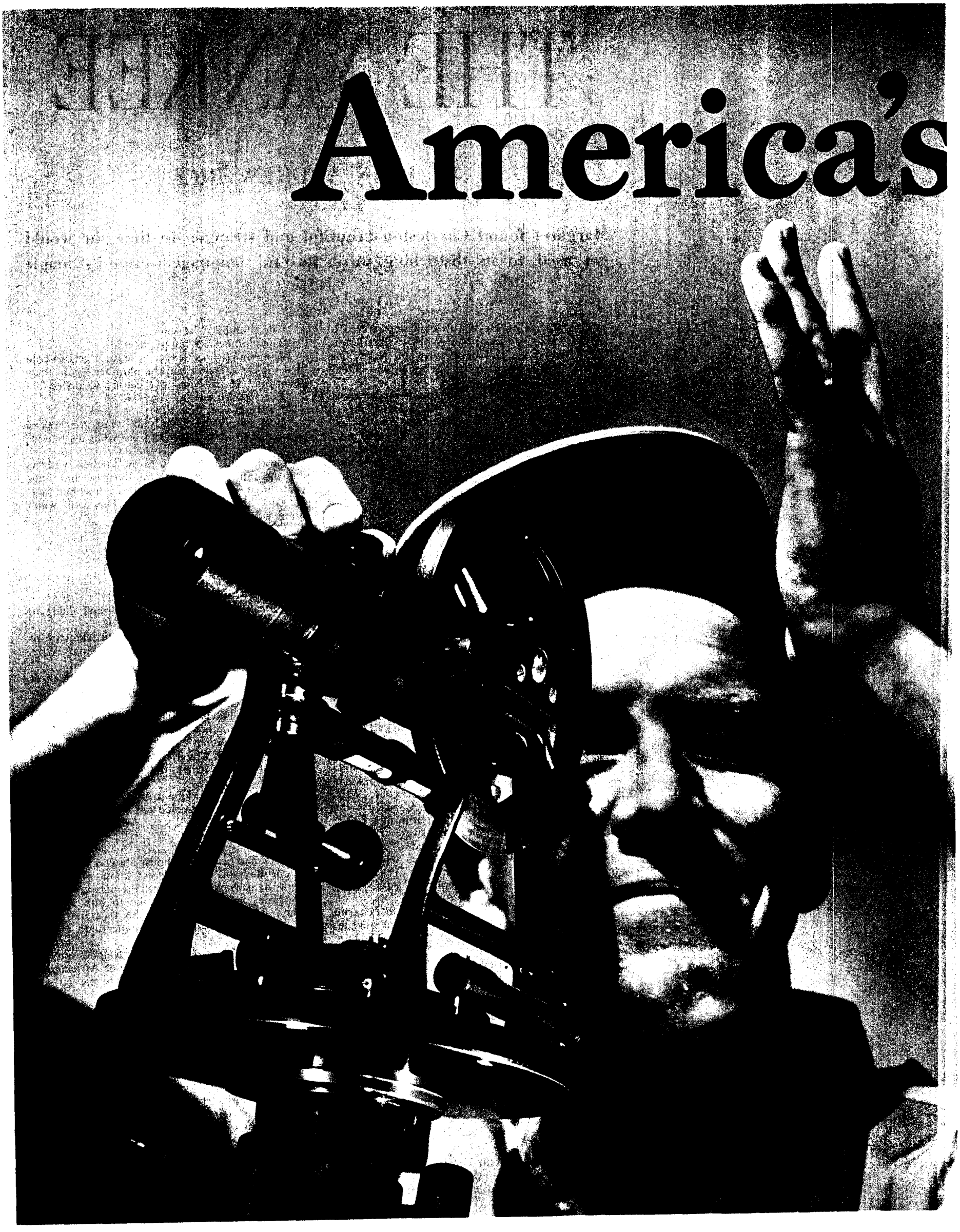

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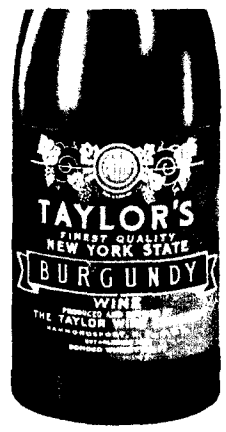

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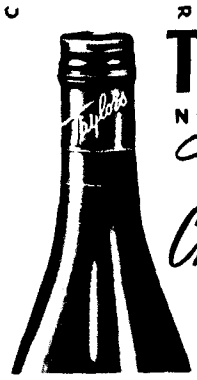

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NEW YORK STATE
Wines and Champagnes

from the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York

we have, you see. They like old houses, just like you."

"And the ants?"

"They moved in after we did, didn't they? Well, poison them. But you'll need two kinds of poison: one for the sugar-eaters, one for the grease-eaters."

"Thanks," she said, "and what about the cockroaches?"

"They aren't cockroaches," he said, indignantly, "they're called palmetto bugs. Sounds better. Shoo them out. They fly."

"I must say you take it very calmly."

"That's one way," he said with equanimity, "'live and let live.'"

"If you can call it living." She was silent for a while, then with a troubled look, she said, "You know, Don, you're different. You're not like yourself."

"You mean, I'm not like my Northern self. I expect you're right."

"Well, you used to be so *considerate*," she said.

"Still am," he said. "Don't I tell you things—about ants and bugs and rats—all sorts of things?"

She ignored his tone. "You used to want to help, but now you don't. All you do every night is sit down and read the evening paper. You used to wash the dishes, even the breakfast dishes, but since we came here you haven't offered to, not once."

"Can't," he said, and when she looked indignant, he said with the voice of reason, "If it should get out that I washed the dishes, I wouldn't dare show my face on Broad Street. I'd be an outcast." He held up his hand to stop her question. "A Southern man," he said, "wouldn't be caught dead with a dishrag in his hand." Then he looked hurriedly at his watch. "H'm-m, I'm late. Good-by, honey. Be sure to have a good dinner for me."

That night, after a dinner about which he made no comment, he went into the living room and read the paper until she had finished the dishes.

AT LAST she came and stood in the door. "I think I'll go to bed," she said in a toneless voice.

"What, again? This is the third night running. No. Come in. Sit down and rest yourself."

She seated herself on the edge of a chair by the door. "You shouldn't let yourself get this way," he said blandly. "You need recreation. Why, do you realize you haven't read a book since we came to Charleston? At least, you haven't told me about it, if you have. And you used to be so interesting, talking about books. Saved me a lot of time, too. You read them all, and I read the best. But now, you don't talk about books, you hardly ever talk about anything." He gave her an innocent, questioning look, and when she made no reply, he said, "I know what you need. You need to be promoted."

"To what?" she asked bitterly.

"The thing about promotion is not what you're promoted *to*. It's what you're promoted *from*. Now—"

"Good night," she said abruptly, and went out of the door.

Next morning, after a breakfast of grim silence and a marital good-by peck from her husband, she was about to collect the dishes for washing when a huge spider fell with a plop from the ceiling onto the middle of the table. "Oh, no," she said, retreating in haste, "this is too much."

"They won't hurt you," a soft voice said from the doorway. "Just a house spider." The speaker was a young Negro girl, who now smiled at the startled woman and said, "But they scare me too, every time." Then she added, "Grandma sent me. She used to work for Mister Don's mother. My name's Estelle."

"There must be some mistake," Mrs. Heyward said.

"No, ma'am. A surprise maybe. Mister Don said you might be surprised, but for me not to mind." Her tone shut off remonstrance. "He said I was to come for a week, on trial, and he paid me in advance. So I'll have to stay."

"When was this?" Mrs. Heyward asked. "When did he see you?"

"Day before yesterday. But he didn't see me. He saw Grandma, and she told me to quit where I was working and come here."

"Just like that?" Mrs. Heyward said.

Estelle laughed. "Yes, ma'am. Grandma says her ma used to say that was what freedom meant, freedom to quit. Besides, the Heywards always come first. We've always worked for the Heywards. Now I'll go change my clothes. You just sit and rest."

That night Mrs. Heyward said to her husband, "You think you're pretty smart, don't you?"

"Self-protection," he said. "The way you were beginning to look, I'd have had to help—very degrading." He laughed lightly. "Well, how was she?"

"Wonderful," she said.

"New broom," he said, "new broom always sweeps clean."

"You aren't talking about Estelle," she said. "And do you know, I understood every word she said."

"Bilingual," he said. "She intended to become a schoolteacher, but she got trapped—by matrimony and then maternity."

"Yes, she told me about her little boy. I felt guilty, keeping her away from him, but she says her grandma is good for him. 'She'll teach him manners,' she said."

"She will too," he said, and smiled at her. "She taught me, and you see the result." Then he laughed, as at a memory. "She used to say, 'If you don't have good manners, people will know what you think.' I'm translating, of course. Gabriella can't speak anything but Gullah. But you understand, don't you, that Estelle's taken this job for only a week?"

THE week became two, and a month, and that in turn two. Meanwhile the house had been converted to cleanliness, and Mrs. Heyward to two-o'clock dinner—not, however, without dismay. Dinner at two in the afternoon—or "evening," as Estelle said. Her husband said, "Everybody does. Been doing it for over two hundred years. Besides all the cooks go home by four o'clock. Even your Estelle wouldn't be seen coming home after dark. Don't ask me why."

"I see It's the South again."

"Yes. I told you we never forget and we don't change."

"And that includes everything?" she asked.

"Everything."

"What you believe, what you think, what you feel?"

"Everything," he said.

She had occasion to remember his firm "everything" one morning when Estelle failed to appear, without sending a word of explanation. Mr. Heyward, home for dinner promptly at two, ate the improvised meal unperturbed, and still unperturbed, said afterward, "I reckon she's quit."

"Not Estelle," his wife said, and at

COLLIER'S "Hey, Sis. Your bird-in-the-hand is here" KATE OSANN

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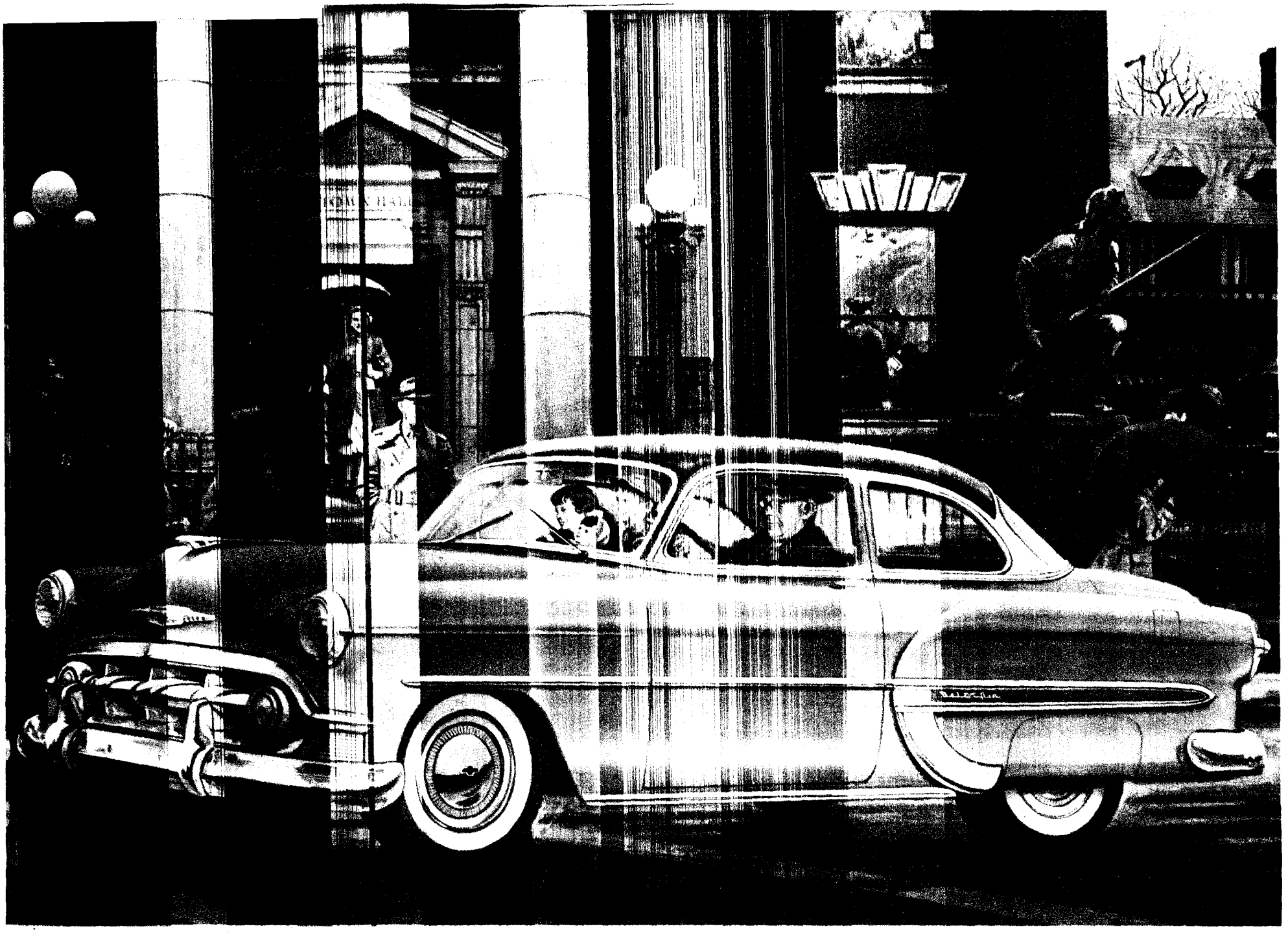

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Easier, smoother brakes. Chevrolet brakes are the largest in the low-price field. And they've been remarkably improved for 1953.

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Now you can have Power Steering in a low-priced car. You park with finger-tip ease and steer with greater safety under all conditions. Optional at extra cost and available on all models.

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once recalled what Estelle had said about freedom. "You don't think Estelle would, do you?"

"They all do, sooner or later." He spoke as calmly as if he were talking about the weather. "But just to be sure, we'll go and see."

They went that night at dusk. The initial shock, to Mrs. Heyward, was the house, one of a dozen in a row. They had once been exactly alike, and now differed only in the degree of decrepitude. The grandmother's leaned as if slightly tipsy, and its chimney of daubed clay threatened to fall the next moment. She could hardly believe, she said, that one so neat and clean as Estelle could live here. Her husband stopped the car and honked his horn.

"Do you always honk for people?" she asked.

"Not for everybody," he said, "and I didn't use to honk for Gabriella. I used to holler." And he honked again. The lopsided door opened, and a young woman came down the path toward the car. It was Estelle, but different. Her dress was slovenly and not quite clean, her hair fuzzily unkempt, and her eyes glazed with terror. "Evening," she said to Mrs. Heyward, without looking at her, and focusing her eyes on the husband, poured forth a torrent of unintelligible words.

Then she stopped suddenly and began to cry, wiping the tears away with the back of her hand.

DON HEYWARD got out of the car, saying to his wife, "I'll be back in a minute. You stay here." He was gone for more than one uneasy minute, and when at last he came back, he started the car without speaking and drove in preoccupied silence.

"Well?" she asked at length.

"Bewitched," he said.

"What?"

"Bewitched," he said again. "'Hexed,' I reckon you'd say."

"Estelle? You mean Estelle?" There was panic in his wife's tone now.

"You'd think so, wouldn't you, from the way she looked? But not Estelle—Gabriella." Then as they drove toward the Cooper River Bridge, he explained that Gabriella was the victim of a spell—"charm, hex, conjure, fix"—intended for someone else. It had happened at the mailbox. There were five boxes close together, and it was here, around a neighbor's box, that it had been put, whatever it was. The old woman had unwittingly walked into it—"Oh, it isn't anything you can *see*"—and was now bedridden, unable to move. At the time the box was put up, Estelle had cautioned against its being so near to the others, but her grandmother had, until now, enjoyed meeting the neighbors after the mailman came.

"Estelle was right, of course," he said, without looking at his wife. "Estelle's got sense, but Gabriella has always been butt-headed; you never could tell her anything." He was silent for a moment, then came out with an explosive "Damn!"

She said nothing until they were on the first span of the bridge. Then she asked, in a tone not quite successfully calm, "Where are we going now?"

"To get the doctor. Lives on Hungry Neck. Hope I can find the place." Exasperation was still in his voice. "It's been a long time."

"Doctor?"

"Well, not an M.D.," he said. "She belongs to an older school. I only hope she's still alive. Must be a hundred years old if she's a day."

He drove on in silence across the second span, through Mount Pleasant, and turned onto a sandy side road about two miles beyond the fork to Sullivan's Island. It was dark by this time, and he drove slowly through the walls of second-growth pine until he came to a cabin set back from the road. He honked and waited, and when the door of the cabin opened, he said to his wife, "Wait. I'll be back," and went toward the small figure silhouetted against the dim light from within. Again she heard a flood of unintelligible speech and her husband's insistent voice. Then the door closed, and he came back and got into the car.

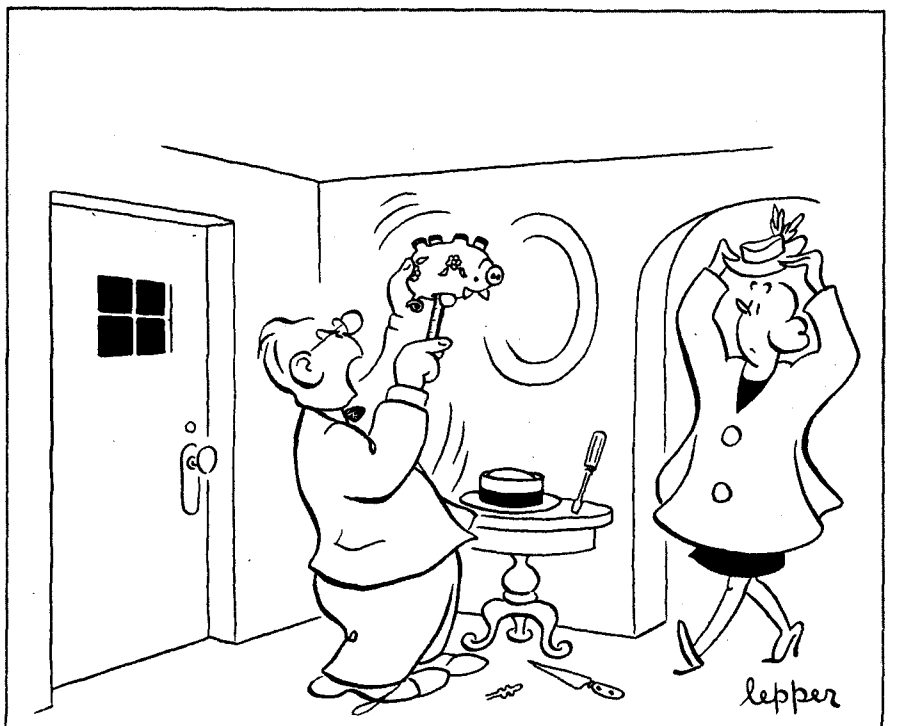
"Well?" she said again.

"She's coming," he said. "And she's getting her things together—some of them."

"But, Don—"

"Ssh," he said, "best not speak."

The small figure of the old woman came hobbling down the sandy path and got into the back seat. No one spoke until they reached Estelle's place, when again there was an exchange of strange sounds between the old woman and Don Heyward. From the darkened cabin there was no sound and no recognition of their presence. The colloquy came to an end, this time the insistent note coming from the old woman, who got out of the car and went toward the door.



COLLIER'S **"One lousy nickel! When's that kid ever going to learn to start saving his money?"** EDWIN LEPPER

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

WHEN they had driven a short way, he said, "Good thing tomorrow's Saturday."

"Does the day of the week have anything to do with it?"

Ignoring the slightly mocking quality of Margaret's tone, he said, "No, but we aren't through yet. That's what she was telling me when she got out of the car—what I had to do." He paused, and when his wife said nothing, he went on, "I've got to get three things—she's fresh out of them, she said. I've got to get the brains of a crow. That'll be easy. They've been after the pecans, that tree in the back yard. I'll shoot one first thing in the morning. Then she wants the blood of a fighting cock, one with a bright red comb and some red feathers, either on its back or in the tail. That'll set me back something. But I'll take her a live one and let her do the bleeding. The third thing she wants is five hairs from the tail of a mare carrying her first foal. That's a tough assignment, but Tom Mabry ought to be able to help out there. At least he'll know where to send me."

When they got inside the living room, he looked at her and smiled. "Any questions?" he asked.

"No questions," she said firmly.

"Splendid, honey," he said. "You're doing fine. Keep it up."

The next day at dinner he said, "Well, I got the cock all right. Cost me ten dollars. Maybe when we have socialized medicine they'll come free. But finding the mare was something else. Took Tom half a dozen telephone calls and a trip to Aiken. But we got them. Yes, sir, five long, beautiful hairs."

"I suppose," she said, "the hairs from just *any* horse's tail wouldn't do?"

"What a question to ask!" he said. "Why, if you take a prescription to a druggist, you expect to get exactly what the doctor ordered, don't you?"

After supper he said, "If I start now, I'll get the things to Gabriella's before sundown."

"Does that make a difference?"

"I don't know," he said, "but I'm not taking any chances. I know *some* things have to be done before sundown. This may be one. Want to go along?"

"No, thanks."

"No? Well, Estelle wasn't up to her best when you saw her last night, I must admit."

But on the following Monday morning she was. She looked as she had on the first morning, clear-eyed and calm, and when she spoke it was as if there had been no absence. She began to clear away the breakfast dishes and said, as she had before, "Now you go take a rest." But in the middle of the morning she did what she had not done before. She came into the living room and said, as one would to a convalescent, "I brought you a fresh cup of coffee."

Mrs. Heyward said, "Oh, thank you, Estelle. This is just what I wanted," and, feeling for an opening, "How's your little boy?"

"He's well, thank you, ma'am," Estelle said, running the dustcloth over the mantel.

Then, as casually as she could, Mrs. Heyward said, "And your grandmother?"

"She's well too, thank you." And the tone was the same. ▲▲▲

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SHAKE!

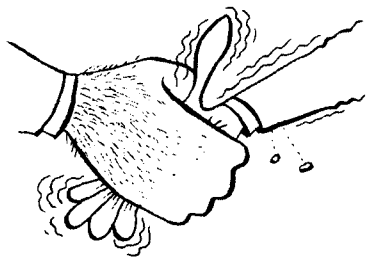
The handclasp has become a real social problem

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

WITHOUT seeming to be too grouchy about it, I suggest you or *some*body write a book about handshaking etiquette. If I weren't so tied up with mortgage payments and medical bills I'd do it myself, but here is my outline of the problem.

Although my thesis stems from the boys who have been termed Bone Crushers, my plea for a definitive analysis goes right down the line to the Clam Palm (otherwise known as the Dead Fish or Lily handshaker), who apparently wants you to think you're saying hello to a halibut.

The exponent of the viselike grip either doesn't have the slightest regard for his victim or is so absurdly proud of his finger muscles that he can't bear to confine his strength to lighting the GIANT bulb in the penny-arcade Grip Machine (2¢) or kneading wrestlers in a gymnasium. This clod should be marched to the nearest construction job and have his fingers riveted together. It would

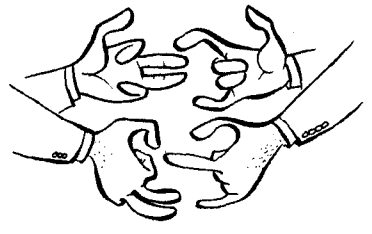


Watch out for the Bone Crusher

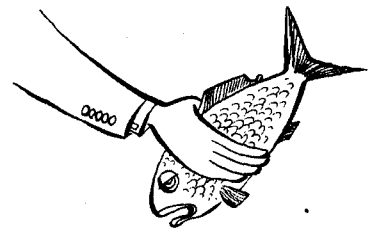
give him some notion of how he makes other people feel.

Maybe it'll help Jake Applewhite along life's rough path if I inform him he's another type of annoyance —a Gripper. Jake grasps your hand and doesn't let go until you do something about it. You relax your hold but Jake hangs on. You squeeze his hand again in acknowledgment of the greeting but he still doesn't know the score. The only way to break up this ridiculous performance is to pull your hand away and signal for a taxi.

Armstrong J. Wilson is a typical example of the Rocker. He confronts you with a hearty "Well, well, WELL!", grabs your hand and rocks it from side to side as though trying to work up a game of skip the rope. The rocking continues (along with "Well, well, WELL!") until the mainspring of your wrist watch goes ping, after which you virtually insult Armstrong by backing away from him and joining the ladies for a smoke and a garbled version of the quickie about the WAVE and the television set.



Ancient Fraternity Brothers

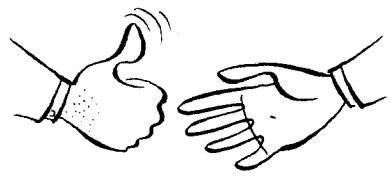


The Dead Halibut greeting

Equally obnoxious is the Pumper, who makes as though he's trying to suck water out of a well that hasn't produced since the drought of '98. Foreigners vary this routine slightly. The Continental type pumps your hand three times—very precisely—then gives the whole thing up as a bad job, which it is. He should go back where he came from.

An item in my notes says, "Be sure to mention the comics." Oh, yes. One type is the jolly jerk who extends a fist with thumb upraised. You're supposed to shake the thumb. (I fractured three of these last year.) Another kind of joker thrusts out his hand but veers to the right or left as you reach for it. Give this dope a hot-foot, preferably one with a chain reaction.

Other handclaspers I unpleasantly recall at the moment comprise the Hand Warmer, who uses both hands to cover your hand; the Elbow Bender, who moves your right elbow up and down with his left hand; and the Ancient Fraternity Brother, who insists upon trying to give you the old grip which you've just about forgotten. As to the latter, if no police-



You're supposed to grab his thumb

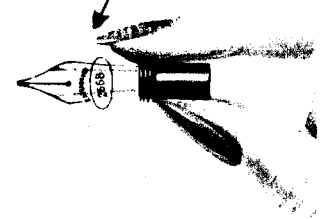
man is watching your fumbling efforts to interlock the proper fingers, well and good; otherwise the cop will probably run you in on suspicion of passing heroin to the fraternity brother, who ought to grow up.

Before I conclude this sketchy treatise I feel compelled to mention the Greeter, with the toothy grin and the arm outstretched *with palm facing toward the right*. Watch this corn ball. He's either going to try to sell you something or is getting up steam to borrow ten bucks. At his approach, scratch your head diligently, adjust your suspenders, change your shoelaces—do anything—but don't accept his mitt unless you have the courage to twist his wrist until he stops grinning and starts crying.

While you're working on a solution for this social and business poser, I think I'll vacation in Alaska and rub noses with the natives. ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL PARTCH

CHOOSE
the right point for the way you write—by number!



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Fit Your Food to Your

By EDITH M. STERN

If you ever served a *soufflé* to big eaters, or a fancy shrimp dish to plain-food folks, you know that a meal isn't right just because it's good. But it can be, if you suit it to your guest's personality

IT HAPPENS to tens of thousands of wives every day—and it happened to me. My husband telephoned to say he had invited someone to have dinner with us.

"His name's O'Brien," he said. "Have something good for him. He's been eating in restaurants for a month." And with that remark my husband hung up.

I winced as I realized the tall order I'd been given. Despite everything that's been said and written to help the wife whose husband is "bringing someone home for dinner," it's not easy to decide on a menu—and prepare it—in the short time available.

No steaks, no chops, I thought as I began to hunt through my recipe file, arranged, like nearly everyone else's, under such headings as meat, fish, salad, cake and the like. There wasn't a clue in my file as to what would be just the thing to serve the unknown Mr. O'Brien—who was tired of eating out, who shouldn't be given a party meal because that would look silly and ostentatious, but who still should be welcomed with something better than everyday fare.

Suddenly it occurred to me that there are many occasions calling for a meal with a special personality for a special type of guest or situation. Ever since, I've catalogued my recipes so as to answer "for whom?" and "when?" rather than just "what?" Some of the recipes I have classified in this way are shown in the accompanying illustrations; others are given further on in this article.

If I had always thought along such lines, I'd never have made the mistake, for example, of giving my favorite mushroom *soufflé* to a big, vigorous man for lunch. The avidity with which the six-foot 200-pounder attacked a dish of candy when we returned to the living room showed that he was still hungry.

Maybe Mr. O'Brien wasn't large or vigorous. But he was a man, and therefore I decided to provide something hearty for him—veal Marengo, an item which I now classify under "Men guests; homelike but distinctive dishes."

When Napoleon's Chef Had No Butter

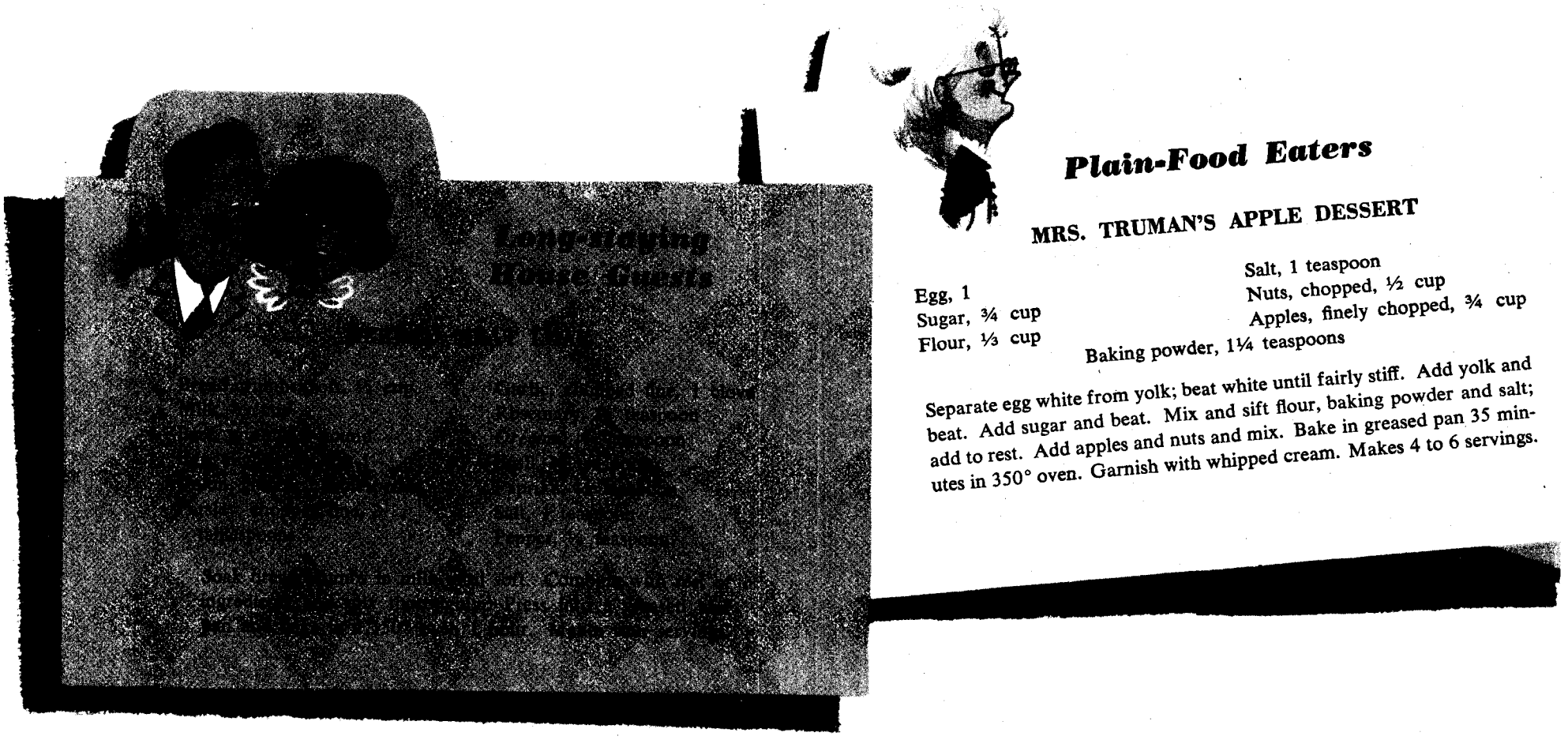
Among its other assets, veal Marengo is a conversation piece. At the time (1800) of the Battle of Marengo in northern Italy, so the tale goes, Napoleon Bonaparte's chef could not get butter or other ingredients he considered suitable for chicken, so he improvised a veal dish and served it apologetically. But Napoleon enjoyed the combination of veal, olive oil, tomatoes, garlic and mushrooms so much that the method and name have survived.

I also could have served Mr. O'Brien ham steak with apples. To make it, take an inch-thick slice of ham weighing about two pounds. Rub in all the brown sugar possible from ⅓ cup. Put the meat in a pan and sprinkle it with one teaspoon of powdered cloves. Place on and around the ham six medium apples pared and cut into eighths, and sprinkle them with the remaining sugar. Pour in ½ cup water, cover, and bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours, uncovering for the last 15 minutes to brown the apples. The recipe makes six servings.

My new recipe-filing system was first put to the test when my friends, the Barkers, came over for Sunday-night supper with their four children—Junior, aged thirteen; Betsy, eleven; Grace, going on nine, and Joe, not quite half-past seven. I wanted to give the kids a good time and food they'd enjoy. But I also wanted to give their parents a culinary break, and the simple hot dogs which I know are always sure-fire with youngsters hardly would qualify. My new "Children, with parents" category supplied the solution: beef-bacon roll-ups.

The younger Barkers, usually an obstreperous crew, settled down to eat the roll-ups in unprecedented calm and concentration. Each had three portions; I was too polite to keep tabs on their parents.

But perhaps my greatest accomplishment of the meal was the way I put over spinach on the kids—


Long-staying
Plain-Food Eaters
MRS. TRUMAN'S APPLE DESSERT
Egg, 1
Sugar, ¾ cup
Flour, ⅓ cup
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Nuts, chopped, ½ cup
Apples, finely chopped, ¾ cup
Baking powder, 1¼ teaspoons
Separate egg white from yolk; beat white until fairly stiff. Add yolk and beat. Add sugar and beat. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt; add to rest. Add apples and nuts and mix. Bake in greased pan 35 minutes in 350° oven. Garnish with whipped cream. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

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Friends

by using it in a salad. They all devoured the salad with gusto. It consisted of equal quantities of torn lettuce and torn crisp raw spinach in a dressing made half of oil and half of vinegar, with salt, pepper and just enough Russian dressing (mayonnaise and chili sauce) mixed with it to color and thicken it slightly.

On another occasion when a touring father, mother and youngsters—the Mullers—dropped in unexpectedly just before dinnertime, I whipped up a variation of hot dogs. I took two cans of vegetable soup, undiluted, added one teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, put the mixture into a pie pan, and laid frankfurters on top. After the pan had been under the broiler for about 10 minutes, the vegetable mixture was heated through and the franks were gorgeously browned and slightly split.

Varying an Old-Time German Soup

Mrs. Muller commented delightedly on the fact that a one-dish meal could be so simple and nourishing. The Mullers or the Barkers also probably would like a variation of one of my father's favorites—German lentil soup with sausages. My easy-to-make version substitutes peas for lentils. I use canned pea soup and put into it hunks of boiled, skinned *Knackwurst*. The ever-available frankfurters also could be used.

One time I really would have been stymied for meals if I hadn't evolved my situations-rather-than-ingredients system of filing recipes was when a couple I'll call the Robertsons stayed on as house guests long after we had begun to hope they'd be leaving soon. It wasn't that we didn't like the Robertsons; it was just that Marie Robertson couldn't cook and I was tired of spending most of my time in the kitchen. Ideal meals would have been steaks and chops, quick and easy to

Bringing Someone Home for Dinner

VEAL MARENGO

Veal cutlets, cut in individual servings, 1½ pounds
Garlic, chopped, 1 clove
Olive oil, 2 tablespoons
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Stock, 1½ cups
Salt and pepper
Tomatoes, peeled and cut in thin slices, 4 medium
Mushrooms, 1 cup

Dredge meat with flour and brown with the garlic in olive oil in a frying pan, and remove. Add 2 tablespoons flour to pan, stir until browned, add stock, salt and pepper and cook until slightly thickened and smooth, stirring constantly. Lay tomatoes and meat in the bottom of a baking dish greased with oil, and pour in the sauce. Cover and bake at least 1½ hours in a 350° oven. During the last hour of cooking, add mushrooms. Makes 6 servings.

For Kids and Parents Both

BEEF-BACON ROLL-UPS

Beef, ground, 1 pound
Egg, beaten, 1 small
Sharp cheese, shredded, ½ cup
Onion, chopped, 2 tablespoons
Catsup, 1½ tablespoons
Worcestershire sauce, 1½ tablespoons
Salt, ½ teaspoon
Pepper, ¼ teaspoon
Bacon, 8 to 10 slices

Combine beef, onion, egg and cheese. Season with catsup, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, and mix well. Press and roll meat mixture into 8- to 10-inch roll and slice in one-inch rounds. Draw bacon strip around each slice of meat and fasten with toothpick. Broil or pan-broil about 5 minutes on each side.

Buffet for Extroverts

SHRIMP PILAU

Bacon, cut in 1-inch pieces, 9 slices
Onions, chopped fine, 2 small
Tomatoes, canned, 5 cups
Rice, raw, 2 cups
A little salt and pepper
Shrimp, cooked and peeled, 2 to 3 cups

Fry bacon until crisp. Remove and brown onion in the fat. Add tomatoes and let cook a few minutes. Add rice and steam in double boiler until cooked, about 45 minutes, stirring from bottom to top toward the end so all grains cook evenly. Season, add shrimp and bacon, and turn into a baking dish. Bake in 350° oven about 15 minutes. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

Fancy Meal for Fancy Taste

CHICKEN BURGUNDY

Chicken, cut in 8 pieces, 3½ lbs.
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Ham, diced, ½ cup
Mushrooms, 1 cup
Onions, small white, 10
Butter, ¼ cup
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Black pepper, pinch
Bay leaf, 1
Cloves, 2
Garlic cloves, crushed, 2
Burgundy wine, 1 pint
Cream, 1 cup
Bread, white, diced, 4 slices

Roll chicken thoroughly in flour. Fry in saucepan with butter, ham, mushrooms and onions until golden brown. Add salt, pepper, bay leaf, cloves, garlic and wine. Cover and simmer over low heat or in moderate oven (350°) for at least 45 minutes, adding a little more wine during cooking if necessary. When chicken is done, remove to serving dish and keep warm. Add cream to liquid in the pan and bring to a boil, stirring constantly, until reduced to a rich, smooth gravy. Strain the gravy over chicken. While the chicken cooks, fry diced bread in butter or margarine until brown. Garnish the chicken with bread cubes. Will make 4 to 6 servings.

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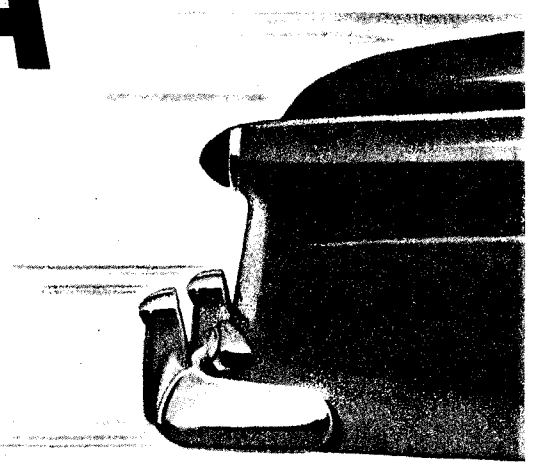

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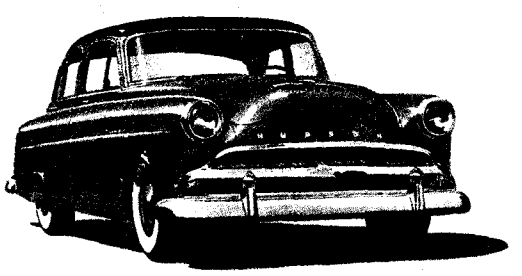

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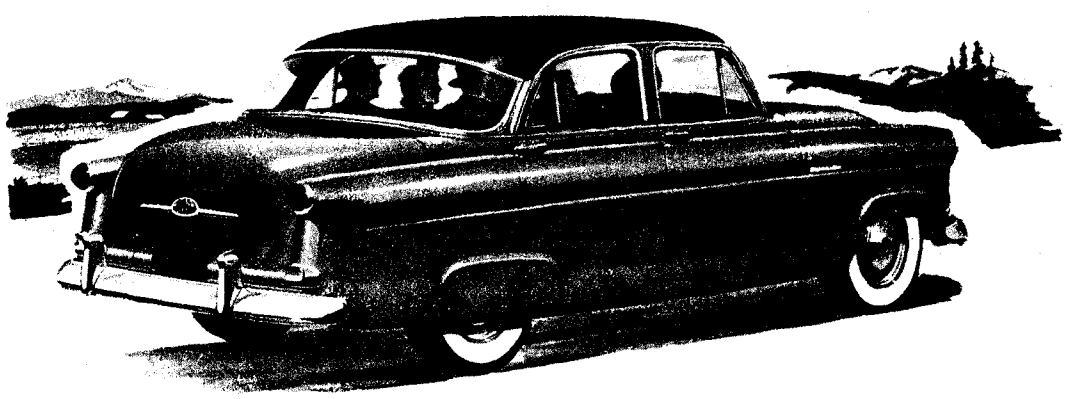

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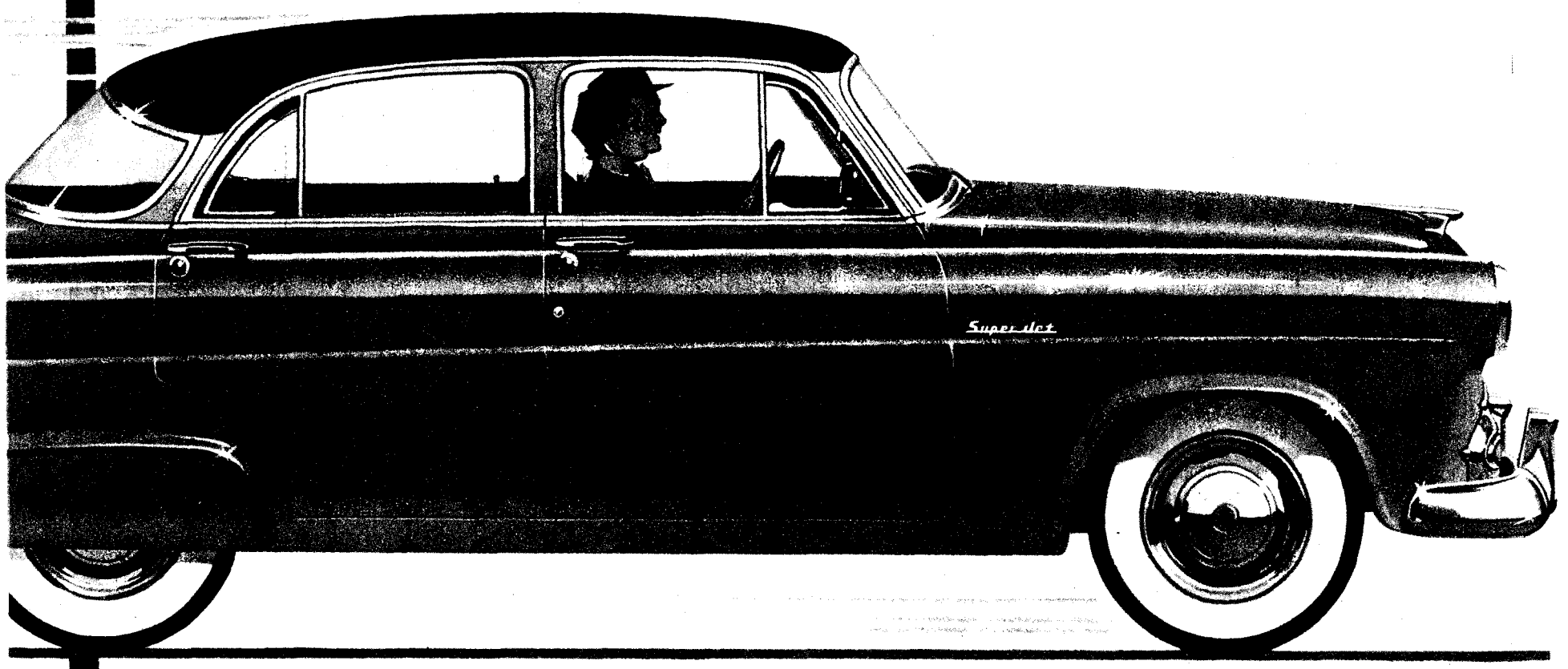

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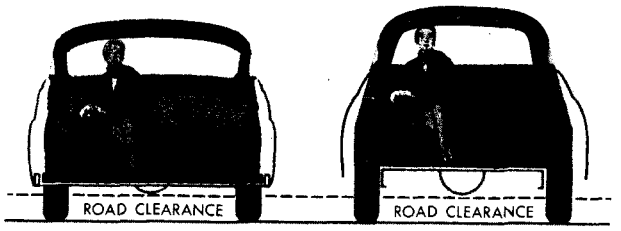

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HUDSON JET

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If Aunt Mary likes plain food, serve pot roast and Mrs. Truman's apple dessert

prepare, but the budget couldn't stand many of them.

So I went in for that inexpensive stand-by, ground beef, but in a new dress—herbed meat loaf. Although it required some mixing and chopping, it nevertheless was a good house-guest dish because it could be prepared in the morning—leaving at least my afternoon free.

Of course, there is also company which inspires extra-special meals. The last time I gave my all in the kitchen was for a welcome-home dinner to a friend, dear to us since childhood, who had just returned after a year abroad. He is a wealthy and discriminating gourmet.

I knew he would have eaten his way through all the best restaurants of Europe, so I served him chicken Burgundy from my gourmet file. I gave him the best meal my purse, brains and labor could muster.

My reward was his exclamation: "I didn't have anything better than this on my entire trip!"

Another extra-special dish for extra-special guests can be built around duck. I don't know theoretically how many persons one five- to six-pound duck is supposed to serve; but as I prepare it, with crisp candied skin and elusive flavor, there is never a scrap left over with only three at table. First I peel a big Bermuda onion, cut it in half, and stuff the duck with it, just about filling the cavity. Then I place the duck in a moderate (350°) oven and about a half hour later pour off the fat and begin basting it with one cup of *cold* orange juice; after the cup has been emptied, I baste with the drippings in the pan.

Final Touches of Perfection

About a half hour before dinner, I remove the onion and replace it with two peeled chopped tart apples and two oranges cut into small pieces. Total cooking time is about two hours. Wild rice and peas are the perfect complement for the duck.

Before my big dinners I serve an assortment of hors d'oeuvres. Some, like antipasto and tiny artichoke hearts, mushrooms in olive oil or pâté de foie gras, I buy in jars or tins. Some I make myself—like sliced hard-boiled eggs or shrimps with Russian dressing, green and red pepper salad, little squares of bologna and luncheon meats marinated in French dressing or thinly sliced tomatoes in French dressing with minced parsley sprinkled over them.

Believing that exquisite meals must be in miniature, I never attempt them for more than three to six persons. But those intimate little dinners with an air are as inappropriate for some guests as it would be to use Minton china and a silver coffee service at a back-yard picnic.

Take my friends, Irving and Amy Abbott, for example. The Abbotts are tweedy, athletic and gregarious; when I plan meals for them the food is in the category "Extroverts: buffet dishes." They like good food all right, but are more interested in having a good time. The more guests at a party, the better time they have.

Whenever I entertain the Abbotts, it's at a convivial buffet supper because no matter how exquisite the food, they'd be bored sitting through a dinner with only four or six at the table. A buffet favorite for people like the Abbotts is a distinctive rice-stretched dish, shrimp pilau.

COLLIER'S — **"$87.50, eh? Do you need any help carrying them back to the truck?"** — HERB WILLIAMS

The guests who pose probably the greatest food problems for a hostess are those whom I succinctly list as "Plain Eaters." One of them is a family friend, Mrs. Wolfe, a dear old lady who's a widow. "Simple food," she says, "is the only kind." And therefore I serve her what she considers plain cooking—but with my own variations.

Pot roast is quite simple and folksy enough for anyone, but drab as it is often cooked. I make my pot roast as we had it when I was a child, browning it first in fat, of course, and adding two cups of tomato juice, two sliced green peppers, two sliced fairly large onions and three bay leaves. My favorite cut is a five- to six-pound brisket (neither rolled nor tied), which, barely simmered for four to five hours in a covered pot, is fine-grained and firm yet tender. Mrs. Wolfe likes it almost better cold than hot.

Another pot roast that isn't too fancy for my plain-eating friends—but tasty enough to uphold my morale in the kitchen—may be made by rubbing a three-pound chuck steak all over with a bruised clove of garlic, seasoning with salt and pepper, browning in six tablespoons of fat, and simmering about three and a half hours in two cups of water, half a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and a quarter of a cup of chili sauce.

Like most plain eaters, Mrs. Wolfe accepts pie. But even pie can become boring and it's quite a lot of work to make. Therefore I was overjoyed to come across a recipe used by Mrs. Truman, wife of the former President, for a delicious, unusual apple dessert. When I reported to her how much my guests and I always enjoy her crunchy recipe, she replied that it was much better flavored with rum to suit your taste, but she hadn't wanted to mention that while she was first lady.

COLLIER'S — **"Well, of all the blind luck!"** — PERRY BARLOW

For a Visiting French Couple

Another problem is what to serve guests from foreign lands. A mutual friend wrote us that a French couple was coming to the United States on a combined business-and-pleasure trip. "If they call you when they hit town, I certainly would appreciate your being nice to them," the friend said.

Eventually, the couple did call, and I planned to regale them with my finest French cooking.

But when I consulted my French hairdresser—while he wound my pin curls—he made a Gallic gesture of dismay.

"Madame!" he protested, almost in anguish. "It would be no joy for them to eat as they do at home. Do, I beg of you, give this lady and gentleman a meal that is American."

After all, I reminded myself, Mrs. Roosevelt had given the King and Queen of England hot dogs when they visited the United States in 1939. So I had an informal, paper-plate, outdoor supper for my foreign visitors. It comprised hamburgers on buns, potato chips and a salad platter of tomato jelly ring with a mayonaise center, surrounded by colorful heaps of rosebud beets, string beans, lima beans, and grated carrots and peas, each marinated in French dressing, arranged on lettuce, and separated by radish roses. For dessert we had ice-cream cones.

Some people might question my decision to serve an outdoor picnic supper to my French guests. After all, innumerable suppers more or less like it are served in innumerable American back yards all summer. Critics might argue that I should have dished up something new and different out of respect to them.

My answer is that my new method of planning meals is based on what might be called tact and tactics in food—tailoring my meals to the likes, dislikes and personalities of my guests. How better to show my French guests American hospitality than by serving them a supper wholly American in origin? The meal certainly met the test of my new system. It was especially designed for my guests—and it was something new for them. May all my other meals be as successful! ▲▲▲

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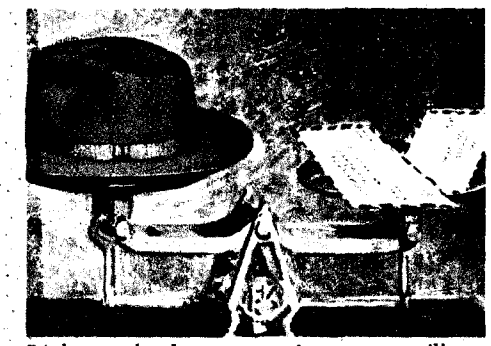

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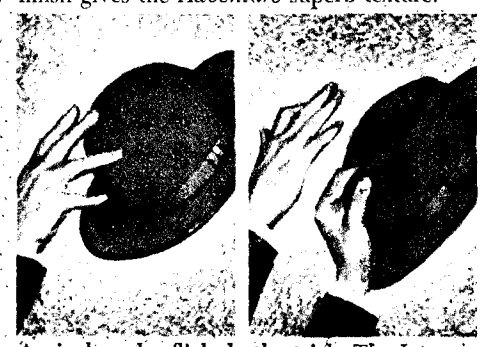

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The Mastermind

By SCOTT YOUNG

The owners of the club gave Ritchie two things—a team that wasn't much good, and six weeks to get it into the play-offs

THAT Sunday morning late in March, Ritchie Bartlett tried to force himself to stay in bed and drowse, maybe sleep again. His day would not end until the long blast of the buzzer around ten thirty that night, and he'd need all his wits until then. But his eyes kept drifting open. From the street in front of the hotel, he could hear the subdued sounds of taxicabs, always quieter on Sunday. Sometimes in the off season, back home on the prairies with Leah and the boys, he'd wake to the sound of a partridge drumming in the bush or a meadow lark singing in the field behind the house or a gopher whistling, and he'd think of taxi horns and feel restless.

Giving up the attempt to get back to sleep, a fight he usually lost now that he was getting older, he glanced at the traveling clock in its scuffed green-leather case; it had been with him through twenty-two years of coaching professional hockey teams. It said nine twenty—a good sleep, at that. Last night the train carrying the Nationals home from their last road game of the season had been late getting in. By the time they took Bliss to the hospital, it had been after midnight.

At the thought of Bliss, he reached for the telephone and said to the switchboard girl, "Give me Doctor Palermo, please."

"Mr. Macdonald was phoning you, Mr. Bartlett," she said. "I told him you weren't up yet," and he said he'd call back." John Macdonald was managing director of the Nationals.

"Thanks." When the club doctor's voice answered from a room down the hall, Ritchie asked, "How's Bliss?"

The doctor said, "When I left him at two, the eye was pretty well open. We'll get most of the swelling down today. I'm going out there now."

"Call me if there's any change, will you?"

"Okay."

Bliss was the kid who played goal for the Nationals. His eye was one worry; his nerve was another. Wednesday in Boston he'd stopped one of Milt Rogers' shots with his face. It had cost the kid two teeth, but the Nationals had won. The next night, even after a long train ride, he'd looked good for two periods against the Flyers. But then, early in the third, he had gone down into a scramble in front of the net and a skate hit him for a long cut on his left cheek near the eye. He had come back after ten minutes and four stitches with the eye almost closed, and had let Larry Hallett score two soft goals that beat the Nationals.

And that had put everything on the line tonight, when the same teams met in the last game of the schedule. The Flyers were in first place, well in and cooled off. The Nationals were in fourth by one point. If they won tonight, they'd be sure of a place in the four-team play-off for the Stanley Cup, hockey's world series. Even if they tied and fifth-place Boston won, they'd have a life. Then there would be a sudden-death play-off to determine fourth place. If they lost and Boston won, they were through for the season. And of course, Ritchie thought, there's that other item—if we lose, I'm out of a job.

Bliss went into the scramble as if he never had been hurt, dived into the sticks and legs and skates, and fell on the puck. When he got up his face was as white as his sweater

Ritchie got out of bed, a thin wiry man with almost white hair. He walked with a slight limp, the relic of a seventeen-year-old knee injury. He went over to where his coat was hanging on the back of a chair and got a cigarette and lighted it. Then he got back into bed, and he began to think about that other hotel room, the one six weeks ago and six hundred miles away. When the telephone had waked him there, he had thought for a second or two it was the trainer with the morning injury report for the team Ritchie then coached in the Nationals' farm system. Then he'd seen through the window that the neon signs of night clubs and bars nearby were still flashing, and he'd switched on his bed lamp and seen that it was only a few minutes past midnight. He'd reached for the telephone, remembering his fatigue from the long bus ride down from Buffalo, remembering pulling out the light at eleven, nothing more.

"Yes?" he'd said.

IT WAS a long-distance operator, and after she asked her questions and got her answers, John Macdonald's voice came on the line. This happened often enough, Macdonald calling in the middle of the night or the middle of the day and telling Ritchie to ship him some hot kid or other and that a replacement from the big team would be down on the next train. Ritchie sent off hungry kids and got thirsty veterans in exchange; it was all part of the minor-league game, and he wondered who Mac wanted now.

"Ritchie?" Macdonald asked. "Hope I didn't interrupt you while you were washing your socks, you miser." Many years ago, in a league much more minor than this, Macdonald had caught Ritchie washing his own socks because his team's next move was going to be too fast for the hotel laundry. He'd been harping on it ever since.

"At least mine get washed," Ritchie said. "What's up?"

"We lost again tonight."

"That's hardly news." The Nationals had beaten Toronto on December twenty-eighth and hadn't won a game since and this was fifteen games later, February eighth. As a coach, most of Ritchie's sympathy was for Jocko Henderson, the Nationals' coach for six years now and a player before that. Jocko had played under Ritchie once long ago on the Pacific Coast, and Ritchie knew he was a good guy. Henderson had had four good years, but these last two had been terrible.

"The news is that Jocko quit," Macdonald said. "He just said he couldn't take it any more. We

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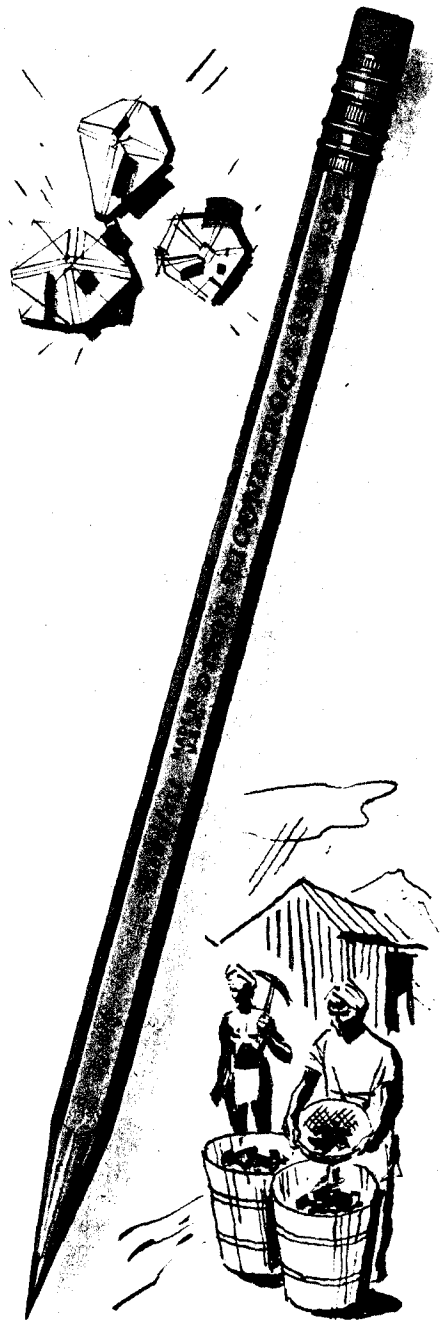

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couldn't argue, the way the club's been going."

Ritchie thought perhaps he knew why Macdonald was calling this time. And after years of being wrong about this one thing, now he was right.

"What I called about," Macdonald said, "was to say I think you'd better come up here and take over the club."

RITCHIE held the telephone, feeling very still inside. For ten years after he quit as a player, he'd applied for every big-league coaching job that fell open. He'd got none of them. One reason was that when he was a young player, before his marriage, he'd bathed in a few hotel-lobby fountains, and they remembered that about him a lot better than they remembered how much he knew about hockey. By the time they forgot his escapades, he'd been in the minors too long; they wanted more recent stars as coaches. Ten years ago he'd quit applying. But only recently had he stopped listening for the telephone each time the news came out that one of the teams in the big time was shopping for a coach.

"What's the deal?" he asked.

"You show they'll win for you and it's your job."

"Hell," Ritchie said, "they'll win a few. They'd have won a few for Jocko if he'd stayed around. You just haven't got much of a club. You know that."

"Let's put it this way. If you can get them into fourth place, the play-offs, you get a one-year contract."

Ritchie put out his cigarette. He knew the big-league standings as well as those in his own league. There were six teams and the Nationals were sixth, nine points out of fourth. The season had six weeks left. Not much chance, with the Nationals going as they were . . . But suddenly the telephone receiver against his ear was slippery with perspiration, and he knew that he still wanted this chance at the big time.

"How about my club?"

"We'll send Johnny Sullivan out to handle them until we get someone permanent." Sullivan was chief scout for the Nationals. "There's a plane out of your town at seven in the morning," Macdonald said. "We've got a workout scheduled for ten."

Ritchie said, "I'll see you there." . . .

So six weeks ago yesterday morning, Ritchie Bartlett had turned his overcoat collar up around his ears and stepped off a plane into this big town he'd left twenty-one years ago, when the fourth trade in three years sent him out of the big league altogether. (When the New York Americans couldn't use a man, nobody could.) Macdonald was waiting for him. He was about Ritchie's height but heavier, better dressed, with a round face which never looked very worried, no matter what happened.

They had no more than shaken hands when three reporters came up, one who had been covering hockey in 1932. And because Ritchie and Macdonald were pressed for time to make it to the workout, the reporters rode in their cab with them and the old-timer kept interviewing himself, calling up memories of the past, and that was really the first time in years that Ritchie had thought of those days when he was on top.

This reporter remembered things Ritchie had forgotten, fights he'd been in, goals he'd scored, long overtime games he'd broken up with the sudden-death goal. He recalled the names of great wingers who had flanked Ritchie when he'd come out of the old Western Canada League with the rest of that hard young crew, hitting big money and a big city for the first time. Listening to him, Ritchie began to remember the way a puck felt at the end of a stick when you had it under such control that the feel was enough to keep it there. He remembered old faces and names, and the sharp sizzling cut of skate blades into ice and the whack of sticks and the thump of falling bodies.

"How's your wife?" the reporter asked suddenly.

"Fine," Ritchie said. "I called her last night to tell her about this."

"Is she coming down?"

"I think so." Hooley was their youngest but he was seventeen, and Leah was going to see if she could get him into Father Murray's school for the rest of the term. *Seventeen!* Good Lord! He had first met Leah at a party. She had come up to him and introduced herself and told him with her eyes suddenly glistening (she'd said that was caused by Bill Doyle's gin, which was very new) that she'd seen her first professional hockey that night and that when he skated he looked like a swallow and she had never seen anything more beautiful. She was at the game the next night, too, when they carried him from the ice for sixteen stitches from a swung stick and he came back half an hour later wearing a helmet to score the winning goal. He remembered other nights too—their wedding night here in New York, the nights she had borne their children on the farm he'd bought just out of Saskatoon, the first night she had heard and seen the geese against the prairie dawn and had come back to bed and trembled close against him.

These fragments came back and they were like wine, making him know how much he owed this city; how long she had been a good wife in a world not hers, while he coached first in Seattle and then in Providence and then in Philadelphia, Edmonton, Los Angeles, Halifax, New Haven and all the rest; how good it would be if he could hold this job and she could come here and they could go back, in a way, to the start of their marriage again.

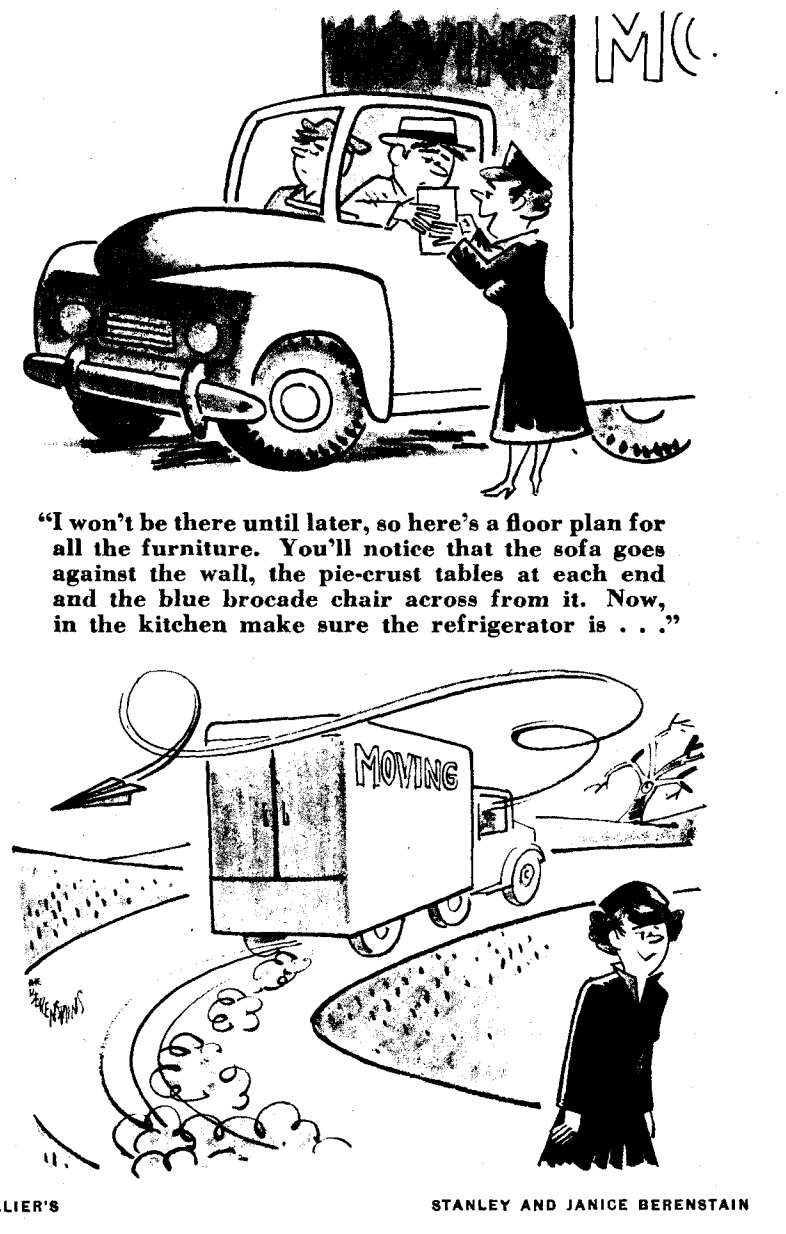
The cab stopped at the Garden. The reporters left to go and write something. Macdonald explained to the doorman that here was the new coach and henceforth he should be allowed inside. When they were in the corridors, Ritchie said, "Good of you to give me this chance, Mac."

Macdonald said, "It's no bargain."

Then Ritchie had walked into the new dressing room, another in the long string of his life, had looked into the depressed faces and had heard the loud silence of men who hadn't won any of their last fifteen games.

HE HAD lain there in bed at the hotel too long, remembering too much. Now it was the morning of the last day of the season; it was six weeks, eight wins, five ties, five losses after that day of arrival. Ritchie was buttoning himself into a suit of long underwear when he remembered he'd promised to telephone Leah as soon as he got up.

Her voice was bright and awake, and she'd obviously been up longer than he had. They'd sublet an apartment for two months. After the big house at home, it was duck soup for her.



"I won't be there until later, so here's a floor plan for all the furniture. You'll notice that the sofa goes against the wall, the pie-crust tables at each end and the blue brocade chair across from it. Now, in the kitchen make sure the refrigerator is . . ."

COLLIER'S

STANLEY AND JANICE BERENSTAIN

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She said, "If the rest of the wives feel the way I do, you're a very unpopular man around town this morning."

"It's only for a day."

Ritchie hadn't allowed any of his players to go home when they got in last night. He was pointing for this game tonight as if it were a play-off, which, in effect, it was, being for survival. He'd wanted to have his team together today, with nothing much to talk about except the game, nobody to talk to but one another.

"Got any new clothes since I left?"

"Oh, Ritchie, you should see the cocktail dress! It's black and gray with stripes that go around, and a boat neckline, a full—"

"What in hell's a boat neckline?" Ritchie asked.

She laughed. "You'll see. By the way, when *will* I see you?"

"Probably not until the game. I can't deprive these guys of their home life and go on with mine as if I didn't matter. Gotta make them think I matter."

"You matter," she said softly, and as they talked, Ritchie thought how she was like a bloom opening to the sun, enjoying clothes and shows and the city again. And then they hung up.

There was a tap at the door.

"Who is it?"

"Katharine Hepburn, you bum."

Ritchie let Macdonald in. "Might've known you'd be prowling around in that long underwear," he said, and sat in an armchair. "How's Bliss?"

Ritchie told what the doctor had said.

"Anything else?"

"You saw the papers about Colbert, I guess," Ritchie said. Polly Colbert was the club's only twenty-goal man, an excitable French-Canadian who skated like a hurricane and, when riled, was about as dangerous. He'd got into a rhubarb with the Flyer star, Larry Hallett, on Thursday night. Hallett had come out of it with a stitched scalp. The Flyers were screaming that Colbert had been out to get Hallett deliberately, to soften them up for this last game. "If they start working Colbert over, anything might happen," Ritchie said.

"How about telling him you'll fine him if he blows his top?"

"That'd just make him sulk."

"How are you going to handle Hallett?" Macdonald asked. "He killed us with those goals the other night."

"I've got to figure that out."

With that line of talk finished, Ritchie noticed that Macdonald seemed preoccupied. He seemed to want to say something. But whatever it was, he left without saying it, and when Ritchie finished dressing it was eleven—nine and a half hours to game time.

MOST of the players were eating when Ritchie got downstairs, and later he sat with them in the lobby, the married ones looking glum and trying to put up with the barbed kidding of the single ones. The club rule for life in a hotel was jackets and ties, but even so, they didn't quite look like the youngmen's section of the board of trade. There was Casey's cauliflower ear, and the scar along Red's jaw from the time it had been broken by a cross-check, and the sundry bits of tape on a cheek or a scalp. In a suit, Tom Islington, the fat old trainer, looked like nothing so much as a blown-down tent. Ritchie was no fashion plate, either. Leah said he could wear a suit a day and look as if he'd had it on for years.

They talked, stewed, waited, went for a walk in the warm, humid March sunshine, sat around the lobby again in the afternoon and listened to old Tom's inexhaustible store of lies about the old days. They went for another walk. At four, their last meal before the game was served in a private dining room. An argument flared like a grass fire, from the tense nerves, and died out as fast. There were big sirloin steaks, specially ordered an inch and a half thick. Sitting beside Ritchie, cutting away happily at his own meal, Tom said, "If they go at them Flyers like at them steaks, we're in." Ritchie agreed. The steam was well up in the gauge.

WHEN they were finished and got up to go to their rooms for the pregame rest that most hockey players considered little less than a sacred rite, Ritchie caught up to Colbert. The Frenchman had a small mustache, a rather petulant mouth, and the build of a good middleweight fighter. Ritchie liked him despite his temper because he had made a religion of hockey, never was out of shape, and always seemed the freshest man on the ice although he worked the hardest.

"How do you feel?" Ritchie asked.

"Okay."

"Don't let that stuff in the papers bother you."

Colbert glanced at Ritchie with anger in his small dark eyes and said, "I will not allow myself to be killed."

Ritchie went to his room and tried to rest. He spent the time going over his players again and again, getting no rest, pacing—stall-walking, the other coaches called it—and in his mind he could see Bliss fighting the puck, like a nervous juggler, before dropping it inside the line for the Flyers' winning goal on Thursday night. Wherever his thoughts roamed they always had a connection with the game tonight. He wondered how much of his satisfaction now was because Leah had always insisted that sometime he would be back up. It would be hard to lose it all again now. But we're not going to lose! Sure, they've got Hallett. Sure, they're first and have been all season. . . .

At six thirty the doctor telephoned and said Bliss was leaving the hospital by taxi now and that his eye was fine.

A few minutes later the girl at the desk called. "The taxis are here, Mr. Bartlett."

"Right."

Then her voice changed, lost its trained, impersonal tone, became a little embarrassed. He'd seen her downstairs. She was a nice kid. "Good luck, Mr. Bartlett," she said and hung up, and Ritchie felt a rush of thankfulness for the warm thoughts of strangers.

When Ritchie entered the blue dressing room at the Garden, everything built right into the walls except the pungent smell of liniment, Bliss had already arrived and had his jacket off and was pulling at his tie. He was only twenty-three but this was his third year in the big time—one when the Nationals were a good team, and two when they were losers. He had a long, pale face, normally handsome, but now it looked as if he had a walnut in his left cheek, where first he'd lost some teeth and then had had those stitches. His left eye was about three-quarters open.

"How do you feel?" Ritchie asked.

Bliss nodded his head up and down without speaking and mustered a slightly lopsided grin. But his eyes weren't as sure as his nod and grin.

"Good," Ritchie said, but he had noticed the kid's eyes, and he saw in them the same nervousness Bliss had shown the other night. In midseason Ritchie wouldn't have worried. Many a goalie went shaky for a game or two

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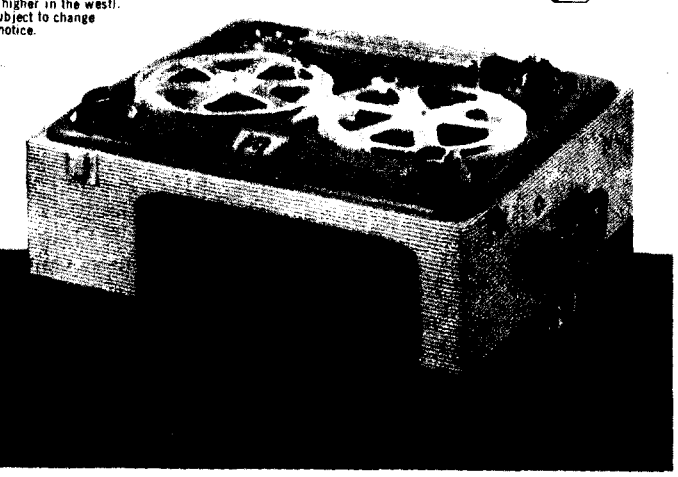

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after a bout of injuries, but when a man had reached the major league in the toughest position in the game, he had learned to fight back and beat that kind of shakiness. The only trouble now was that there was no time for fighting back. Bliss had to be right when the first puck was dropped, or it didn't matter *when* he steadied down. He'd have a whole summer for that. And Ritchie would have the rest of his life to wish that Bliss had steadied down faster.

Ritchie walked around the dressing room silently, exchanging a smile with this man or that as they dressed, listening to the mood of the team as a doctor listened to a heartbeat. He went into his little office just off the dressing room and closed the door and sat at his desk and tried to think if there was anything he had forgotten to do.

He would go with Bliss. He had to. He'd watch Colbert, try to get him off the ice each time before the needle showed red.

HE WAS thinking of Hallett again and of players who might check him, when suddenly he remembered a junior play-off ten, maybe twelve years ago. This might help. He got up and went back into the dressing room. Macdonald was there now, not saying much, but smiling as if he was confident of winning. It was one way he could help. Ritchie went over to where Leiberman, Mitchell and Ward were dressing.

He gazed into the humorous brown eyes of Leiberman, who was thirty years old and had played on four clubs in this league without ever being more than one of the infantry. "You check Hallett, Leib," he said.

"Thanks!" Leiberman said, and Ward and Mitchell grinned.

Ritchie was smiling too. "I thought you'd be pleased." Then he pulled out what he had remembered a few minutes ago. "I saw that junior final when they put you on Billy Thornton," Ritchie said. "Maybe you can do that again."

In that junior series Ritchie had been scouting for Seattle, and Bill Thornton had scored five goals in the first game. Leiberman had been sent out to check him from the second game on, and Thornton had been muffled entirely. In ten years as a major-leaguer, Leiberman had never played as flashily as he had in that one series as a junior.

"You're buttering me up, Coach," Leiberman said. "But I like it. If he goes to the can, I go too."

"I'll depend on that."

In the stands above, there was a low thunder that had gone unnoticed in the dressing room. It had grown and grown —voices, feet, the playing of the organ, the cries of program boys, the excited yelling of fans. It was ten past eight. Ritchie left Leiberman and went over to his young line of Green, Carlin and DiGrassi, Green the oldest at twenty-three. He said he expected them to show up these old guys tonight, and they nodded and grinned. He patted the shoulder of young Gib Thacker, the spare forward the Nationals had got in a trade in midseason, and when he paused, standing in front of his own big line of Finch, Petrie and Colbert, he said, "You guys know that all Colbert needs is the puck in front of the net. He'll do the rest." Colbert rewarded him by looking up and smiling his small, tight smile. He passed on to Casey and Red and Parsons and Bonzo Mason, the defensemen, talked a few technicalities and left them with, "Murder 'em legally, men. No penalties you can help."

Eighteen past eight—all were dressed and ready. They all knew that if they won this one tonight and got into the Stanley Cup play-offs, the worst they could do in play-off bonuses was five hundred. And if they won it all, it would be worth two thousand dollars each. None knew what Ritchie had riding on this game, although some may have guessed. But he was not a win-it-all-for-dear-old-me type of coach.

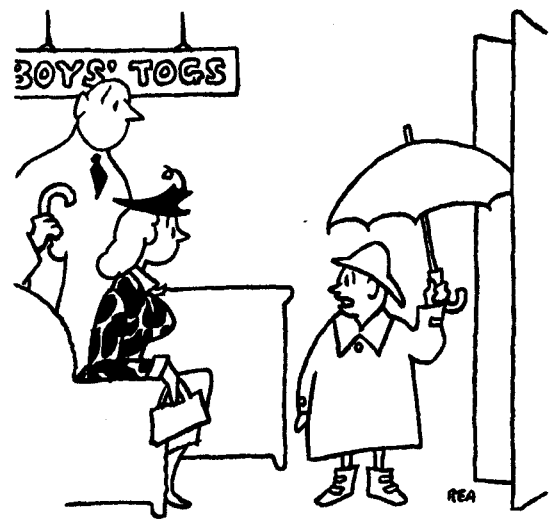
"Let's go," he said.

They got up with the mechanically precise reaction of a platoon of infantry told to come to attention, all on their feet at once. Bliss led them out, Colbert right behind him and the others following. Ritchie fell in at the end of the line. Their skates clumped noisily in the corridors, and outside, rink policemen held back the fans to make a passage for them. The crowd noise began when Bliss stepped to the ice. Colbert did his queer little half jig to get up speed, and in a minute they were all skating in circles to limber up. Ritchie went to the players' bench, and as he did so he glanced into Macdonald's box a few yards away, and Leah was there smiling at him. Her hair was nearly as dark as it had been when they met, and her figure was much the same, set off well by the black doeskin suit and her mink scarf (the gift of five Christmases, one skin at a time) and a hat that fitted her head closely in what Ritchie could only conclude was a new style. He couldn't put all he felt into a wave or a smile, but he tried, and maybe some of it got across because her smile in return seemed a little blurred around the edges. But the presence of a wife had no curbing effect on the nearby fans, who loved a good-natured heckling match.

"What's the deep strategy for tonight, Mastermind?" one called.

He liked this because he knew they liked it and they hadn't got much of it during the discouraged late stages of Jocko Henderson's regime. He called back, "To get one more goal than the Flyers."

He walked along the bench to where he'd stand, and one fan who hadn't noticed his limp before did so now and yelled, "How'd you hurt your leg, Ritchie? Fall off your wallet?"



"You mean you're going to all this expense just so I can go to school in lousy weather?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Ritchie, watching the ice, only half smiled, absently, and at that instant a photographer took his picture and another wit behind him came up with the caption.

"Ritchie Bartlett," he said loudly, as if reading, "the coach of the Nationals, is shown here in one of his typical fits of uncontrollable mirth."

Laughter came from the section behind him. Ritchie chuckled, too, and turned to catch Leah's amused glance. Macdonald entered the box then, and Ritchie stopped listening to the crowd.

The Flyers were on the ice warming up, Hallett standing out among them, big, fast, sure. For a few minutes the goalies at each end were busy with the shooting practice, knocking out pucks. Bliss looked efficient enough, but he was paler than usual. Ritchie was alert for any move on the part of the Flyers to start heckling Colbert. But a player had been fined, a couple of years ago, after making a pregame threat to get back at another player.

When his threat was publicized he was fined one thousand bucks. That had cured them all forever. Now they made their threats in their minds. Ritchie glanced across at Marty Allison, coaching his first year after twelve as a player with the Flyers. Even with a winning team Marty looked years older than he had at the beginning of the season.

And then there was a gradual darkening of the lights. As the organ began the anthem, each team lined up across its own blue line—thirty men in heavy pads, tall on their skates, all looking up at the flags except Bliss, whose head was down. With the end of the anthem came the great released roar of the crowd, and the nonstarters skated off quickly and the six men of each starting team took their positions.

Bliss, now in the Nationals' goal, slapped his pads. On defense Casey, nearly bald at thirty, talked steadily out of the corner of his mouth to young Parsons, who was chewing gum rapidly. Ward, ready to face off at center, glanced to place Leiberman and Mitchell on his wings, and Ritchie noticed how Leiberman, short and blocky, was measuring the lanky, relaxed Hallett.

THE referee came to center with the puck. Ritchie looked out at those of his team on the ice and down at the heads of the others on the bench and remembered the night he'd told Macdonald that they weren't much of a team. That was still true, but they had their good points, and now he felt kinship with their quirks and shortcomings. In these last six weeks some of them had told him they were playing the best hockey of their lives for him, and maybe they were right. They'd nearly won what he wanted, and maybe they could finish it off tonight.

The puck was dropped and Ward passed to Mitchell and the game was on.

The questions that had been gradually tightening the coach's nerves all day received at least interim answers in the next few minutes. Hallett didn't have a clear shot in the first two minutes he was on the ice. Leiberman was all over him, always a half stride ahead of him, a pawn cutting down a bishop. But while Hallett didn't have a chance at the goal, others did. Bliss caught one long shot easily and tossed it off to the side. He batted another into a corner. Then he went into a scramble in front of the net as if he never had been hurt, dived into the sticks and legs and skates, and fell on the puck. When he got up his face was as white as his sweater, but he'd gone down into danger and come up all right.

On the first line change, the Flyer coach sent Pete Gilling out against Colbert. Ritchie knew immediately that this part was going to be tough. Gilling was as cool as Colbert was hot, and he knew a lot of cute tricks for use whenever he was shielded from the referee. Almost at once, in a corner, he kicked Colbert's skates from under him and gave him a butt end in the ribs at the same time and caught Colbert in the face with his elbow as he went down. Colbert came up blazing mad, and although the line had been on only a minute at that time, Ritchie gave up yelling at the referee that he was blind and threw his kid line over the boards fast and settled fully into his job.

AS PLAY went on through the first period, Ritchie knew that the Flyers were playing as well as they ever had played, but his team was holding well. He was only occasionally conscious of the crowd noise, of Macdonald behind him, of Leah, of all this game meant to them. He kept close track of every man on the ice, watching for weaknesses he could exploit in the opposition or patch up on his own team. By hairbreadth margins he beat the Flyers' sharp young coach to the draw in substitutions, throwing players over the boards freely while play was going on, trying to have fresh men on the ice against tired ones even for a few seconds. Below the surface of his mind he was always alert for that extra intuitive flash which would give him a real jump on the other team.

The first period went by without a score, and the Nationals looked fresh again after a ten-minute rest. But when half the second period was gone too and Ritchie was beginning to feel easier about the way Colbert was holding his temper—he'd held it this long, he shouldn't blow now—and the way Bliss was going, he noticed that both teams had started to fade a little and obviously it was too soon, and he searched for the reason. Ritchie wore only a suit, with a sweater beneath his jacket, but he was warmer than usual from the spring evening and the high humidity and the big crowd, and the players were sweating like faucets. That could be it.

"Tom," Ritchie said. "How much clean underwear have we got?"

Tom said, "One change."

"How about uniforms?"

"One set of them, too."

Then Ritchie gripped the rail and shifted in sympathy with a check Casey was throwing, tensed as Bliss let a rebound get away from him, yelled with the rest of the crowd as Colbert recovered it and streaked down the ice and split the Flyer defense and hit the top left-hand corner of the nets with a blazing shot for the first goal of the game.

Before the cheering had even died down, Ritchie said to Tom. "Get that stuff ready. They'll change right down to the skin after this period."

There was no more scoring in that period, and the team's tension was spiced with a shade of jauntiness when they went to the dressing room ahead and with one period to go. There was some good-natured griping about the fancy-Dan strategy of dry uniforms in mid-game, but the pounds of sodden equipment came off every man's back.

Ritchie went around the room look-

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ing at his players, measuring their stamina, as they dressed again.

"You got 'em licked, Polly."

"That Gilling, he's even stopped trying to make me mad, I think."

"Nice going, Leib. You've sure been tying up Hallett."

But Leiberman looked tired.

"How is it, Bliss?"

"Fine." There was still that look in Bliss's eyes, but Ritchie was beginning to believe in him, too.

In the third period Ritchie saw his team begin to fold. They were like ponies who had tried to run with race horses, and now the race horses were stretching out. The change of uniforms had helped the Nationals a little maybe, but within minutes they were wet with perspiration again. There were ten minutes to go. Ritchie jerked with the checks his players were throwing, paced from one end of the bench to the other, his eyes never leaving the ice, searching again and again for something he could do, refusing to admit that all had been done and now, as in every game, it was up to the players. There were seven minutes to go, then five, then three. And the Nationals desperately hung on to their lead.

As the clock swung over to two, and Ritchie was thinking that this might be one of those times when a staggering team could somehow hold on, Bliss went down again into a pile-up before his net. A stick swung toward him, and Ritchie felt a pang of pride for a hurt kid who wouldn't back up. Bliss's hands were almost on the puck when a flailing skate kicked it inches away. It was clear only for an instant. That was enough for Hallett. He burst away from Leiberman, and in the second before Leiberman flung himself forward again, Hallett had the puck and Bliss was down and the goal was open. Hallett poked the puck like a nervous pool player as Leiberman hit him. It slid across the line and the game was tied and Leiberman was down on the ice, hurt.

The Flyers were clapping Hallett on the back, yelling at one another, hot now, coming to the end. And then, as if calculated to kill all the hope in the Nationals, the announcement of the out-of-town scores came over the public-address system. Boston had won. The fans in the Garden groaned and yelled—the Nationals had to tie now to gain even a tie for a play-off berth.

MITCHELL helped Leiberman up. Ritchie watched him coming to the bench and looked past them to Bliss. He tried not to think of the Boston victory. The kid was skating in circles, banging the ice with his stick, and Ritchie knew how alone a goalie can be. He spoke a word to Leiberman and sent Casey to tell Bliss to come to the bench. The Flyers began to heckle the referee about the delay, and the referee skated over and told Ritchie to quit stalling. Ritchie told him to go to hell. The referee could have fined Ritchie for that, but he looked at Ritchie's face and said not unkindly, "Make it fast, then, Ritchie."

Bliss had the look of a man who can't be consoled, but Ritchie tried anyway. "You couldn't help that one, kid. You played it right and with a lot of guts. We'll try to get it back for you." The kid's face didn't change, and Ritchie wished he had more to say but he hadn't and the referee was coming over again, and Bliss went back to his goal. Leiberman was doubled up on the bench holding his groin; someone else had to look after Hallett. Ritchie sent out Petrie, Finch and Colbert and saw how fresh Colbert still was, and Ritchie knew he was still not out of hope. They might still win it tonight.

And he was right, in that they tried. From the face-off, Colbert took the puck into the Flyer end for the last big push. He got through but hit the goal post. Finch was robbed by a beautiful save by Crawford. Petrie shot point-blank into Crawford's pads. Colbert was in the clear on a fine rush with less than a half minute left to play, but he couldn't control a rolling puck and was hit and wound up in the corner on his behind, and then Hallett had the puck again. In the uproar Ritchie suddenly was still. Hallett had seen a way out, a dangerous way, cutting out to center past the corner of the goal crease, off his wing, out of position, but out there he had seen a hole and he had skating room, and nobody in the league except maybe Colbert could move as fast as Hallett. Colbert was bouncing up, but he was too far back to help.

THE crowd came up with a rising roar as Hallett streaked on his long, powerful legs through center and across the Nationals' blue line. Casey tried to get a piece of him, tried to trip him rather than let him through, and Hallett was thrown off balance, riding on one skate, but just before he fell he golfed it backhand, a sizzling shot. No goalie on earth could have stopped it. The red light for the goal flashed a second before the buzzer ended the game. The Nationals had been beaten 2-1, and Boston had reached the Stanley Cup play-off by one point.

Ritchie stood there as the Flyers mobbed Hallett. The Nationals, some stunned and silent, some swearing steadily, came slowly past him from the ice. He had done all he could, and so had they. But it was not enough. He clapped Colbert on the shoulder and told him he'd played a wonderful game, which he had. He told Bliss that no one could have stopped either of those shots and saw that Bliss didn't believe it. He spoke to each one in turn. Each one had played his best or maybe a little better, and somehow, as Ritchie turned to follow the last man out, he couldn't feel too sad. In his years in the game he had always known that the best team had to win, most of the time. He'd had his share of beating good teams with fair teams. Maybe he'd had more than his share. But this was a hell of a time for the past to present its bill.

He didn't want to look at Leah. He couldn't. He turned away from the bench and started through the crowd and ran into someone, and it was Macdonald. First he saw the sympathy in Macdonald's eyes, and then he thought he saw something else. He told himself not to be a fool. But sometimes a man can be a fool and still be right.

Macdonald said, "Like to have another go at these guys next year?

Ritchie stopped and felt a clenching deep inside him.

"That wasn't in the deal," he said.

"I hadn't watched you coach a big-league team when we made the deal. We were just too far back when you got here."

Ritchie did look up at Leah then. She was standing in the box, some distance away. She smiled at him as if trying to tell him that they'd really lost nothing compared to what they had that couldn't be lost.

"Well, how about it, Mastermind?" Macdonald asked.

Ritchie laughed. He could hardly wait to tell Leah. "I'm your man," was all he said. ▲▲▲

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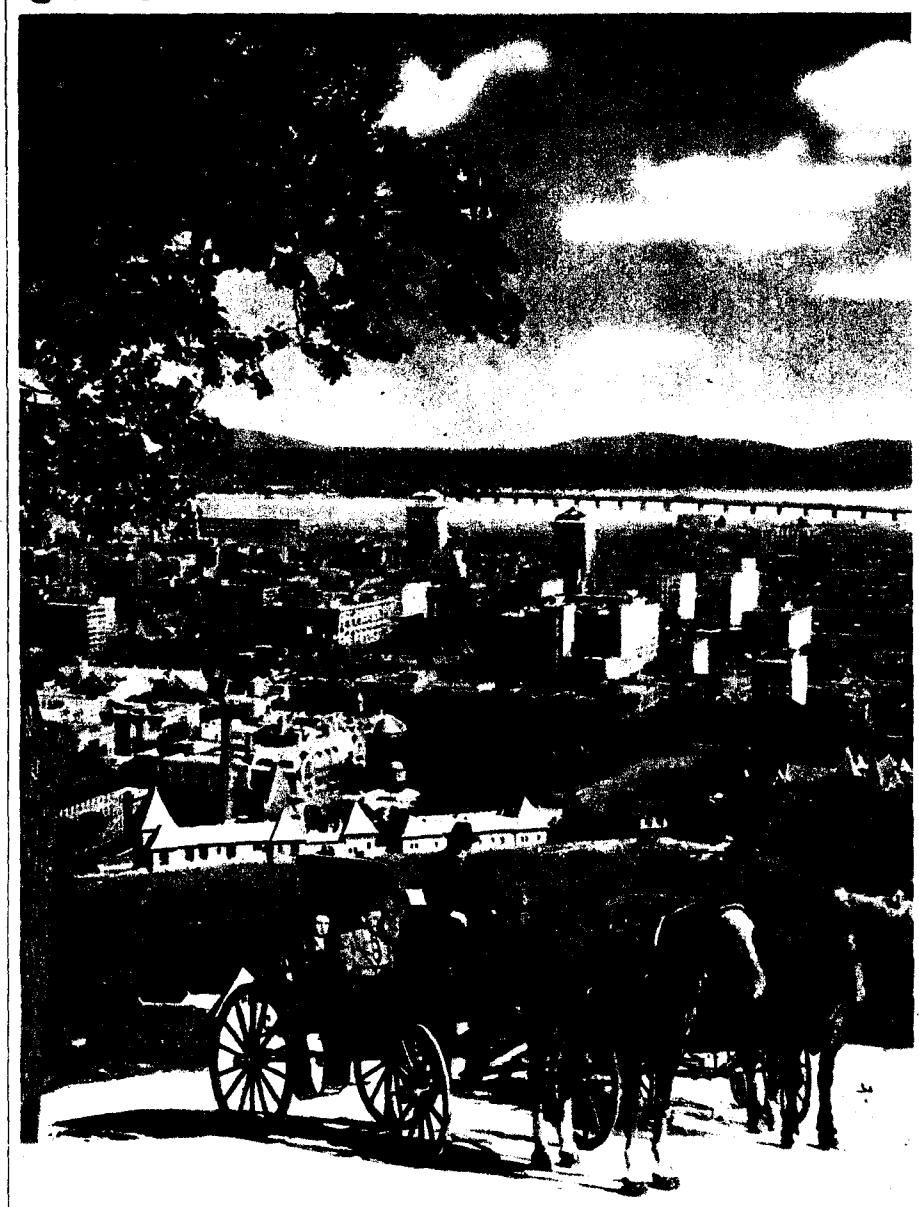

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THESE are do-it-yourself times. Not too many years ago, people hired their work done, bought ready-to-use products or did without. Nowadays, folks are mowing their own lawns, assembling their own furniture, even building their own homes.

Look at the statistics: 11,000,000 house owners have workshops. Of every four new homes, one has been finished in whole or in part by the owner. Amateurs buy one third of all building supplies and do more than one third of all paintwork. Last year, $80,000,000 worth of portable power tools were sold—twice the 1950 figure.

The change has meant a profound difference in the way we live. Men who used to talk about business and little else now debate the relative merits of mortised and mitered joints. Housewives borrow the neighbor's paint roller along with the proverbial cup of sugar. And we're dressing differently, too.

In the last few years, dungarees have become a uniform of the day—at least on week ends and after work. And manufacturers today are devoting the same loving care to the making of work clothes that they have always lavished on party dresses, business suits and leisure clothes. As a result, you can wear mighty good-looking "old clothes" these days. Slacks, dungarees, shorts, shirts—all are practical, handsome and inexpensive. You can greet company in them, and do heavy work in them, or wear them while sweeping out the basement. It amounts to a revolution in work clothes.

Like many other young Americans, Nancy and Bill Callahan live in the suburbs (San Francisco), have a couple of children and want to have fun. They get much of their fun from doing things for themselves. They couldn't afford to buy a ready-built home, but they *could* afford to help build their own—and they did. In the basement, Bill has a workshop where he makes furniture that might otherwise be out of their reach financially. They wanted a back-yard barbecue, so Bill made that himself, too. A yacht? Nothing is impossible when you do your own work. The Callahans are planning to buy a kit and put their own sailboat together.

As cabinetmakers, masons and boatbuilders, the Callahans haven't been any busier nor any more ingenious than thousands of other families. They have merely been riding the crest of a new trend, one which has been making handy men of Americans everywhere—and well-dressed handy men, at that. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED LYON

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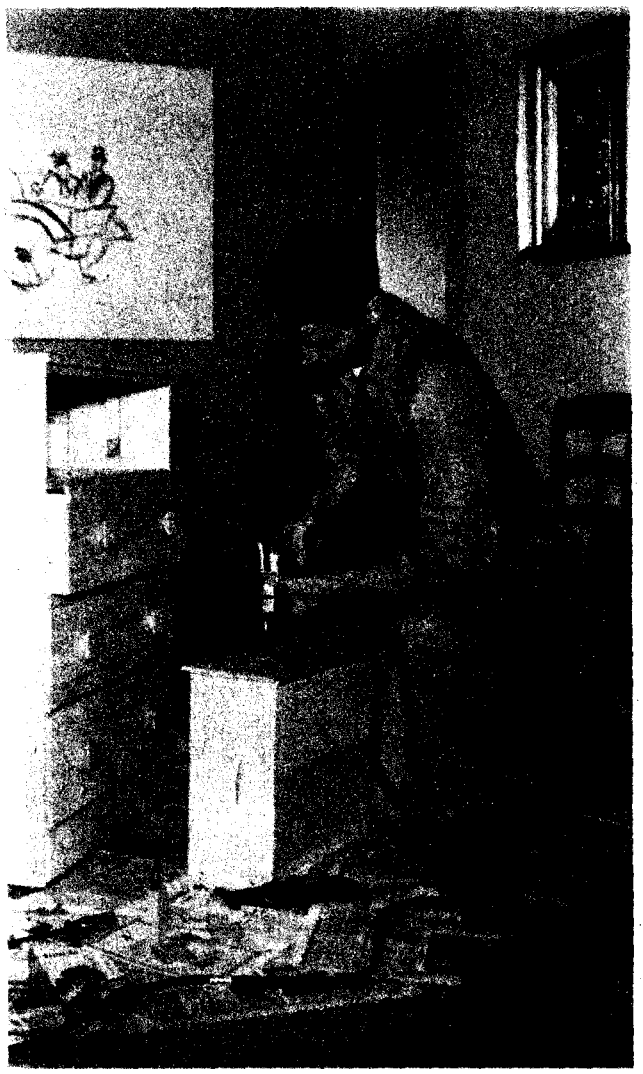

Finishing a chest of drawers, Bill Callahan uses quarter-inch drill to make screw holes for knobs

Living near the water, the Callahans love to sail. Here they are outfitted for working along the water front as Bill helps out on a friend's sailboat in the Sausalito yacht harbor

The Callahan family eats and dresses informally for meals held at the brick barbecue fireplace they built for themselves in their own back yard

Washing the car in the shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge, the four Callahans know how to dress for the occasion, even down to Billy in his blue jeans

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Mrs. Foster was riding again with the Sioux. Before her on the horse's back was Mary, whimpering

Journey to the Fort

BY DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

She could endure suffering; she had endured it before. But she could not face the accusing eyes of the others in the wagon train, and of the husband waiting for her in St. Louis

SHE stood where the harsh hands had pushed her. The Indians had thrown a stinking blanket over her head so that she could not see the soldiers just above her on the hill. Around her she felt the strength and menace of the Sioux; she heard rustlings and murmured growls. She listened, not breathing, trying to hear the talk of the chief with the soldiers.

She heard wagon wheels and a man's voice barking, "Whoa!" The ransom wagons! she thought. They have brought up the ransom wagons! She breathed again.

The chief's voice, old and querulous, came from a distance: "The gifts are enough. The white woman can go now to her people."

He was giving her freedom because she had healed his wound. There was angry murmuring among the Indian men around her, but someone snatched the blanket from her head and someone else pushed her so hard that she stumbled.

She walked up a hill on moccasined feet that had callused on bitter trails. But she was not walking on the ground; she was a little above it, she thought. It was safer that way, between heaven and earth, where she could not really be hurt. She had discovered many ways to keep from being hurt during the past seven months.

Now the real peril clutched her heart, because who could say that she would ever be allowed to reach the little group of waiting soldiers?

As she plodded along, she sought safety in a place no one else knew about. She had found it months before, when the Sioux had said they were going to kill her. The white soldiers had pursued them for so long that they had become irritable from the wearying retreat. Pleading was useless; Indians jeered at pleading. They had struck her when she went on her knees to beg for life.

So she had learned not to kneel or plead or even weep. Her soul simply hid behind her body for protection. Her self, her soul, was a fist-sized black cloud just in back of her heaving chest. She was hollow, she had no back. Her self, or soul, hovered behind her lungs, safe and protected.

She had stood alone before the threats, waiting for the blows, murmuring the words that the Sioux knew were magic because she had used them to calm the old chief when he was delirious from a wound. She had stared at the hating faces, whispering, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want . . . for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me . . . in the presence of mine enemies . . ."

Two of the squaws had beaten her with sticks,

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and when her body seemed no longer a hollow hiding place, she moaned. But her self was safe. Only her body was hurt.

She had sought that hiding place often and had found peace there when the danger was most terrible. You must stay in it now, she warned herself, until we reach the fort.

THE white men stood on the hill. The old chief's aides had gone down to ransack the wagons and examine the horses that had drawn them. The Indians who had been with her were running to get their share. She stumbled on.

One of the soldiers was tall. She gasped at sight of him. Is that my husband in the blue uniform? But no, he must be dead.

The tall soldier bowed. "Lieutenant Widdicome, Mrs. Foster," he introduced himself. "We are relieved to see that you are well."

There must be some polite thing that she should say, but she could not remember. She had not slept for—how long? Staring at the tall officer, she moved her lips: "Mr. Foster? He was killed?"

"I am happy to tell you that he is safe in St. Louis. He arranged for your ransom."

She licked her lips and repeated, "Safe." Frank Foster, the tall protector, was alive instead of dead. I do not deserve him, she thought. She spoke a name: "Mary?"

The officer shook his head. "I'm sorry, ma'am. We haven't had any word of your little girl. We hope she was picked up by emigrants. Are you able to ride? We should reach the fort before dark."

She said strongly, "I can ride." She was used to walking, with heavy burdens on her back. She had not been allowed to ride since the first week of her captivity, when the war party had traveled fast.

The officer warned: "We must not seem to be in any hurry." He turned to signal a dignified farewell, with arm upraised, to the old chief. Down by the wagons, the yelling warriors were tearing apart the bundled ransom gifts, and wrangling.

A rifle shot cracked out as if the upraised arm had been a signal. The youngest soldier's horse began to shy. When he had quieted the animal, the soldier stared down at blood seeping through his trouser leg below the knee. He said gruffly, "I'm hit."

Mrs. Foster clutched at her saddle.

"Nothing's happened," the lieutenant said fiercely to the hurt soldier. "We've no time to argue."

Then they were riding, and Mrs. Foster counted the soldiers. There were six of them, exactly the number specified in the last letter she had written to the fort. The old chief had dictated the terms, as she wrote.

They are brave men, she thought, and then she preferred not to think any more except about the fort, walled in from peril.

But instead of the fort she saw, as she rode, a fair-haired child alone on the prairie that had no end or shelter, a little girl stumbling and crying, calling, "Mama! Mama!"

Mrs. Foster turned to the officer and said, "I must tell you about Mary, about my little girl." But when he answered sympathetically, she did not seem to be able to say more.

After a long time they stopped to rest. Mrs. Foster knew she should be looking after the wounded soldier—the healing that was in her hands and voice had kept her alive among the Sioux—but the officer took charge, and she did not dare push herself forward to help.

She heard the lieutenant warn: "We've got about forty miles to go yet." She heard the hurt soldier's stout answer: "I can do it, sir." But the boy could not mount his horse without help.

They rode fast until a soldier called sharply, "Dust!"

MRS. FOSTER lay in a shallow ravine, and the wounded soldier was lying there too, with two other soldiers crouched down, watching something far away. When one of them glanced toward her, she said, "If the Indians come, I want you to shoot me."

He said, "Why, ma'am!" sounding shocked, and his face flushed red behind the sunburn and the dust. Mrs. Foster felt relieved, guessing that he had his orders.

She crept to the wounded boy. "Let me help you," she crooned. "I healed the chief. They called me a medicine woman."

He said stoutly, "I'm all right, ma'am."

It was a test, Mrs. Foster thought. They were deceiving her, and if she did not heal the boy, she would suffer for it. She crouched down beside him and laid her hand on his forehead. He scowled, and then she began to whisper her charm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want—"

Another soldier shouted from far away, and Mrs. Foster heard someone say she could stand up now, but she went on with her charm. If I cure him, she thought, maybe he will listen while I tell about Mary. If I tell someone now, then perhaps later I can bear to tell Mr. Foster.

A soldier came up the hill and said, "It's five wagons of emigrants up ahead, ma'am. We're to travel with 'em to the fort."

Mrs. Foster began to tremble. "Then we won't get there tonight."

"We might," the soldier lied cheerfully. "Anyhow, we'll be a stronger party."

Mrs. Foster groped for the exact terms of the agreement with the Indians. She had written it down, translating the chief's words for the soldiers at the fort to read if the letter ever got there, if the Indians were not lying again. "Only six men were allowed," she murmured mutinously. "Only six men to take me to the fort."

And yet the contract was to be broken. The emigrants would be a terrible danger to the ransom party, for it had been promised that only six men would travel from the rendezvous to the fort. The Indians, who would be watching, would believe the promise had been broken on purpose. She preferred not to think of it. She left her thoughts lie alone in the dark caverns of her mind; she let her hands weave their spell and her voice murmur the magic charm that had saved her. Clouds were white in the clear blue sky, and wind rustled the autumn-crisp prairie grass. There was no defense.

A soldier said, "We're to catch up with the wagons, ma'am." As if coaxing a child, he added, "There's white women with the wagons. Wouldn't you like to see some white women again, after all them squaws?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried, getting to her feet. "I only saw one white woman in all that time, and she was a captive, too. She drowned herself."

I must look dreadful to be meeting white women, she thought, and her hands went to her hair. The hanging braids were crooked and mussed; the squaws had not let her borrow a comb in these last weeks, while the Indians were waiting to see whether the ransom would come. She brushed hopelessly at her dress, but brushing was no use when the dress was a greasy hand-me-down of deerskin.

As they rode on with a soldier close by the wounded man to see that he stayed in the saddle, Mrs. Foster began to feel the nearness of comfort. White women. Ladies to talk to, ladies to sympathize! They will understand when I explain, she told herself. Tears welled into her eyes, and she thought: We will cry together about my little girl.

As they came closer to the moving wagons, she could see a sunbonneted woman walking beside the last one, holding a small boy by the hand. She could not wait. She kicked her horse and rode ahead of the soldiers. She called out, choking, to the woman, "Hello! Hello!"

The woman turned a thin, dust-stained, sunburned face toward her, staring with squinted eyes. And Mrs. Foster saw not friendship but enmity, the same hatred she had seen in the dark faces of the Sioux. The woman turned away without speaking.

THE lieutenant said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Foster. The emigrants are afraid to have us with them for fear the Indians are following us—but they're afraid to go on without us for fear of Indians, too. You'll be in the second wagon, some people named Rice. A man and his daughter. You can ride in their wagon from now on. The girl's fixing a bed so you can rest."

Mrs. Foster said harshly, "I'd rather ride with the soldiers. They're not afraid to have me."

"Mrs. Foster," he asked gently, "how long is it since you've slept?"

She blinked. "I don't know. Not last night or the night before. I was afraid to sleep."

"You'll sleep well tonight, then," the lieutenant said, and she read warning into the promise. Tonight the Sioux might attack because the contract had been broken.

She spoke suddenly. "Did you say my husband is all right?"

"He is, ma'am. He recovered entirely from his wound, and he moved heaven and earth to arrange the ransom. You are to join him in St. Louis when it is safe for you to travel."

She drew a deep breath. "I don't know how I can face him. I don't see how I can tell him about Mary. It was my fault, you know."

"Nothing was your fault," the lieutenant said sharply. She heard him call her a brave woman, but it was not true.

Awkward Age

Our children are just at the awkward age,

Which is, as you probably know,

The age that begins at about one year

And lasts until twenty or so.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

COLLIER'S "Don't you think you've had enough?" JACK MARKOW

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She was only desperate and enduring—and cunning when she had to be. She rode with her head down, not awake but not sleeping.

"This is Bessie Rice," she heard the lieutenant say. She opened her eyes to see a round-faced girl of perhaps sixteen staring from the back of a wagon—a fair-haired girl with blue eyes.

"Not Mary," Mrs. Foster said, shaking her head. "She was only seven."

SHE shut her eyes so as not to have to see the girl, who might, after all, be a cruel illusion—or could Mary have grown older in months, or had years passed on the prairie?

"We're going to let our wounded man travel in the Rices' wagon," the officer said. "It would oblige me if you'd ride with him and get yourself some rest."

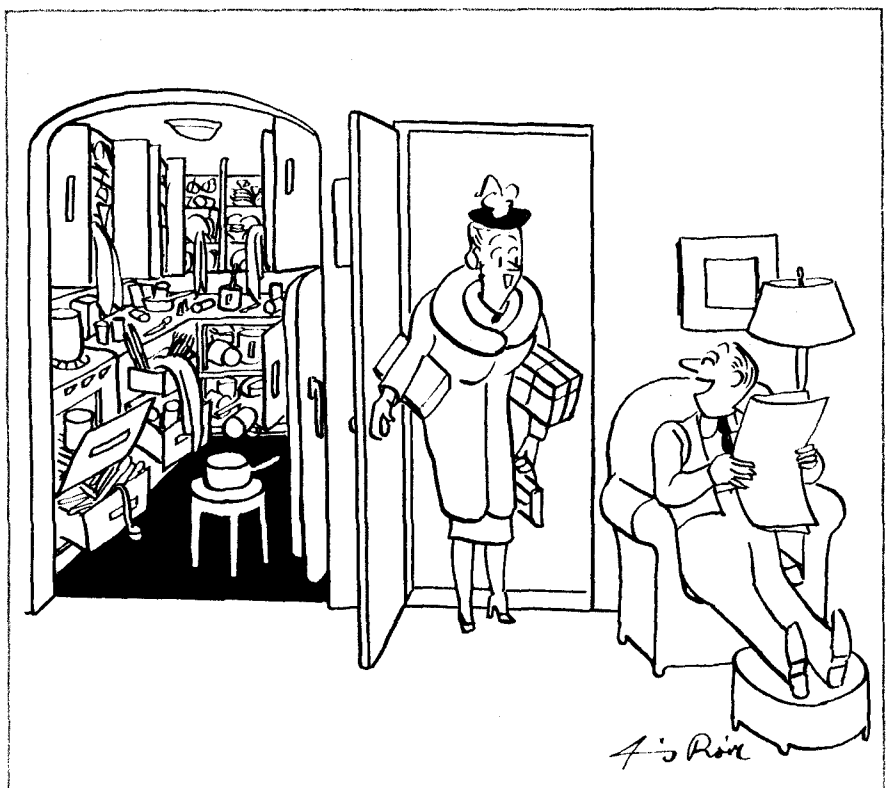
Rest, Mrs. Foster thought. Didn't the man understand that to rest was to sleep, had come to her—but it was not truly blessed, because it made her mind clearer to face horror to come.

A girl's voice outside the wagon, a voice young and light, frightened her. "Miz Foster? Miz Foster?" There was pleading in it.

Could that be Mary, grown older, almost a woman from the voice, grown older and implacable, hurt and deceived beyond forgiving, calling her Miz Foster for punishment, instead of Mama for love? She answered cautiously, "Yes, dear? Yes?"

"It's Bessie, Miz Foster. Bessie Rice. Supper's ready, such as it is. We ain't got no cooking fires. You want to come out now and eat?"

"No," Mrs. Foster answered with cold determination. She could endure hunger; she had endured it before. But she would not face the accusing eyes that must be out there, the eyes of the



COLLIER'S "It's all right. I knew you'd come home all tired out, so I saved you a job. I ate" IRVING ROIR

die if the Sioux were following? Rest—laid to rest. That was what they did with dead people back home, laid them to rest, deep in the earth, so their bones did not have to bleach in the wind-rippled grass. But if others could speak with two tongues, she could be deceitful too. She would pretend to rest.

She answered meekly, "Yes, Lieutenant, whatever you think best." She let him help her up into the wagon where the wounded soldier lay.

The soldier was silent, but she felt him watching in the dimness, felt him wishing she were somewhere else. She lay down on quilts, and the wagon moved on. She lay in it, wide-eyed and watchful, moving with its jolting, and heard a man's voice outside the canvas say angrily, "Injun bait, that's what we picked up! Injun bait!"

Long ago she had learned that she could not afford to be angry at anyone for anything. She closed her eyes to subdue anger. Frank, I have to tell you what I did after the Indians took us . . .

When she woke up, everything was wrong. The wagon was still, and sounds of making camp came through the canvas, hushed by fear. She wondered: Do they think that by being quiet they can hide from the Sioux? Sleep, blessed emigrants who thought "Injun bait" even when they did not say the words. The wagon was a dark and hollow place of refuge. She would stay in it.

The young soldier spoke so suddenly that she was frightened. "Go eat, ma'am," he advised. "I already did."

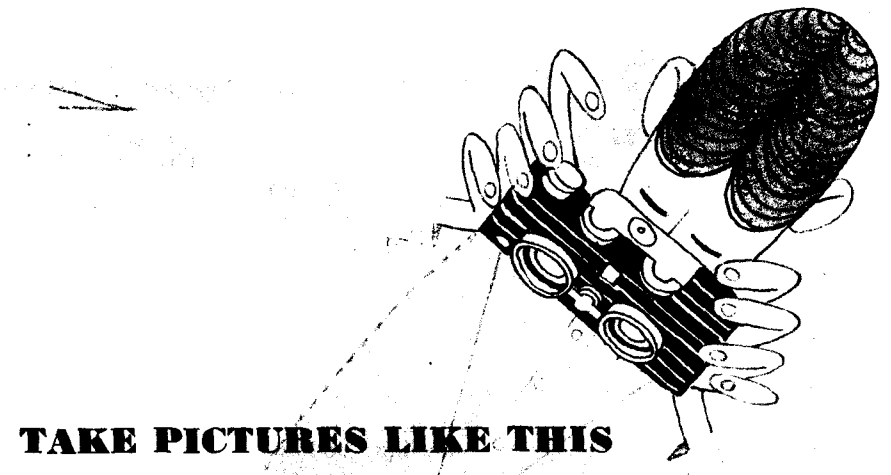
She had been cuffed and ordered around for so long by the Indians that it was easier to obey than to be stubborn. She climbed down from the wagon.

THE accusing eyes were not there, after all. Nobody noticed her except the waiting Bessie, who was curious and concerned but had no hatred.

"I got a little piece of soap," the girl said, "if you was wanting to wash up."

Mrs. Foster yearned toward her but remembered that no luxury of bodily cleanness could ever wash guilt from her soul. "I've been dirty so long it doesn't matter," she said.

She wolfed the food, cold bacon and corn bread, and when she was through, she sat holding the plate on her knees, blinking back tears. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." The girl Bessie, she began to understand, was the Lord's handmaiden. One more service Bessie must provide besides this. "I want to



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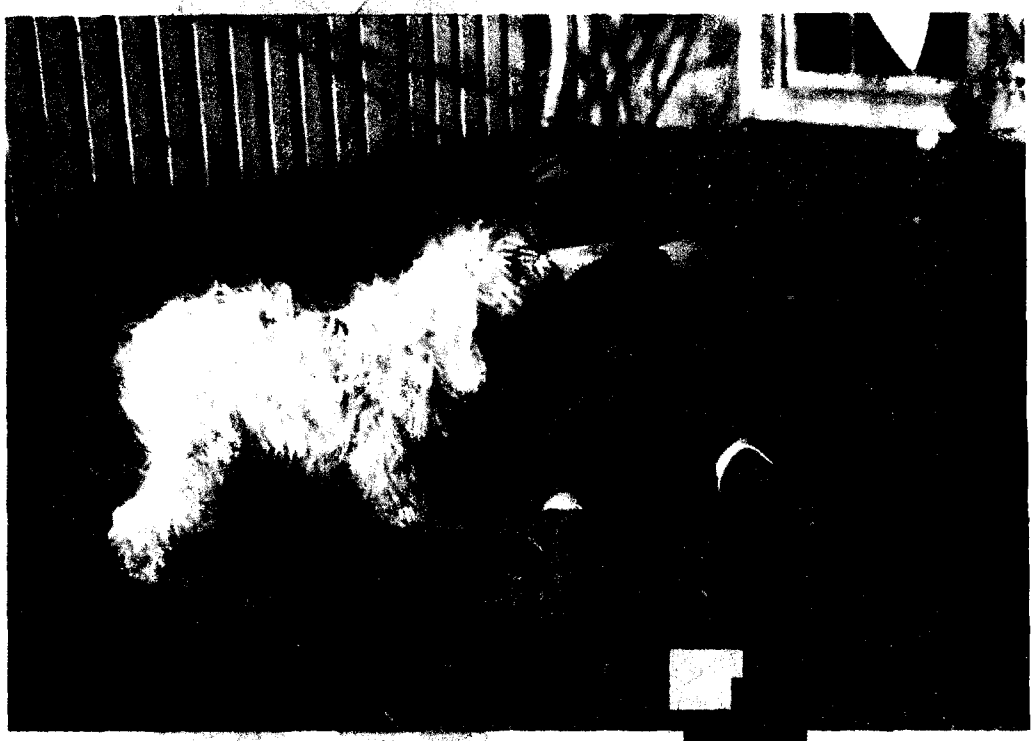

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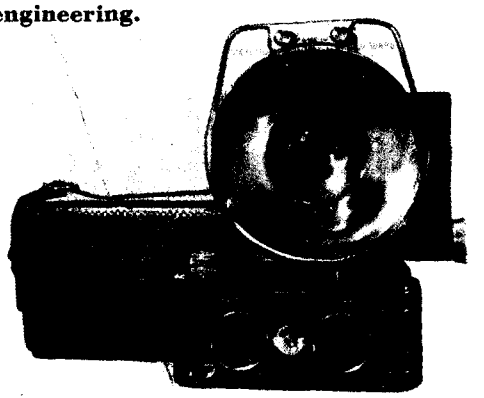

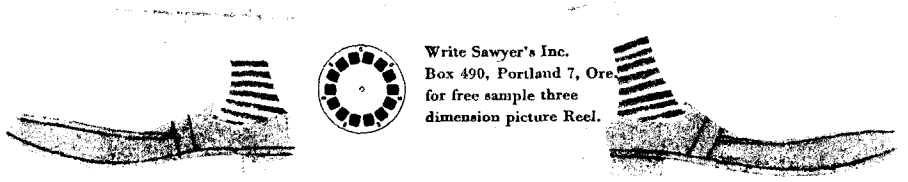

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tell you about my little girl Mary," Mrs. Foster whispered.

Bessie said, "Shh! Did you hear that? A coyote howling off there?"

Mrs. Foster had learned patience. "Yes, dear. Only a coyote. Lots of coyotes out here. You must have heard them before."

"Yes," Bessie answered. "I've heard 'em before. Heard Injuns, too. Can you tell the difference?"

Mrs. Foster did not answer. She was reliving a night seven months before, the last time she had touched little Mary. There were coyotes howling then—or were they wolves?

The lieutenant said, "Mrs. Foster?"

"Here I am. With Bessie."

"I thought you were still in the wagon," he said.

She was on her feet instantly, remembering her duty to the wounded soldier. But her opportunity was lost already. The lieutenant was at the wagon and four men were lifting the soldier down. There was no moon, but she could see movement and form.

"Under the wagon," the officer said. "Prop him up against the wheel. Duncan, you're well enough to stand guard."

The soldier said, "Yes, sir, if I can stand it sitting down." There was a low chuckle.

EVERY man would stand guard, Mrs. Foster understood. And not for a part of the long night to come, but for all of it, and especially toward the end, in that gray part that is not quite morning. And with the morning would come the Sioux—who were afraid to die in the dark.

"Mrs. Foster," the lieutenant said, "I want you and Bessie to stay with the wagon. All the women and children will stay with the wagons. Don't wander around. Is that clear?"

Mrs. Foster did not answer because she was thinking that a wagon was a trap.

Bessie said, "Sure. Her and me'll stay with the wagon, like you say."

Mrs. Foster's mind went searching into the other wagons and found the others who were trapped there—the trembling women, the children crying or asleep. Beside her she felt fear, and heard it in Bessie's breathing. She felt it under the wagon, too, where the soldier named Duncan sat propped against a wheel, staring out into the darkness, listening, listening, and everywhere around the wagons where men watched and waited.

"Your people are fools," she told Bessie, "to come with only five wagons in Sioux country. Why did you?"

The girl said, "I don't know. Some trouble among the men, and we went another way from the rest. I don't know what the trouble was."

Mrs. Foster felt pity, knowing she could not afford it—not after seven months of captivity, not when safety had been so close and the contract had been broken by the emigrants' stupidity. Pity welled into her throat; she choked it down.

Bessie must hear the story, she decided. Somebody had to hear it and try to understand. But Mrs. Foster was cunning. She would work up to the story so that Bessie would not know it was coming. "I'll bet you have some pretty clothes," she said. "In a trunk here in the wagon, I'll bet you have some."

Bessie was silent for a moment, shocked at this frivolity. "I got a red dress," she admitted.

"Show it to me. It's a long time since I saw a pretty dress."

Bessie drew away. "It's pitch dark in here."

"I can touch it, anyway. Get out the dress, dear. I'll help you put it on." She thinks I'm demented, Mrs. Foster realized. Am I?

Wedged as far into the corner as she could get, Bessie whispered, "How was it when they captured you folks? Was you all waiting like this?"

"We had no warning at all," Mrs. Foster answered gently. "They were just there all of a sudden. They killed four men and captured three women and two children. I thought they killed my husband, but the lieutenant says he is safe." She would have to tell Frank Foster sometime, but she must rehearse the telling first. "I have to tell you about Mary," she said. "Will you listen?"

Bessie took a deep breath and answered, "Tell me."

Mrs. Foster was riding again with the Sioux, through a canyon. Before her on the horse's back was Mary, whimpering. "I had to let her go," she whispered. "I thought maybe I could save her that way. You see, they burned her arm."

Bessie repeated, "Let her go?"

"The Indians pushed her into the fire the first night they had us. One of them hit me with his fist when I pulled her out. Her burned arm hurt her so, she cried all night until I scared her to make her quiet." She found that she did not want to tell it after all, but Bessie prompted, "Go on."

There was good in the world, after all. There was Frank Foster, alive and safe, making possible her rescue. There were the soldiers, and a girl named Bessie, who was willing to listen.

"She was only seven. I thought an emigrant train might come along if she got back to the burned wagon. I set my little Mary down off the horse in the darkness. I set her afoot, all alone. 'Run back to where the Indians got us,' I told her. 'Try to remember where we came. I dropped bits of letters as we rode. In daylight you can find them and follow them back. Find where the wagon is. That's the emigrant road, and somebody will come along.' "

"Sure, there'd be wagons," Bessie agreed without conviction.

"Seven years old. Mary was only seven. The last thing she said, before I kissed her and let her down off the horse, was, 'Mama, I'm hungry.' "

Now it was said, the confession was ended. The horror was a burden now for young Bessie Rice, and lessened a little for Mary Foster's mother. She owed Bessie a debt. "Put on your pretty dress for me," she said. "Show me how the ruffles go."

"I'll get it." Bessie opened a chest.

BUTCH

COLLIER'S **"Awright, Butch, awright. Come on back down an' I'll play ya a coupla games"** LARRY REYNOLDS

"It's got a ruffle around the bottom, and the dress is red."

"Pretty, it's real pretty. Put it on."

"Help me, over my head. Can you find the hooks?"

"That doesn't seem right. There, that's how it goes."

"Miz Foster, I got a knife. Right here— Them hooks ain't just straight, I guess."

"You sew very well, dear. Now, how does the neck go?"

"That's right, yes— The knife, we can both use it if—"

"Yes, dear. It's a long time since I wore a pretty dress."

"You can put it on."

"No. Wear your pretty dress."

They were silent, thinking of morning, of death in a red dress. Then they refused to think of morning.

They went through the chest, item by item, touching, questioning, describing, not seeing. When they were silent, they heard the vast silence or the howling that might be coyotes or signals from the hills.

"I want to show it to Mr. Duncan," Bessie said.

Mrs. Foster did not at first remember the name. Then she recalled that it belonged to the young soldier under the wagon, with his rifle across his knees. She wondered why Bessie should yearn toward him, almost a stranger. Then she remembered: Why, I was young once, too, when I married Mr. Foster. I am twenty-seven now.

Quietly they descended from the wagon, and Bessie's voice was velvet in the darkness: "Mr. Duncan, want to see something pretty?"

"Sure do," he answered. "Like to see ninety-'leven cavalrymen coming fast. That'd be pretty."

"I only got a red dress," Bessie said in a pouting voice.

Duncan's voice changed; there was sunlight in it. "Well, Miss Bessie, I reckon I'd rather see you in a red dress than any bunch of dirty soldiers. Don't git in front of me, though. Reckon you could both set down."

Mrs. Foster wondered: How long till dawn? And did not know she had spoken.

Duncan answered, "Can't be long now. Been here about ten years already by my figuring."

Mrs. Foster felt like crying. They were so young, the flirting girl and the boy who was a soldier. They were so much afraid, but Bessie held off fear with the ruffles of a dress unseen, and Duncan pretended there was no fear, only boredom, for a soldier.

"Miss Bessie," he said, "I'd be obliged for a drink of water."

The girl scrambled up, delighted, fluttering to serve him. When she had gone, he whispered to Mrs. Foster: "This here's a revolver, ma'am. It's loaded and primed. You know how to cock it and pull the trigger? Take it, ma'am, and don't tell her. But keep her near you if they come. Do that for me, ma'am?"

WITH the cold weight of the revolver in her callused hands, she pitied him, for this might be the last, as well as the first, gift he would ever have for Bessie Rice. "Yes," she answered. "I will. Mr. Duncan, do you know about my little girl?"

"Heard you lost one, ma'am. Sure sorry to know that."

"Lost, only lost, maybe not dead, Mr. Duncan." It was important to convince him, so as to convince herself. "Not as you say 'lost' about someone you've taken to the grave. I set her down in the darkness and told her to go back by following the letters I'd dropped along the way. She might be safe? She might have got back to the emigrant road?"

"Sure she might," he agreed with conviction.

Mrs. Foster felt lighter. Anxiety was taking the place of guilt. But she could bear anxiety, now that she was learning to hope again. Twice now she had rehearsed what she must tell her husband if she still lived after this night was ended.

"There were settlers coming into the fort when we left there, ma'am," Duncan said. "Maybe some of them would have heard of your little girl."

Later, when Bessie came back, he growled, "Took you long enough. Must have gone clean back to the Missouri River." Bessie giggled as he drank. He made a bold show of cheer, sighing with satisfaction as he put down the cup. "There's men would envy me," he remarked, "sitting here talking to two purty women. Seems like daylight's coming over there."

The women stared at the paleness in the sky.

"You'd oblige me by getting back in the wagon," Duncan said. "I might need room here."

When they were back in the trap of

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darkness, Bessie began to cry. Mrs. Foster leaned against a barrel with the revolver under her knee. Outside, she heard the lieutenant speak briefly to Duncan. She heard the wind in the grass and a baby crying. She heard a faraway sound that cut the night like a thin, sharp knife, and her mouth went dry before she understood.

The cheering of the men in the cramped wagon circle told her the meaning, that and the glad screams of the women. The sound came clearer in the night; it was a cavalry bugle.

Bessie clung to her, crying and laughing, and Mrs. Foster warned, "Hush! I want to hear the horses!" But there was too much noise. Duncan, under the wagon, was roaring his jubilation.

Mrs. Foster threw the revolver out the back of the wagon as hard as she could. Then she began to cry with Bessie as the music of the bugle came closer and they heard faintly the drumbeat of horses' hoofs.

A CAPTAIN and half a dozen troopers rode with her toward the fort. The lieutenant was following with the wagon train at a slower pace.

"We have some refugees at the fort," the captain told her. "Settlers who got a scare. They're about ready to give up and go back to the States."

"I'm thankful Mr. Foster is safe in St. Louis," Mrs. Foster said. "I will go there when it is safe to travel."

"It will be safe soon," he promised. He was squinting ahead. "Now don't be alarmed, Mrs. Foster," he urged. "That's a messinger you see coming over the hill."

A rider in cavalry blue was coming toward them at a gallop. The message was written. The captain read it and, seeing that she was tense, remarked with a little smile, "It is not bad news, ma'am. We will ride a little faster, but it is not bad news."

Emigrant wagons were outside the fort, not too close, not so close that flames, if the Indians should set them afire, could leap to the wooden walls.

"Some new refugees have arrived," the captain commented. "Most of those wagons weren't there yesterday. There's not room for them inside."

They rode in through the cautiously opened gates. She swayed in the saddle when she heard the gates closing, the blessed gates that shut out danger. A sunbonneted woman stared, and Mrs. Foster thought: I'd like to see you look any better than I do if you'd been seven months among the savages!

The captain helped her dismount. He did not release his grip on her arms after her feet were on the ground.

"Now I can tell you what was in that message," he said. "You must not scream. You must not panic these frightened people."

"I am quite calm," she answered softly, but her voice was trembling like her body.

"There is a little girl here named Mary, came in this morning with some settlers. They picked her up on the trail months ago—don't scream, Mrs. Foster!"

She tore away from his grip at the sound of a shrill, remembered voice crying, "Mama! Mama!" In obedient silence she ran and stumbled and spread her arms as a little fair-haired girl came running from among the people.

Then she could not see because of tears, but the thin, living body was against her breast and the arms were clinging. Crooning without words, she patted the warm flesh frantically and felt the healed scar of a burn. ▲▲▲

"But will Mary confirm John's alibi? What of Beatrice, now that Robert has testified? Yes, and the children, Betty Jane and Tommy. Be with us tomorrow at this same time and . . ."

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People Will Talk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"Why?"

"Just something that man said. The man in the tattooing place. He said I shouldn't ever touch this cross. He said as long as it stayed on my hand, I'd have good luck."

"That's nonsense."

"I don't know," the girl said. "The way it happened—I mean, of all the people in the world why did he pick on me?" She looked at the tattoo mark, and then, self-consciously, she slipped her hand into the pocket of her tweed coat. "Golly, Doctor," she said. "I wonder what my mother will say when she sees it."

I began to realize, when she mentioned her mother, that she really would be walking into a trying situation when she got off the train. She had the station-wagon respectability of New Canaan, Darien and Westport written all over her. I pictured her mother as a slim and well-groomed woman in a Brooks sweater, standing beside a cobbler's bench in a living room decorated by W. & J. Sloane. In such a family, the sudden appearance of a mysterious and questionable tattoo mark on a daughter's hand could be a jarring humiliation.

"You don't have to show it to your mother right away," I said. "You could get a Band-aid to cover it, in a drugstore on your way home. Just say you burned your hand with a cigarette."

"Perhaps I'll do that," she said.

She went back to her thoughts and said nothing for the rest of the way to Stamford. When I stood up to leave her, I wished her luck and reminded her to call me if she felt that I could help her.

"Thanks, Doctor," she said. "I'm sorry I kept you from your reading."

MY OFFICE hours are from one to three and from seven to nine, but I was still seeing people that night when it was almost ten thirty. The delay could be traced directly to Mrs. Simmons, who was having her first baby at a rather late age and who seemed to feel that her experience was a brand-new and unique chapter in the history of the human race.

After Mrs. Simmons, I spent a long while trying rather unsuccessfully to convince Mr. Roberts that his cardiogram showed nothing whatever wrong with his heart and that there was no reason why he could not continue to work a full eight hours every day at his hardware store. Finally, I wrote the last prescription of the night. As I was turning off the lights in the waiting room, I saw a car stop outside and a man and a woman get out of it. They paused when they saw the darkened waiting room. Then they came up the path. As the man was ringing the bell, I opened the door.

"Sorry to bother you at this hour, Doctor," he said. "We were here before but a lot of people were waiting."

I didn't notice until they were sitting down in my office that the woman was the girl on the train. She introduced the young man as her fiancé, Robert Stearns or Stewart or some name like that. I forget it now. She smiled at me and held up her hand, showing me that she had followed my advice and had covered the tattoo for the time being with a Band-aid. I noticed that the young man had already started to do the talking.

"We decided to come to you instead of going to a doctor in our own town because I think the fewer people who know about this, the better it will be," he was saying. "I guess you can well imagine, Doctor, the talk this thing would cause if it ever got out."

I LOOKED him over while he talked on. He was twenty-seven or twenty-eight, tall, broad-shouldered, with a good-looking face that was too sincere and earnest, and too flushed with self-assurance. I remembered the girl saying that he was the golf champion of the local country club. He was probably the kind of a club champion who carried a rulebook in his pocket and argued about technicalities. He was making it quite plain that this visit to me was his idea and that he was running the show.

"I thought that instead of waiting we ought to come and see you right away and find out exactly what should be done. Luckily, Helen hasn't told anyone but me about it yet. I don't want it to leak out. I thought we might be able to have it removed right away. Helen said you knew somebody in New York who could do it. Do you suppose we could make an appointment to see him tomorrow?"

"All right," I said. "But don't get all nerved up. You sound as though she had a fatal disease. It's only a tattoo on her hand."

He frowned when I came out with the word tattoo. I realized that he had avoided using it himself.

"I just don't think we have any time to lose with a thing like this," he said. "Wouldn't it be swell if everybody in town found out that Helen had got herself marked up in some kind of dive in Chinatown? Can you imagine the kidding I'd take from everybody at the country club? I've worked hard since I got out of college to build up some important contacts, most of them at the club, and right now I'm in the process of swinging a deal with a man in town to get an automobile agency. A thing like this could put me in the soup. So I say let's do something about it before people start to talk."

"I can see your point," I said.

"We could keep it quiet, couldn't we? I mean the operation."

"Certainly," I said. "She could say it was a skin infection. Nobody would know the difference."

"That's good. Couldn't we make an appointment with this skin specialist or surgeon, or whatever he is, the first thing tomorrow morning?"

"I guess so. I'll give you his phone number, and you can mention my name to him."

"I'd appreciate it," he said. "It sure was a break when Helen met you on the train today. Our own doctor at home is a nice guy and he could have handled this for us. But both of us know him and his wife socially, and it would have been pretty embarrassing, for me, at least, if he had known about it."

I looked at the girl. While the young man talked, she sat quietly, never taking her eyes off his face, never saying a word or changing her expression. I wrote out the number of Frank Smith, the skin man, and handed it over.

"Fine," he said. "Helen, I'll call him in the morning and make a date for you to see him. Okay?"

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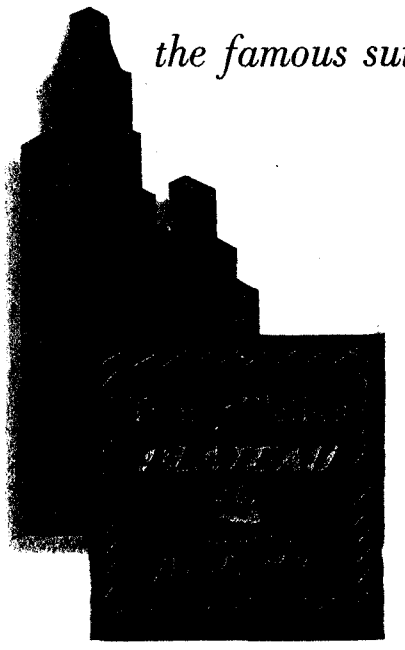

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The girl said nothing.

"Helen? I said I'd call this New York doctor in the morning, honey."

The girl turned away from him and looked down at the Band-aid on her hand. "I'm not going to see him," she said firmly.

"What do you mean?"

She pulled off the Band-aid and held her hand away from her, slowly turning it this way and that and examining the black cross tattoo, as if it were a new piece of jewelry.

"I'm not going to see the doctor in New York," she said. "I'm beginning to like this cross on my hand. I think it's rather attractive."

The young man reddened with annoyance and glanced at me. "This is no time to be clowning, Helen," he said. "We're keeping Dr. Ahearn up late. We better be going along."

"I'm not clowning," the girl said. "I'm serious."

"Let's not go into it now," he said. "You're tired and nervous. We'll talk about it later."

"I feel fine," she said. "I've made up my mind. This cross is staying on my hand until I decide whether or not I really want to have it removed. I may keep it a long time."

"I'm not trying to rush you into anything," he said. "I'm only trying to help you."

"Help me?" she said. "Are you trying to help me? Or are you trying to help yourself?"

"Let's go home, Helen," he said.

"I heard you do a lot of talking tonight, Bob," she said, "but I didn't hear you say anything about me. I heard you talk about the ribbing you'd get at the country club and about how the gossip might hurt your chances of starting the agency. I kept waiting for you to say something about how the gossip might also hurt me. But I didn't hear you say it."

THE girl did not have any anger in her voice. She spoke to him patiently, like a teacher telling something to a small boy. Even if he had wanted to listen to her, which he didn't, he was too embarrassed by my presence to hear what she was saying. He only wanted to get out of my office as soon as possible.

"I think Dr. Ahearn understands how I feel," she said.

"We won't get Dr. Ahearn involved in this, Helen," he said. "It's time we went home. You wait for me in the car. I want to speak to the doctor for a minute."

When the door had closed behind the girl, he asked me if he owed me anything.

"No," I said. "I don't consider this a professional call."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

He sighed and straightened his white, buttoned-down collar. A crack was showing in his self-assurance, and, for the first time, I liked him a little—not much, but a little. "These women," he said.

"Let her alone," I said. "You can't force her. She's got a mind of her own, but I guess you never really knew it, did you?"

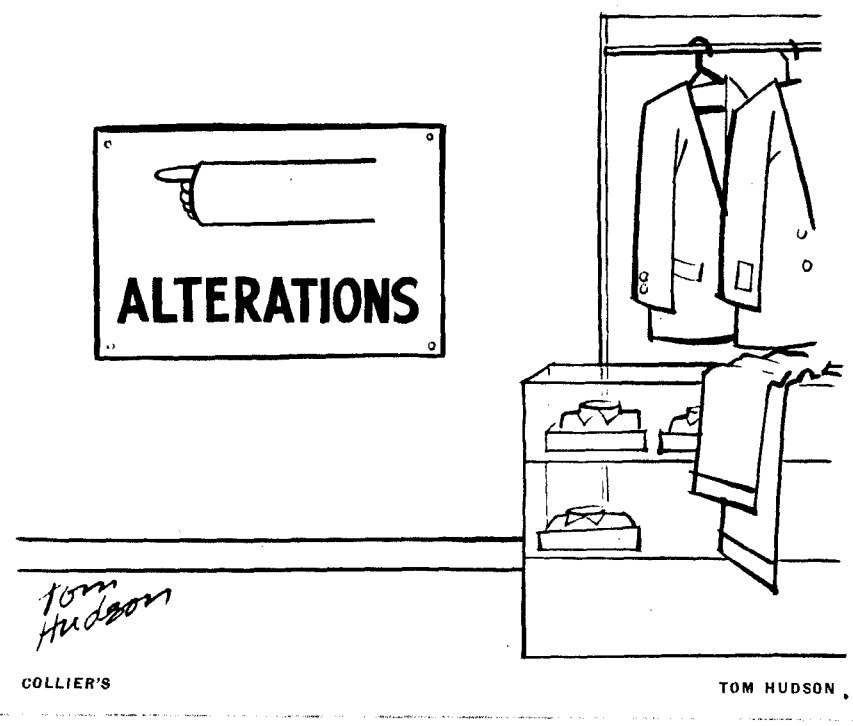
"This is our first disagreement, if that's what you mean, and we've been more or less engaged to each other since our first year of high school. I'm worried a little. In fact, I'm worried a whole lot. I think something happened between us tonight. But I know I'm right about this and she's so wrong."

The only thing I could think of to say to him was a cliché. "Well," I said, "it's better to find these things out before you get married."

Two weeks later I happened to be talking on the telephone with Frank Smith about a patient of mine who was taking treatments for skin trouble, and when I mentioned a girl with a tattoo on her hand, it meant nothing to him. I decided that she might have gone to somebody else, but if she had gone to somebody else, it was a fairly safe bet that Robert Stearns or Stewart, or whatever his name was, had not arranged the appointment for her.

SHE told me now that she was still living in the same town, in a new house not far from her parents' home, and she had a son, fourteen months old, who kept her busy.

"You'll probably meet my husband when we get off the train," she said.



"He had to go into New York this morning on business, and I trapped him into meeting me at Grand Central and going shopping with me this afternoon. He hates shopping. Maybe you could have a drink with us at the Commodore if you don't have to rush off somewhere."

I said I'd be delighted. I had an hour to kill anyway before I was scheduled to meet Sam Dellarosa at Bellevue, and I was curious to see what kind of man she had married. She had been vague about him. We talked about her child and how long aureomycin should be continued after the temperature goes down to normal and how the breaking of a baby from its bottle is related to the breaking of other habits. She was in the middle of a theory of her own about the baby's attitude toward his bottle, when she caught me stealing a glance at her gloved left hand. She stopped and smiled.

"I suppose the suspense has gone on long enough," she said. "I knew the minute you sat down here that you wanted to know whether or not I still had that tattoo on my hand. I just thought I'd have some fun and keep you guessing for a while."

She pulled off her glove and showed me her hand. The cross was still there, almost as distinct as it was on the first day she had it. "It's part of me now," she said. "That sounds corny but it's the best way I know to say it."

"And you never regretted keeping it?" I asked.

"Never. Not for a single minute."

"Well," I said, "did it or didn't it?"

"Did it what?"

"I mean: Did it cause a lot of talk and gossip?"

"Not really," she said. "A certain amount. The first week or so, there were some stories, and my mother was upset. But my father straightened her out. Then something else happened in town, something much more juicy. A divorce, I think it was, or maybe somebody eloped with somebody. Anyway, it made everybody forget my tattoo mark. Then people just got used to it and stopped noticing it when I walked into a room."

"You know, it's good-looking. It doesn't look strange or out of place."

"I'm very fond of it," she said. "So is my husband. He's talking of having one like it tattooed on *his* hand."

"Your husband sounds all right," I told her.

"My husband is all right," she said. "You'll see for yourself in a few minutes."

The train went into the darkness and then eased down to a stop beside the platform in the lower depths of Grand Central.

"There he is," she said, waving to a man waiting at the gate.

When we walked closer to him, I recognized him, and I was so stunned that I stopped and stared at him. I guess my mouth was open. It was Robert Stearns or Stewart, the club champion.

"You remember Dr. Ahearn, don't you, Bob?" she said. "If you don't, you should."

"This is something," he said, shaking my hand. "I'm sure glad to see you again."

"I told Dr. Ahearn we'd buy him a drink," she said.

I was still surprised when we sat down at a table in the Commodore bar, and I made no attempt to conceal it. The two of them were enjoying the situation immensely.

"It's none of my business," I said, "but how did this happen?"

"Give him a rough, general idea, honey," he said.

"It's very simple, Doctor," she said. "When we left you that night, we didn't speak all the way home. My mind was made up, and he was hurt and indignant. Very indignant. The next day, I displayed my little black cross all over town. I even made it a point to go to the country club for lunch. That broke our engagement, and I didn't see him again for six months."

"It was six months and two weeks," he said.

"Six months and two weeks," she repeated. "Well, that was quite a long time and we missed each other, so naturally—"

"Don't forget to tell him about the things I found out about myself after we broke up," he said.

"Bob, there's no need to go into that."

"Why not? We might as well tell the doctor the whole story."

"Oh, Bob!"

"You be quiet, honey," he said. "This is the part that makes her uncomfortable every time I remind her of it, Doctor, but it's true. I don't need to tell you I thought I was pretty important in those days. You must have seen that yourself from watching the performance I put on that night in your office."

"It wasn't that bad," I said.

"It was bad enough. I thought I was knocking a lot of important people dead with my overwhelming personality. After Helen left me, I found out different. I found out that people had been putting up with me only because they thought so much of Helen. That woke me up. My outlook changed, and I hope I became a little less wrapped up in myself. Then I went back to Helen on my hands and knees."

"He didn't even have to ring the doorbell," she said. "I came running out to meet him before he reached the porch. I wouldn't take this stuff he's been telling you too seriously, Doctor. But he did change. That's what I meant today when I said I had married an entirely different person."

He picked up her hand and touched the black cross. "This was responsible for everything," he said. "It turned out to be a good thing for me."

"You mean for me," she said. "That was what the man said, the man in the tattooing place. He said it would bring me luck as long as I kept it on my hand. He was so right."

I cleared my throat to remind them that they were not alone.

"We've got time for one more before I go down to Bellevue to see a man get his throat cut," I said. "This one's on me. Don't argue. I insist."

THE operation turned out to be quite interesting. And later, at the Villanova, so was the spaghetti with white clam sauce and the Chianti and the mixed green salad. When Sam and I got to the *espresso* and Strega, I tried to tell him about Helen and Robert Stearns or Stewart and the black cross tattoo, but he stopped me short.

"I didn't drag you all the way into town today to hear about your dull and boring country-club patients," Sam said. "Let's talk about something interesting. Remember that major in Casablanca who used to hide salami under his pillow? Were you with us the night he got into a jam with all those French navy officers because he claimed he knew Paulette Goddard?" ▲▲▲

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Can a Mechanical Brain Replace You?

Electronic giants can solve in minutes problems which would take human brains years to work out—but the monsters are helpless without people to guide them

By JOHN LEAR

HELP WANTED

Boy, for general office work, good opportunity, 5-day week. Must be $2\times4+7\times23-5$. Write box Z342.

IF SUCH an ad should appear in the help-wanted columns of your newspaper tomorrow, it wouldn't draw many applicants. Few boys today know whether they are $2\times4+7\times23-5$. But a few years hence the lad who cannot identify himself by an arithmetical equation may be considered mentally retarded.

Mathematics is taking over the machine age. Soon even the most ruggedly individual personality will be broken down into a neatly arranged set of numbers.

Fanciful thought? No. People already are being expressed as mathematical formulas. The description of the boy in the help-wanted ad is hypothetical, of course. But it is scientifically sound. The 2 might represent a certain age, the 4 a stated minimum of work experience, the 7 an aptitude for specified tasks and the 23 an index of initiative. The 5 might stand for some undesirable character trait, perhaps excessive temper, which the advertiser doesn't want in his employee-to-be—hence it is preceded by the subtraction sign.

Although such human equations are not yet in everyday use, they are being employed. Recently 2,000 young men were reduced to individual equations, set down on paper as such, and employed collectively as a problem in arithmetic. The U.S. Air Force performed this problem in an attempt to learn what makes a good combat flier. The same principle also is being applied to many phases of peacetime civil life.

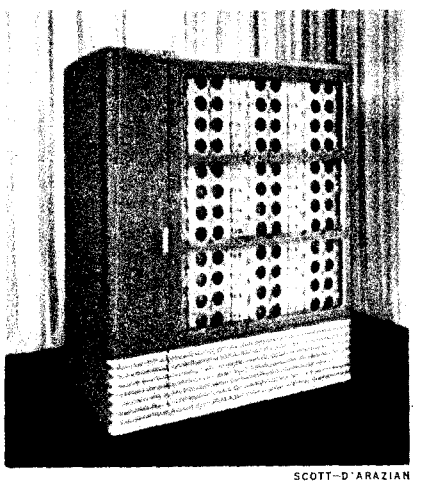
Are you shocked at the prospect of becoming a series of digits of 0 to 9, strung together with plus, minus and multiplication signs?

Don't despair. The apparently heartless mechanics of numbers actually may open up a brighter future for us all. The same mathematicians who are intent on reducing people to equations are working on other equations to express life's problems accurately. They may revolutionize aptitude tests for the best use of individual talents. When people are measured precisely against the circumstances surrounding them, there should be fewer square pegs in round holes, less frustration, more contentment, and—if the psychiatrists are right—a larger potential for creative expression.

How can we measure and tabulate the many variants of the many facets of the human personality short of spending a lifetime in figuring? The answer, of course, is by using mechanical brains.

And that leads to another question: Isn't this a fulfillment of the prophecy of Frankenstein—that man would someday build a thinking machine which would plot his own subjugation?

Not a bad question, but the answer is no. A real mechanical brain has never been patterned upon the Frankenstein monster. Mechanical brains have evolved slowly, as our own brains have, in response to the growing complexity of life. The first crude thinking machines appeared years after the need for them had been suggested by competent scientists—not writers of horror stories.



SCOTT—D'ARAZIAN

This is memory chamber of the newest mechanical brain—known as "701." Border around page shows bases of the memory cells, where information is kept on tap

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The first mechanical brain at all adept was the automatic telephone switchboard, invented in 1892. It hunted out proper connections and rang bells in response to electrical impulses set off by dialed numbers. In its primitive stages, it rang wrong numbers often enough to give people the comfortable impression that it was almost human in its frailty.

Unfortunately military security was in effect when mechanical brains were called upon to develop more versatility during World War II. With censorship cloaking the true capabilities of the machines, all sorts of wild stories about their supposedly almost-human powers began to circulate. The only comprehensible news that leaked out to the public during the war and the uneasy peace which has followed was that the machines could solve in hours or even minutes problems that had baffled man for months, years and often lifetimes.

Univac Makes Its Television Debut

In terms familiar to most of us, mechanical brains were as distant as the stars—until one of the machines suddenly appeared in our living rooms on the television screen on the night of the last Presidential election.

At midnight that night—November 4, 1952—after the Eisenhower triumph was plain even to Adlai Stevenson's fondest followers, handsome young Arthur Draper, chief of new products development research at Remington Rand, Inc., apologized on the nation-wide election network of CBS-TV for having ignored the advice of a mechanical brain which bore the nickname Univac. Univac, Draper told the TV spectators, had early in the evening predicted the election result within four electoral votes.

Draper's announcement itself was a sensation. But the facts behind it were staggering. Univac had made its forecast at 8:30 P.M. in Philadelphia, where the machine had been set up to operate. Polls had not yet closed then in 13 of the 48 states. Half an hour of balloting remained in New York City—three and a half hours in San Francisco.

Of the 60,000,000 votes expected, fewer than 3,500,000 had been counted. No returns at all were in from 21 states which together commanded 286 electors—20 more than the majority required to put any nominee in the White House.

A human mathematician would not have ventured even a guess under those circumstances. He would have sworn there simply wasn't enough data to go on. But the mechanical brain accurately predicted:

¶ The Eisenhower landslide.

¶ The precedent-breaking Eisenhower vote in the Carolinas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, West Virginia and Texas.

¶ The outcome of the election in all but one of the 21 states which had not reported a single return at the time of the prediction.

Surely this nearly perfect forecast must be the result of a remarkable new thought process?

It was. But the thinking was not done by Univac. A human brain, the brain in the cranium of Dr. Max A. Woodbury, associate professor of statistics at the University of Pennsylvania, did the thinking. He worked out for the machine a mathematical method which did not exist before—arithmetical equations that could be applied to the free democratic vote of 60,000,000 people.

Dr. Woodbury spent 20 days formulating his theory of election mathematics. It filled a dozen pages of 8½- by 11-inch foolscap. Eight skilled calculating machine operators added, subtracted, multiplied and divided for ten hours a day, six days a week, to work out the detailed equations.

Three weeks before Election Day, other aids of the math professor started to type, on a machine which transmits numbers onto steel tapes in the form of electromagnetic charges, the hour-by-hour returns from all counties of the United States in the Presidential elections of 1944 and 1948. To those statistics were added numerical curves showing pertinent national voting trends of the last 25 years, followed by the necessary equations to match the incoming 1952 ballots against the past figures. These preparations were finished at 6:30 P.M. on Election Day.

A few minutes before 8:30 P.M., the 3,398,745 votes that had been tallied in the 1952 election up to that moment were typed onto the tapes. The starting button on Univac was pushed. The mechanical brain worked for six minutes and then rolled out its history-making pronouncement.

"It's awfully early," the machine wrote. "But I'll go out on a limb.

"Stevenson 5 states 43 electoral.

"Eisenhower 43 states 438 electoral.

"The chances are now 100-to-1 in favor of the election of Eisenhower."

(The complete returns days later gave Stevenson nine states with 89 electoral votes and Eisenhower 39 states with 442 electoral votes.)

The miracle of the machine was that it took only six minutes to compare the scanty 1952 returns with the stored results of the 1944 and 1948 elections and the trends of the last 25 years, apply Dr. Woodbury's complicated mathematical formulas—and come up with an amazingly accurate forecast. A human brain couldn't have completed the task until long after the election was over and the prediction pointless.

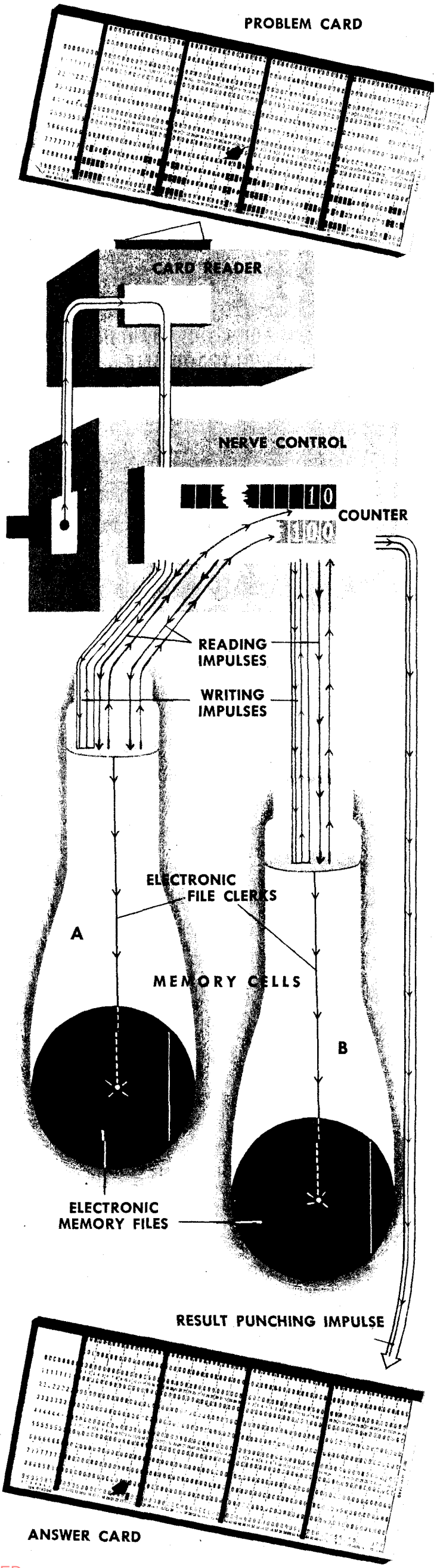
The words that the machine typed, however, only *looked* like a miracle; actually they were nothing of the sort. Dr. Woodbury and Herbert F. Mitchell, Jr., engineer in charge of Univac's behavior, had dictated them in advance, leaving open spaces for the figures. The mechanical brain merely inserted the figures as it played back the words.

Nor was there any black magic in the machine's prediction for states that had not been heard from. The machine's accuracy on this point merely proved the soundness of the professor's national-trend equations. The scattered 1952 returns available were running consistently contrary to 1944 and 1948 in enough different places to throw the mathematical chances lopsidedly in favor of a nation-wide Eisenhower victory.

The impotence of mechanical brains in the absence of human guidance is a point you should keep firmly in mind this week if you are at all worried about such inanimate beasts. Because this week large-sized mechanical brains will begin coming off a production line for the first time. They will travel in herds of 12, four- to six-foot-high mastodons, weighing 11 tons. They will be creatures of the International Business Machines Corporation and they will be able to figure at least four times as fast as the fantastic prophet of Eisenhower's victory.

This new 12-bodied cerebral giant, called the "701," can do 16,000 additions or subtractions a second. Public and private agencies concerned with military defense of the United States already have contracted to rent the first 16 models at fees ranging from $12,500 to $17,500 a month. All 16 will be delivered this year.

Other machines will follow to meet the demand,



Here is how IBM's new "701" mechanical brain would do a simple problem like adding two and two: First, the problem is punched out on card (top); red arrow indicates hole which represents the digit 2 and other holes tell what is to be done. When the instruction card is fed into machine and starter button (black arrow) is pushed, electrical impulse (blue line) passes through hole representing the figure 2 and records it as "10" in binary arithmetic in a memory cell (A). Additional impulses passing through holes in the card carry instructions to state rest of problem and solve it. First, the impulses direct an electronic beam (black line) acting as file clerk to read the figure in the memory cell; then other impulses (red lines) record it on counting device. Process is repeated and the two figures are added. The counter shows the answer: "100"—which is binary arithmetic for four. Another impulse files the answer in memory cell (B). When a final impulse asks for the answer, a beam picks it out of the cell and punches it (red arrow) on the card at bottom

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FREIGHT PAID $1974 Slightly Higher west of Missouri River

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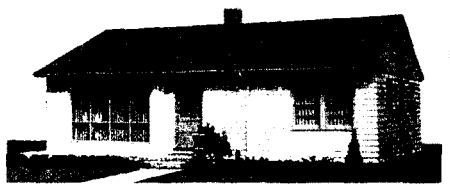

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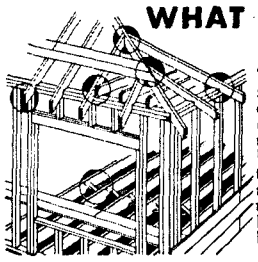
With carpenters getting up to $24 a day think how much you can save by building your own Aladdin house! Carpentry work runs from 300 to 1200 hours. Even if you hire help you save because most of the expensive, time-consuming labor (measuring and cutting) has been done at the mill. No wonder the cost of an Aladdin house often compares favorably WITH PRE-WAR COSTS! Drawings and instructions are easy to follow and cover everything from foundation up. More than half the Aladdin houses sold have been erected by buyers themselves!



WHAT READI-CUT MEANS

The picture at the left shows how each piece of Aladdin lumber is cut to EXACT size at the mill—mitred and bevelled for perfect fit. Aladdin houses are designed to meet the most exacting building standards in both construction and materials.

WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU BUY AN ALADDIN HOUSE

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ASK FOR CATALOG No. CM-33.

THE ALADDIN CO. BAY CITY MICHIGAN

Mechanical brains aren't really smart; they're just fast—bi

which IBM feels will be considerable if employers can overcome workers' fears that man may be made the victim of his own heartless and bloodless creations. To keep the record straight, the company is going out of its way to teach people why mechanical brains cannot take over the world's affairs from the human inhabitants.

Giant brains are not really smart. They're just fast. They work at lightning speed because they work with tiny lightning bolts—i. e. electrical impulses which travel over networks of wires closely comparable to the networks of nerves which enable us to think, feel and act. There is only one fundamental difference in this respect between the machines and ourselves: speed. Nervous impulses in our bodies travel at a maximum of 300 *feet* per second. The electrical impulses in the wire nerves of the mechanical brains travel 186,000 *miles* per second.

Compared with a human brain, the mechanical brain is rudimentary. The machine does only the rough work of the spinal cord and the thalamus, which together control most human motion. It is where the spinal cord and thalamus leave off that the human brain begins to exercise its remarkable powers and puts the machine far behind.

An Alarm Clock You Don't Hear

Suppose we did not rely on our ears to pick up the sound of the alarm-clock bell and wake us in the morning. Suppose instead that when we went to bed at night, we plugged a wire from the alarm clock into our fingernails. In the morning, instead of ringing an alarm, the clock would shoot electric current into us. The current would discharge impulses into our nerves, the impulses would race first to the spinal cord and then to the thalamus at the base of the brain, shouting, in nerve language, "Get up!" The spinal cord and the thalamus would send orders out to our muscles, and we would get up.

That's how the mechanical brain is roused and kept awake for work. Since it has no ears, it must pick up electrical impulses directly through magnetic fingers, like a blind man reading Braille.

The blind man reads with his fingers. The machine reads with tiny metal brushes which transmit bursts of electricity. The blind man feels raised dots and intervening flat spaces on pages of paper. The machine's reading brushes either feel holes in rectangular cards (punched in code in advance) and catch current from a metal plate beneath the cards, or lift electric charges from magnetized tapes as an ordinary tape-recording machine does in playing back a transcription of the human voice.

The blind man must study Braille before he can read it easily because the dots beneath his fingers vary in number and location, depending on the letters of the alphabet they represent. The mechanical brain has no such problem. There either is an electric charge or there is not. This simple alternative is the real secret of the machine's "thinking." Because of it, the machine can count. If there is an electric charge, the count is 1. If there is no charge, the count is 0.

From the magnetic fingers a steady procession of 1s and 0s passes over the machine's nervous system of wires and vacuum tubes. Within infinitesimal fractions of a second, they reach and roll—by electromagnetic force—a counter which is practically a twin of the mileage meter on the dashboard of your auto. The counter merely accumulates, one by one, the 1s and 0s that come to it, or, when its mechanism is reversed, wipes them away one after another. Thus the mechanical brain adds and subtracts. Additions and subtractions are all a skilled mathematician needs to build up any form of mathematics, including advanced calculus.

But if the machine only receives 1s and 0s, how can it even add and subtract?

Fortunately for the future of science, there is a kind of arithmetic that uses only 1s and 0s. It is called binary arithmetic because it uses only two symbols —"1" and "0." The "0" is used precisely as we use it in the ordinary, or decimal, system of arithmetic—to show an empty space. But the "1" has different values in binary arithmetic according to the column it is in. In the first column on the right, "1" has its usual value, one; in the second column to the left, it has the value of two; in the third column, the value of four; in the fourth column, the value of eight, and so on, the value doubling each time the "1" is moved to the left. A two, for example, is "10"; a four, "100"; an eight, "1,000"; three is "11"; five is "101"; seven is "111," and so on. The numbers spread across more space on a page than decimal numbers do. But the wire nerves of "701" are designed to carry up to 36 digits. When a number reaches that length, the thirty-sixth digit alone has a value of 68,719,476,736.

The speed of thinking in a human brain depends to a great degree on how much information that brain has filed in its memory and how orderly the filing was done. Mechanical brain builders have made use of this fact in constructing the so-called memories of their machines. Since the mystery of human memory isn't clearly understood, the mechanical memories are more comparable to notebooks a man might write and put away for future reference.

In the earliest mechanical brains, these notes were stored on wheels within the machine. Later the wheels were replaced by metal tapes and revolving drums which held magnetic charges on their surfaces. The numbers were lifted off the metal in exactly the same way that the machine's magnetic fingers receive newly incoming numbers. Later, to gain speed, the notes were deposited in vacuum tubes filled with mercury gas.

Now "701" introduces a still faster method, in which the electrical impulses are thrown into glass bottles. At the bottom of each bottle is a thick green phosphorescent paste which catches the impulses as flypaper snares flies. But, while flypaper can only trap the insects at the spots where they happen to land, the memory bottle has the uncanny ability to instruct the impulses to land at any one of 512 different points on the green phosphor and stay within one hundredth of an inch of space. The phosphor paste holds the impulses firmly, yet lightly enough to allow them to be yanked out to the counter in twelve millionths of a second.

International Business Machines Corp. is building mechanical brains on production-line basis at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. plant

How do the charges get from the memory to the counter?

Just as information from your memory flashes in the working areas of your brain—over circuits of nerves laid out in advance for exactly that purpose. In your case, nature planned it; in the machine, the wires were arranged by human engineers. The machine itself has no more control over the matter than you do. It hasn't even a subconscious, as you do, to cause it not to remember on occasions.

The mere existence of a memory as lightning fast as "701's" is comforting in these days of uncertainty about the scope of Russia's aggressive intentions. Only mechanical brains of this caliber can hope to track and direct intercep-

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hey never forget a fact once it's fed them

tion of supersonic guided missiles which may be aimed against us. Of all human inventions, mechanical brains also are unique in their ability to plot the endless chances of enemy combat movement in the air, on the land and under the sea. Or to calculate the degree of penetration of a given amount of atomic radiation through water, lead, cloth or human skin.

As a defense weapon, high-speed calculation is dirt cheap. The demonstration model of "701" in IBM world headquarters at Madison Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street in New York City can be rented by anyone for a fee of $300 an hour.

The machine can compute the trajectories of many missiles as fast as they can fly. An hour's flight is about the extent of a missile's useful life. And the missile costs at least $1,000,000.

Rocket Maker Is Impressed

One missile builder, whose identity is an official secret, has already used the demonstration model of "701" to help him plan a new supersonic rocket. There was only one fundamental problem: how much space to give the missile motor and how much to fuel. To find out which design would carry the missile farthest and fastest, he worked out 60 different combinations of motor and fuel space. Then he turned each of these rough blueprints into a mathematical equation, and "701" flew those combinations of numbers through other equations representing the thrust of jet propulsion opposed to gravity, wind and the other great forces of nature. The missile builder was so impressed with the work of the machine that he decided to rent one for his own use.

The human pilots of these flights of numbers—IBM engineers—are almost all under thirty years of age. They are the prodigies of a new profession. The formal education of some of them stopped at high school, but all of them have acquired the equivalent of 10 years' postgraduate study in mathematics. And there is growing concern among them that the public schools of America are softening up on arithmetic on the very threshold of a new age of life-by-numerical-equation.

Will you be lost in the new equation age?

You needn't be. The principles involved are easy to grasp. You start with the fact that man has advanced his knowledge to the point where time is the great barrier to further knowledge. The airplane is probably the best symbol of this truth. In the 1930s, the designing of a plane took 70,000 man-hours of work by aeronautical engineers. To design a plane today, those same engineers must work 12,000,000 man-hours. How can this enormous time be compressed into a workable period without costing fortunes in wages? The answer: turn the plane design into an equation and let the mechanical brain do the figuring.

In actual practice, one equation would not be enough to cover the whole plane. You'd need maybe a hundred equations for just the wing of a present-day skyliner. If you understand one equation you understand the idea, so let's make one—to represent a section of the plane wing. We want to build a plane that will fly farther on less fuel.

You can draw the wing section on a piece of paper. It looks like a thin wedge with the thicker end rounded off. Around the perimeter of this shape and concentric to it, draw 20 identical shapes, one after another, each larger than the last. These represent the waves of air the wing section would kick up if it were flying through the sky. Twenty waves will be enough; after that, the air will be still.

Now mark the perimeter of your first wing shape with dots at equal intervals. About 40 dots will be right. Then draw

COLLIER'S "Never mind, Mom. I can reach it now" DON TOBIN

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Their gentle, joyful, *living* loveliness symbolizes the tender beauty of Christian teachings.

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Your doctor someday may reduce even you t

a line starting from each dot at a right angle to the wing surface and out into space. The plane wing is now suspended like a fly in a cobweb, and you assign a number to each of the 800 intersections in the cobweb according to established scientific laws. From these numbers, you work out your equation.

Amazing Time Comparisons

Within seven minutes, IBM's "701" can give us the answer to the equation: the distance our plane could fly on a given amount of fuel with this type wing. To solve the same problem, the new machine's immediate ancestor at IBM would have taken seven hours. A man with an old-fashioned desk calculator would have taken seven years. A man with a pencil and paper would have worked all his life and then passed the problem on through six generations of his descendants, who would have worked on it all their lives before it was finally solved.

Equations in one form or another can be developed for almost anything on which sufficient facts are available.

It is possible to describe a glass goblet on your dinner table with an equation. To get the formula, you have to make a pattern of numbers outlining 20,000 to 30,000 points in space to fit the shape of the finished goblet, then move that pattern through 500 points in time, during which cooling air flowed around the surfaces of the molten glass in the glassblower's furnace.

The Tacoma, Washington, bridge that vibrated with steadily rising intensity until it fell in pieces several years ago would still be in use today if a mechanical brain had worked out a safety equation for it at the proper time. Other equations can help oil prospectors by predicting—from the pull of gravity at certain points on the earth's surface—the shape of rock formations beneath the ground. Equations have been written to keep foreign spending of the U.S. government at the most effective level without the risk of bankruptcy, and to regulate the domestic economy of the country so that it will run at top speed without either flying apart or stalling for lack of raw ingredients or man power.

Physicians may someday draw up equations to fit their patients. There is now a growing literature in mathematical biophysics, the area where research in physics impinges upon biology.

In mental medicine, there has been enough interest in numbers to produce a fancy name for the new specialists: psychometricians.

And the U.S. Air Force School of Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, has put the science of numbers to practical use in testing all aspects of the human personality. The Air Force wanted to know what makes a good pilot. So it handed questionnaires to 2,000 successful fliers. Each man was asked to answer the same 70 questions. The answers provided a formula for each man,

Next Week in Collier's

EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE HUCK FINN

Every year, hundreds of men and women, with adventure shining in their eyes, embark on a romantic voyage, a trip down the Mississippi—in everything from yachts to rafts. Soon they will be at it again. Here is an exciting story of bold doings on the treacherous river

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...an equation. It could speed your treatment

and the 2,000 formulas were weighed against one another to develop an equation representing the good points of all. Translated from numbers into English, the last equation reads: a good pilot equals answer to question 1 times factor 1 (a fixed value representing the relative import of that question to the complete pattern) plus answer to question 2 times factor 2, and so on through answer to question 70 times factor 70.

A mechanical brain worked out the final equation in two months but was stumped by the next query the Air Force raised: how to reduce the size of the equation without affecting its accuracy. IBM's "701" is fast enough to answer that one if the Air Force calls upon it to do so.

If equations already are in use for so many different purposes, isn't it reasonable to expect that the science of numbers someday will make possible automatic offices and industries which will operate without human labor?

Equations Must Be Foolproof

It is reasonable to expect such a development if you don't expect it tomorrow. Remember that the problem is no longer one of learning how to fit numbers to facts but how to get enough facts to make the equations foolproof. Oil refineries and chemical distillation plants are almost automatic now. A few men supervise mechanical controls. But a mathematics to fit a factory must consider all possibilities. And neither the oil nor the chemical industry is yet prepared to cope mechanically with such emergencies as explosion or fire.

Similar blank spaces exist in the routine of modern offices. Machines now do most of the work of gas, electric and telephone billing and processing of insurance policies, premiums and payments. But the automatic operation starts with a machine that punches holes in cards by picking up electrical impulses from the graphite pencil marks of a human clerk. How can a machine decide where to place those marks?

The burden now is on business and industry to prepare constructively for what seems certain to come in 10 to 20 years. Research teams, procedure writers, operations studies—these alone can develop the foundation for a mathematical system. Without them, mechanical controls are likely to be ready before man is ready to use them.

Mechanical brains are being pitted against one another in all-out competition for the future market. At the moment, IBM's "701" is ahead. But Remington Rand has announced that its new superspeed "1103" will come off the production line next year. General Electric, too, has just reported the development of a high-speed brain. All the old established manufacturers of computing machines—Underwood, Burroughs, National Cash Register, Monroe—are moving ahead in this field, along with relative newcomers like Raytheon, Ultrasonic Corporation and International Telemetering Corporation.

The equation age is likely to figure in billions. Shoestring operators with hot ideas can't last long against the titans of the industry, but they can sell out for a pot of cash.

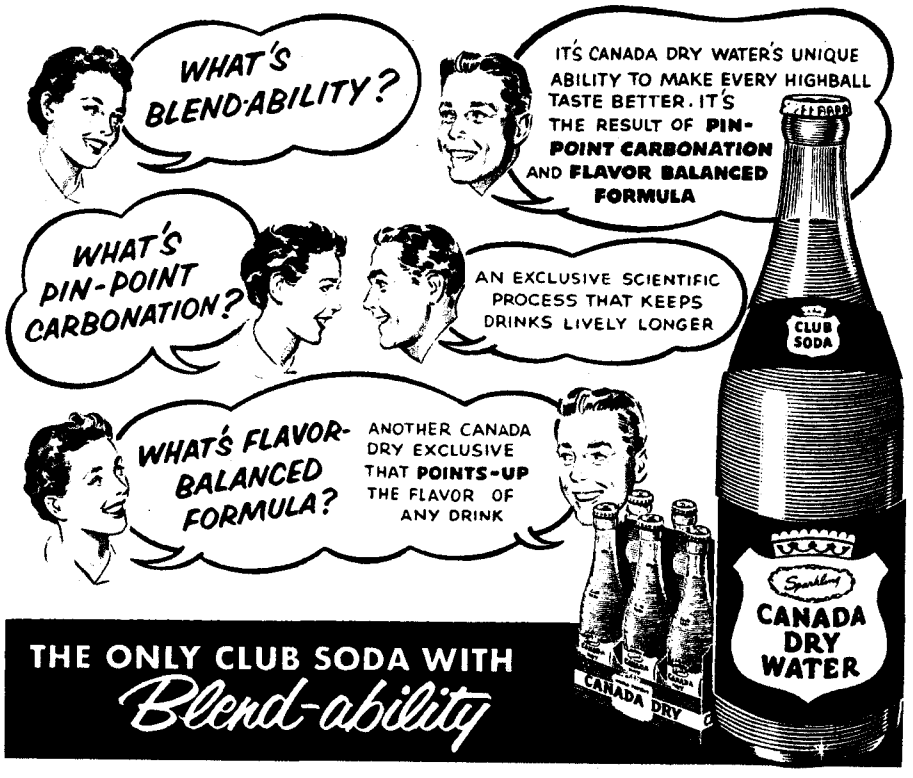
In the heat of competition, all sorts of claims are made for different types of mechanical brains, some of them extravagant. But there is one point on which everyone in the industry agrees: that the age of numbers, in resolving man to an equation, will not make him a slave. It may—and almost certainly will—reduce his manual labor. His brain, however, should be in greater command of nature than ever and also freer than ever to work for peace and good will. ▲▲▲

"... And this is the shoestring I started on. I used it to tie up a thousand railroad shares"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES STRAUSS

For the
LIFE OF YOUR DRINK
and the
DRINK OF YOUR LIFE!

USE
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER
with Blend-ability
MAKES DRINKS TASTE BETTER


WHAT'S BLEND-ABILITY?
IT'S CANADA DRY WATER'S UNIQUE ABILITY TO MAKE EVERY HIGHBALL TASTE BETTER. IT'S THE RESULT OF PIN-POINT CARBONATION AND FLAVOR BALANCED FORMULA
WHAT'S PIN-POINT CARBONATION?
AN EXCLUSIVE SCIENTIFIC PROCESS THAT KEEPS DRINKS LIVELY LONGER
WHAT'S FLAVOR-BALANCED FORMULA?
ANOTHER CANADA DRY EXCLUSIVE THAT POINTS-UP THE FLAVOR OF ANY DRINK
CLUB SODA
CANADA DRY WATER
CANADA DRY

THE ONLY CLUB SODA WITH Blend-ability

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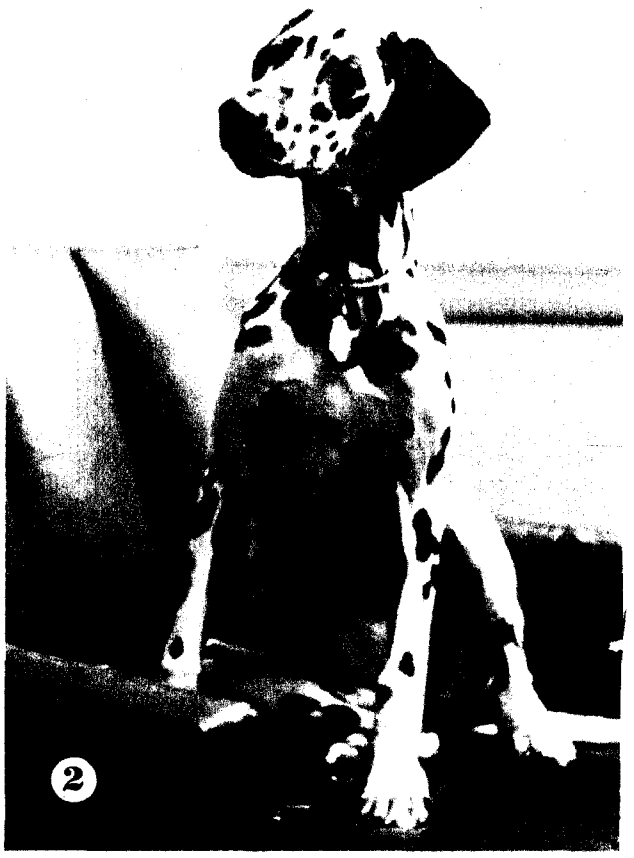
JOAN CRAWFORD



WHOSE DOGS?

Some dogs seem right for some people. Can you spot the twosomes?

CERTAIN serious students of dogs and people believe that canines and their masters, like husbands and wives, eventually get—or seem to get—to look alike. Many dog owners dispute the theory (as, perhaps, would many dogs). Nonetheless, it is an observable fact that twosomes of long acquaintance often do appear to belong together naturally. You can test the look-alike theory by matching up the dogs on these pages with their famous owners. Chances are you'll make some good guesses, even if you don't know exactly why. Answers are on page 72—and if you miss a few, don't be dismayed. They may share something that you just can't see, like a distaste for cats.

RICHARD NIXON

ROY ROGERS

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BOB HOPE

3

KATE SMITH

4

JANE RUSSELL

5

MILTON CANIFF

8

DAVE GARROWAY

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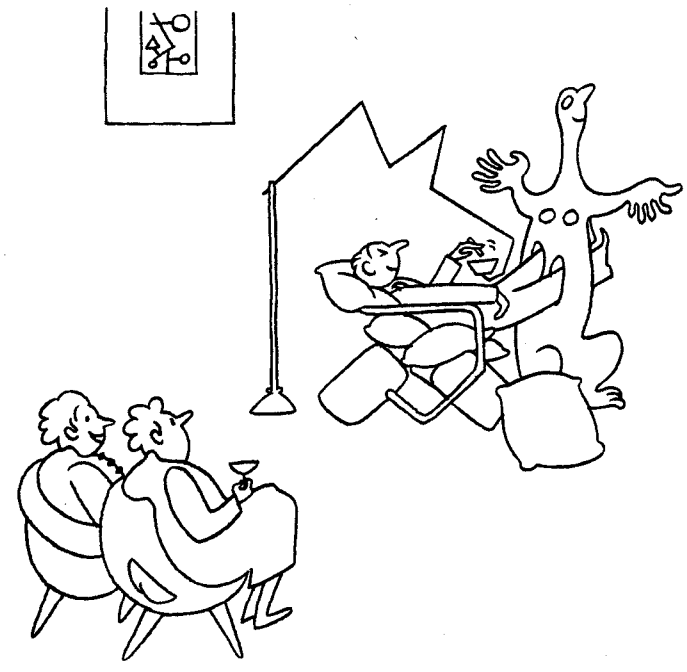
WIGGLY GARDNER

A squiggly, shaky line and a quick mind have earned this cartoonist nearly $1,000,000 since 1908

THE sad-looking pen-and-inker at the left is Gardner Rea (pronounced Ray), whose first Collier's drawing (right) appeared twenty years ago come May. Rea has since been represented here by some 650 cartoons, including the eight brand-new ones on these pages. Any artist could justifiably boast of twoscore working years in this highly competitive business; but red-haired, 90-pound Rea considers that peanuts because, in 1953, he celebrates his forty-fifth anniversary as a comic artist, having made his initial sale at the age of fifteen. Born in Ironton, Ohio, our subject attended East High School in Columbus and in 1914 graduated from Ohio State University, where he won three varsity letters and helped found the Sundial, the still existing college humor magazine. After a spell in World War I's Chemical Warfare Service, Rea settled in Manhattan, where he was kept busy as drama critic, poet, essayist and artist; but for many years—and for about a million dollars—Rea has devoted his time and talents to turning out 40 ideas a week (for himself and for editors to assign to his contemporaries), which he dreams up while facing a blank wall in his Long Island home. Most of his earlier drawings featured a squiggly line ("So nobody will catch on when I get senile"), but lately his simple but effective lines are on the firm side. The dean of today's magazine cartoonists is universally known for his puffy people, dumb blondes, juvenile hellions and rabbity, wispy characters. Describing the latter he says, "*You* know—like *me*."

MAY 13, 1933 **"*Mister* Buddy—to you!"**



"The thing I like most about Charles is, he's so adaptable"
Collier's for April 4, 1953

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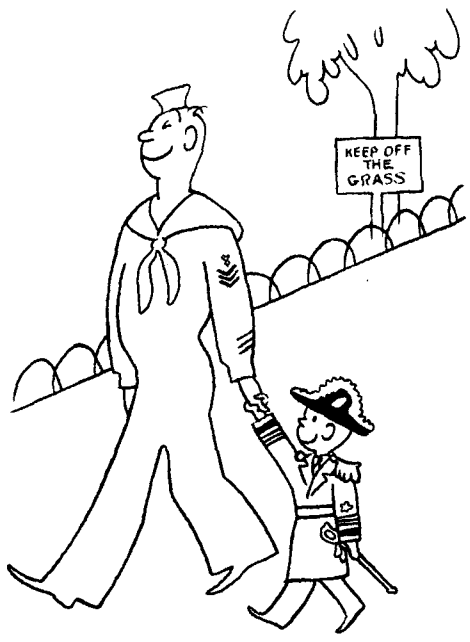
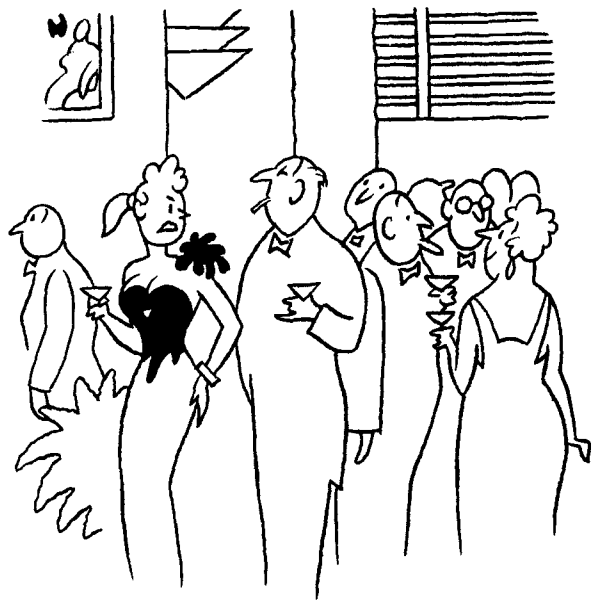
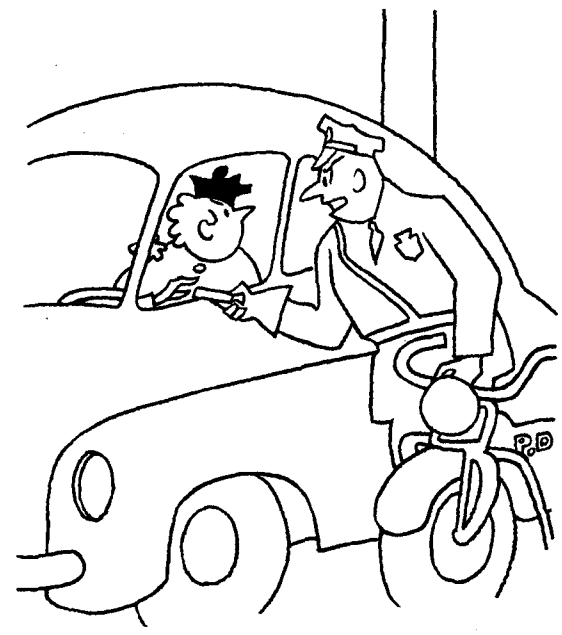


"Dave's idea is to make a killing now, while the dollar's still worth fifty-six cents"



"I don't think much of this party, either. How about trying the *next* house?"



"Your driver's license seems to be okay, lady. Now suppose you tell me how in the world you ever got it!"

"And there were three office collections this month. That took fifteen cents"

"I wanted to phone first to tell you we were coming, but Dave said not to bother. He was sure it would be perfectly all right"

Collier's for April 4, 1953

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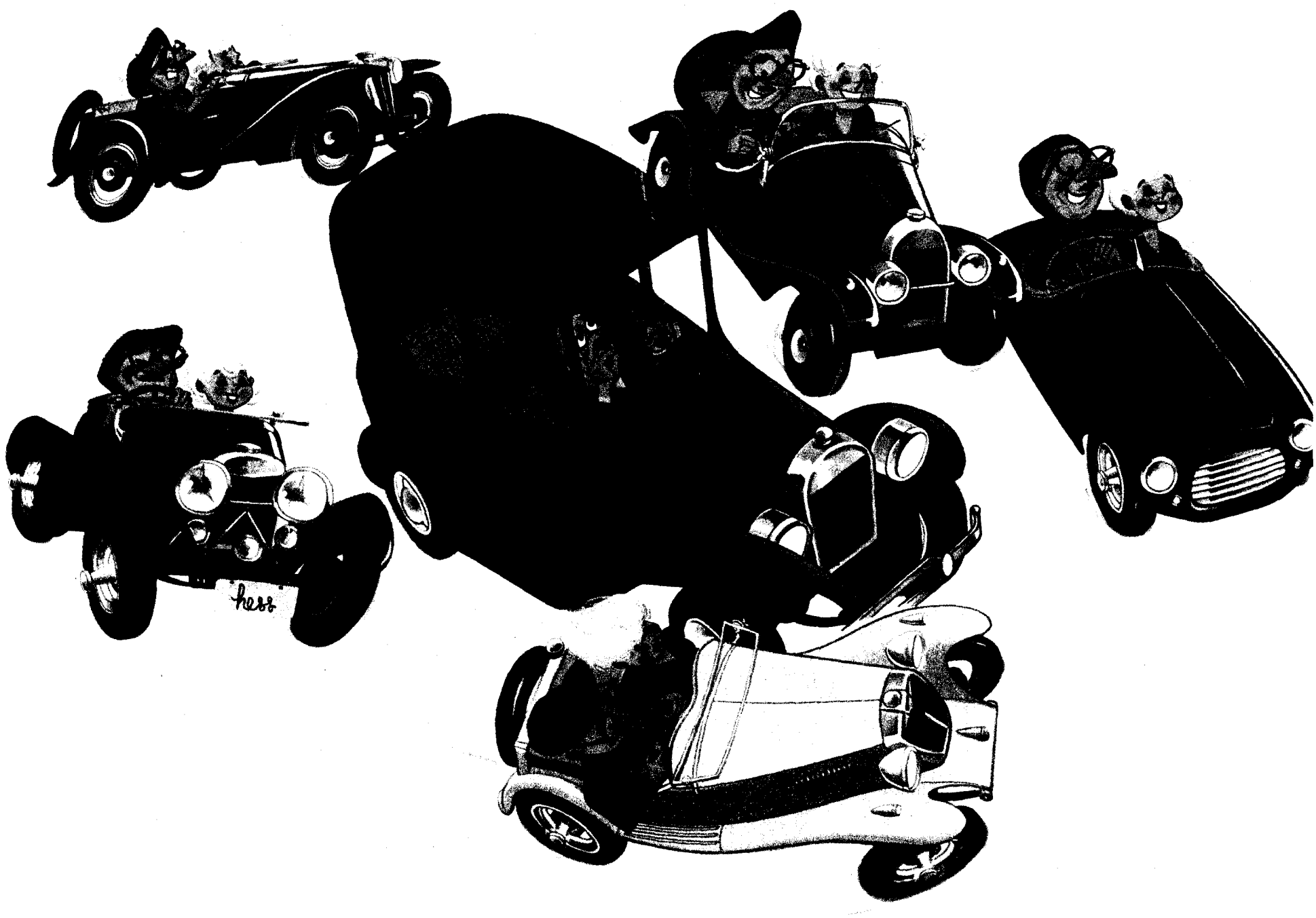
The Sport-Car Set



Comes spring, and with it over 100,000 foreign-sport-car drivers hit the road. "We like to *feel* the ride," they say. And they do—every last bump. This is a sport?

By MURRAY ROBINSON

I WAS coasting along in my sedan on a road leading to Watkins Glen, New York, late one pleasant afternoon. Traffic, at the moment, consisted of similar American-made family cars, including a smattering of convertibles and jalopies. Then came a subtle change in the familiar road hum. It gave way to a roar and clatter as the sedans were infiltrated by a bounding, darting wave of little open two-seaters in bright colors. They were heading away from Watkins Glen.

Often the tiny cars seemed to have identical occupants. The driver had a beef-red face with a haughty look, sunglasses, a beret or loud cap, and a tweed jacket over a turtle-neck sweater or Tattersall vest. A sun-faded mustache was optional equipment. With him was a good-sport-type girl, lean, grim and a bit grimy, with lank, muddy-blonde hair. The illusion of conformity was strong, and it hasn't faded after many subsequent encounters with the little cars.

On they came, weaving in and out among the family cars, stiffly bouncing to identical heights when they hit the same bumps, sneering with their horns, moving on as determinedly as an army of ants.

Recovering from their initial surprise, the occupants of the big cars reacted swiftly with a show of angry resentment. A bedlam of squawking horns ensued, mingled with hoarse cries from the car windows, some of the patter hot enough to sear the fuzz off the berets below.

Sneakily I eased over and turned off into the first gas station. When the chaos had passed, the attendant shook his head and said: "How'd you like them sport-car nuts? They came from the road race at the Glen. Think they're something, hey?"

Thus my introduction to the postwar phenomenon of American motoring—the foreign-sport-

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Rides Again

car craze. For my dough, it should have stood in the Alps and the corkscrew roads of Italy, France and jolly old England, where it came from.

If you, driving the family car, haven't as yet run into bands of the beret boys, you will, no matter what part of the country you live in. It's a safe bet predicated on the mushroom growth of the current foreign-sport-car mania. From its beginnings in New England and New York, it has spread clear across the country, and from Canada to Mexico.

From 1940 through 1945, only 464 new and 1,962 used foreign cars were imported into the United States, according to the Automobile Manufacturers' Association. But from 1946 through 1952, 113,409 new and 2,693 used foreign cars were brought in.

Foreign Makes That We Are Importing

Among the makes are the MG, Morgan, Singer, Jaguar, Allard, Frazier-Nash, Healey, Aston-Martin, Bentley and Rolls Royce from Great Britain. Italy's exports include the Alfa-Romeo, Fiat, Ferrari, Maserati, Cisitalia, Lancia, Osca and Siata. From France come the Bugatti, Simca, Amilcar, Delahaye and Talbot-Lago cars. Germany's products include the BMW, Mercedes-Benz and Porsche.

Last year importation of foreign cars hit a new high of 30,000, and the pace is fast this year, too. Even the 1952 bumper crop seems tiny compared with American passenger production of 4,320,788 last year. But as I've indicated, one little foreign sport car can make a lot of noise and attract much attention—a consideration which makes it tough on the many conservative gents who get a belt out of owning and quietly driving a sport job; the all-out guys give the whole bunch a bad rep.

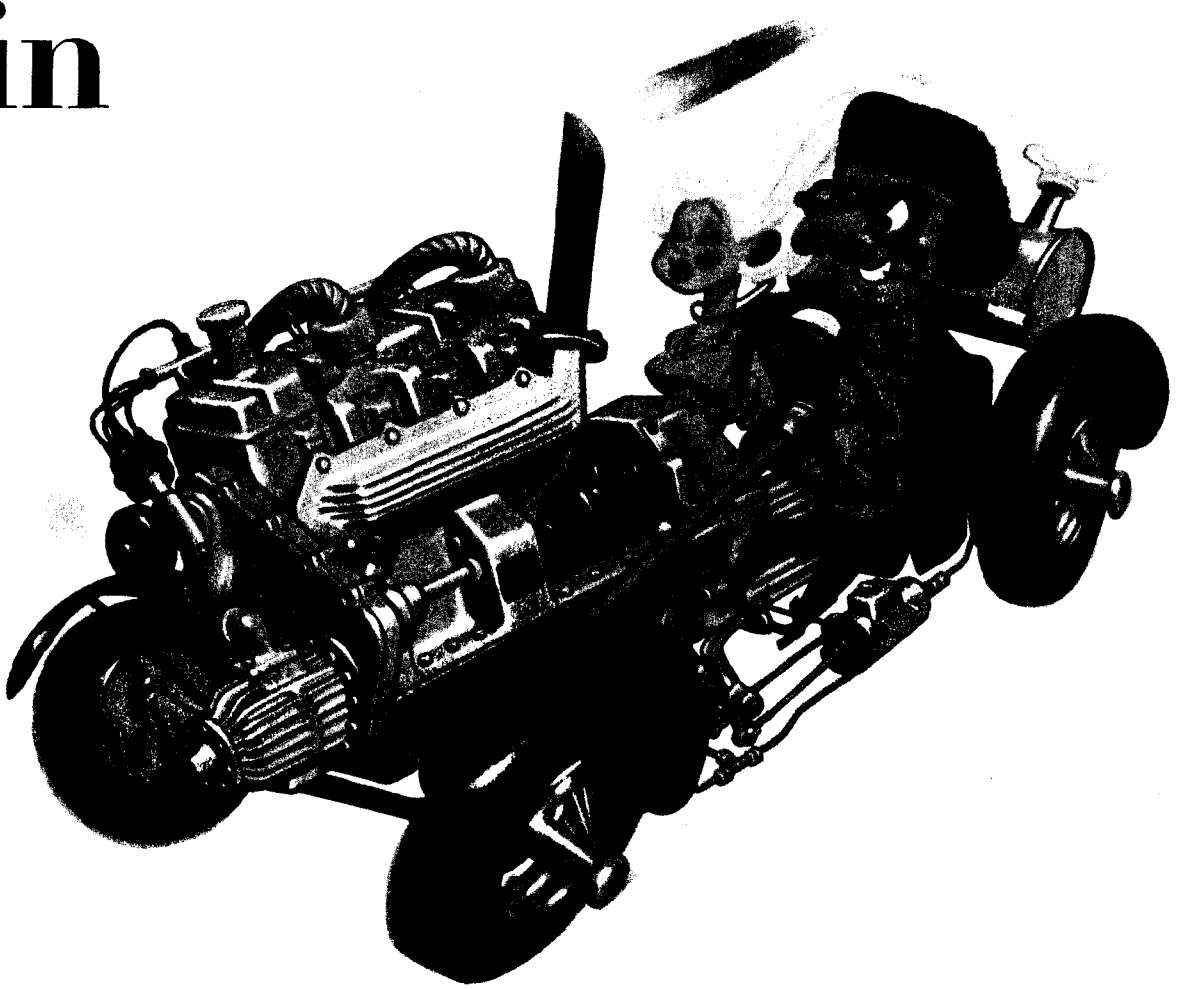
The invasion of the American market by foreign manufacturers—mainly British—was motivated by the need for American dollars. And the British lead the field because they've come up with the MG (which, incidentally, stands for Morris Garage), most appealing of the foreign sport cars to the addict without too much money. It sells for a little more than $2,000. There are more than 20,000 of these cars on our roads today and they're being imported at the rate of 200 a week. The Morgan, in the $2,500 class, and the Jaguar, at about $4,000, are also popular in this country.

What is the foreign-sport-car lover's chief beef against American automobiles? You won't believe it, but here it is, boiled down from the views of dozens of them I've talked with: "They ride too soft. We sport-car boys like to 'feel the road.' We like hard bucket seats, not the cushiony easy chairs you sit on in American cars. Part of the fun in driving is getting jarred."

Before I take you in for a close-up of the Drophead Set (Drophead being British for convertible), let's try to figure out what a sport car is. Dave Garroway, the NBC television star, who has the sport-car bug real bad, said recently: "A sport car is a car that gives *me* pleasure. You've got to feel this thing. If you're not with it, there's no use trying to explain. Some sport-car owners never even drive their cars. They just work on them for kicks."

Well, I get pleasure driving a nice, soft American sedan. Does that make it a sport car? "It does—for you," Garroway replied with an air of not wishing to get involved with this ambassador from Squaresville. (I once saw the same look on the face of a jazz nut when I said, "I can't help it but I like Guy Lombardo.")

In his book, Sports Cars of the World, Ralph Stein, an *aficionado* from away back, advises:



The foreign-sport-car owner often runs to form: turtle-neck sweater, beret, sunglasses and a red face. The girl with him is always the good-sport type

The beret boy is happiest when his foreign buggy needs fixing. Then he can put his motor on the kitchen table and make like he is a mechanical genius

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But America isn't Italy, so be a good kid and bring me cigarettes, eh, Giovanni? I'm in the third cell from the left. The cop said I ain't allowed to do 90, and I also busted the antinoise laws. Il Gran Nerve, eh, Giovanni?

I don't get it. This kid wants an angry clutch that tries to snap his head off, with gears that howl and growl. He should get a cross between a banshee and a bobcat. If my car acted that nasty, I'd bat it good across the bonnet (British for hood).

What a Sport Car Must Have

Walter von Schonfeld, of Nutley, New Jersey, one of the best-known writers about and drivers of ill-tempered foreign cars, offers this pitch: "A sport car is one that can be used for taking you to the office as well as for racing. It must have at least two seats, mudguards, lights and a door to distinguish it from a pure racing car. It may have a hard top or a drophead, and it must have better than average acceleration and roadability. It should ride 'hard.' "

I can guarantee the little foreign sport cars *do* ride hard. Every bump in the road gives you one, and you wish you had a cast-iron bottom to stand them off. After a 10-mile ride on a rough road, you feel as if you had just finished the rodeo.

What kind of people have been buying the 118,528 new and used foreign cars imported between 1940 and 1952, and the thousands more coming into the United States this year?

J. S. Inskip, of New York City, largest importer of foreign cars in this country, has been dealing to the Rolls Royce trade for some 35 years. His is a very select clientele, you may be sure, since prices in that famed marque (fancy stuff for trade name) start at $10,310. But it wasn't until six years ago that the lower financial strata in American life became his customers.

Inskip divides foreign-car buyers into two classes—"specification-buyers" and "eye-buyers." The former demand certain idealized performances, such as acceleration from zero to 60 mph in nine seconds. The latter reach for the checkbook at the mere sight of a dizzy-looking bus.

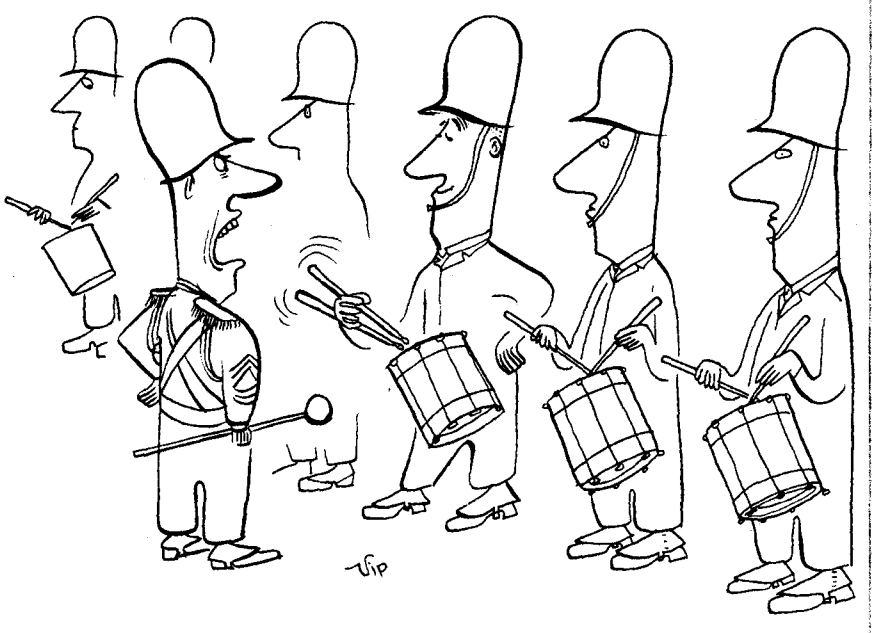
Sometimes eye-buyers turn specification-buyers, but in a different way. One of them once ordered the installation of a men's room in a special Rolls Royce saloon (British for sedan), but such extremes of chi-chi are rare. Mary Miles Minter, silent-movie star, once had Inskip build a Rolls Royce replica of Cinderella's coach. It cost close to $30,000. And although the majestic Rolls is not a sport car, Inskip another time whipped up two special cream-colored Rolls Royce drophead sport-car jobs at $22,500 each. They were grabbed up by Tommy Manville and a Western zillionaire.

Inskip points out one fact which stresses the incongruity of the dogged little MG on the American scene. "They were designed," he says, "to give fine performance on the winding, narrow roads of England. They're wonderful on sharp curves."

No surprise, then, that the foreign sport cars look out of place on the broad American highways. To carry out their apery of British conditions, our sport-car fans go looking for country lanes to conquer. Similarly, the 150 mph you can hit with a $14,000 Ferrari doesn't mean much here, because they'll throw the book at you for doing half that. Try to drive a Ferrari in normal city traffic and it may boil over on you.

There's a major point of difference between domestic-car owners and their brethren who've been bitten by the foreign-sport-car bug: squares like me are loyal to their cars and are willing to accept them at face value, confident that "Detroit" has given them the best for their money. We're happy only when our cars are working smoothly. Not so the beret boys. They seem happy

VIP'S WAR



"I don't care if you *did* study music in China . . ."

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

ONCE A PENNILESS ORPHAN, NOW MAKES $15,000 A YEAR

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COLLIER'S "I don't like what he's doing to you" BORIS DRUCKER

only when their supertuned European doll carriages have the vapors, which is often enough to keep the foreign-car repair specialists knee-deep in American folding money and haughty enough to keep their clients waiting as long as 10 days for a diagnostic appointment.

Besides, their cars' troubles give them a chance to start tinkering. "We love to lay out our motors on the kitchen table and work them over," one bug told me recently. Almost every guy who buys a foreign buggy thinks he's a mechanical genius.

A misled friend of mine over in New Jersey bought a used MG for $1,400 and immediately became a kitchen mechanic. I asked him how he did. "Frankly," he replied, "not too good. I sold the whole thing for a G-note. The guy didn't pay until he put it together again. He wanted to make sure all the screws were there, and not under my sink."

For some mysterious reason, certain Americans who buy foreign sport cars immediately set about tearing them to pieces and rearranging them to satisfy some inner craving.

Making Over a Volkswagen

A real dilly was reported some time ago in the magazine Sports Car, organ of the Sports Car Club of America, whose headquarters is in Westport, Connecticut. The group has some 3,500 members in 37 "regions" covering the United States, Canada, Cuba and France. I quote, allowing myself a few capitals for emphasis:

"When H. L. Brundage, secretary-treasurer of the Florida region, first spotted the postwar Volkswagen (a German car), the idea of a 'special' began to take form in his mind. He bought the strictly standard 1131 cc sedan and at once began to ENJOY his purchase. HE REMOVED THE BODY. And from then, the TEMPTATION was overwhelming. He STRIPPED THE SHOCKS from the front wheels, BUILT A SPECIAL BODY with chrome moly tubing and aluminum sheet. He SNATCHED the standard CARBURETOR from the car and installed in its stead two Carter carbs designed to aspirate a Crosley. A Mallory coil followed and seemed to demand KLG spark plugs. SPECIAL oil temperature and oil pressure GAUGES, a gas gauge, vacuum gauge and ammeter were INSTALLED and the final feat of instrumentation was the installation of a red light on the dashboard, rigged to blink on when oil pressure dropped below four pounds.

"All this REQUIRED better than 750 MAN HOURS, and when this figure was reached, Brundage stopped keeping count. His enthusiasm for remodeling was tempered by a yen to get the car into the Vero Beach Endurance Race . . . but he was forced to miss it. He did, however, enter the car at Sebring and ran the whole race successfully, finishing third in his class. . . .

"Brundage reports that although he was FORCED TO RUN at Sebring WITH STOCK TIRES, WHEELS AND BRAKES, he is not planning to endure his UNRECONSTRUCTED CONDITION much longer."

I don't blame him a bit. It would be unthinkable to keep running that Volkswagen with those lousy old brand-new tires, wheels and brakes.

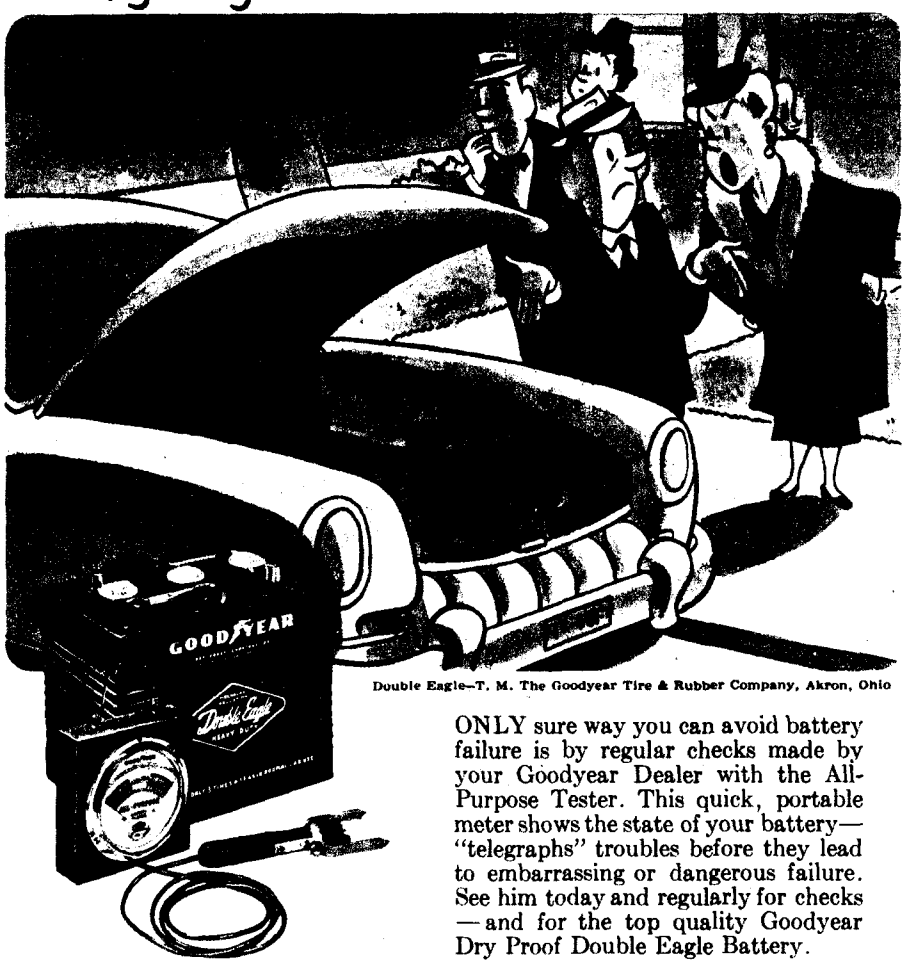
Brundage, by the way, is a rarity among foreign-car addicts. He can stand off and grin ruefully at his own folly. He wrote the Volkswagen mayhem saga himself.

Von Schonfeld, a real hard-seat sport-car man, bought a Jaguar and celebrated immediately by wrenching off the stock wheels and replacing them with wire ones. Cost—$600. Sport-car fans tell you they prefer wire wheels because they give the brakes more air, but they can't fool me. They like those wire wheels, symbols of the roaring twenties, because they look so jazzy.

Garroway's career as owner of a British sport car casts a revealing light on the whole business. His air of gentle melancholy, familiar to all his TV followers, may or may not have been induced by his experience with a Jaguar which constantly keeps snarling for more dough.

His Jag originally cost him $2,500 in 1946. It was then an eight-year-old SS-100. In the past six years, the buggy has set him back $14,000 in violent renovations. It is now, and has been, a conversation piece at road races all through the East and Middle West, and not without cause. It's a cream-col-

"I told you—get a GOODYEAR BATTERY CHECK!"



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ored slinker with—get this—genuine alligator seats and dashboards. Its insides, naturally, bear no resemblance to those of the car he bought in 1946. It's got a new engine—a Jaguar XK-120. "And I beat out four new steel fenders," Garroway told me proudly.

A Motor "Square" Gets Ideas

This news set me to humming the Anvil Chorus, and I wondered idly how Garroway would look under the spreading chestnut tree and what became of his old fenders. Maybe I could beat them out to make new fenders for my own older fenders—which just goes to show how this sport-car mania can bewitch even a motor square like myself.

I found out how it feels the day I, too, drove a Jaguar—for Collier's and for science.

I parked this baby outside a candy store on New York's lower East Side and went in for a malted milk. Soon, through the window, I saw an entranced little bevy of locals around the Jag drophead. Two loafers were methodically shaking the car. A kid was patiently kicking the tires (I could spell tires with a "y," you know, if I really wanted to put out). Another was pounding a fender, and a third was dripping hot-dog mustard on the dashboard as he peered in.

When I came out, I had to fight my way through to the driver's seat. The critics gave way reluctantly. Just before I pulled away, a middle-aged man who had been standing silent on the sidewalk suddenly shouted: "Children are starving all over, dying from hunger—and he's riding in such an automobile!"

Driving on New York, New Jersey and Connecticut highways I soon discovered the strange attraction of foreign sport cars for motorcycle cops. There was always at least one in my rearview mirror, hovering solicitously near enough to lend a helping hand, especially the ticket-writing one; and I nearly choked the poor Jaguar to death one day keeping it under wraps. A shamus was keeping a beady eye on me.

I discovered another strange reaction to foreign sport cars by drivers of American stock cars whenever they see a Frenchie or a Britisher on the road. The sedan drivers want to make right away like Barney Oldfield, pitting their cars against the foreign speed-wagons in impromptu races.

It happened to me a number of times. But every time I saw an American family car pull ahead in challenging gesture and I was tempted to give the Jag the gun, I would decline the issue. You know who the inevitable cop would grab for speeding, don't you? Me.

Phil Rizzuto, eminent shortstop of the New York Yankees, had a run-in with a few New York City motorcycle cops during the 1952 World Series mainly because he was driving a bright red Singer roadster, a British car given him by admirers.

On the morning of the sixth game, Rizzuto drove his dazzler from New Jersey to a point in downtown Brooklyn where he was to be picked up by the Yankees' player bus with police escort for the trip to Ebbets Field.

Rizzuto was a little late. He could see the bus and its escort in the distance. He gave chase in the Singer, caught up with the procession and drew abreast a cop who was playing a wide defensive end.

Here are the answers to the dog-and-master quiz on page 64. Numbers below correspond to those in the dogs' pictures.

1. Weimaraners Joaquin and Lana, aged three, belong to cowboy Roy Rogers.
2. Nonny, ten-month-old Dalmatian, is property of NBC-TV's Dave Garroway.
3. Mistress of Cliquot, five-year old French poodle, is actress Joan Crawford.
4. Cocker spaniel Freckles, 14 years old, belongs to Kate Smith of NBC.
5. Checkers, ten-month-old spaniel, is owned by Vice-President Nixon.
6. The owner of the three-year-old cocker, Princess, is Paramount's Bob Hope.
7. Captain Blaze is a 12-year-old great Dane. His master: Milton Caniff, cartoonist-creator of Steve Canyon.
8. Doberman pinschers Trinka and Blitzen, four, belong to RKO's Jane Russell.

"I'm Phil Rizzuto," he shouted to the officer. "I missed the bus. I want to get into the procession or I'll be late for the game."

The defender of the law and the New York Yankees described a graceful arc with his thumb, sheer poetry of movement which any umpire would have envied. It meant: "Beat it!"

Rizzuto dropped back and tried another motorized John Law. Again he was chased. Phil eventually took potluck in the heavy traffic, but he got to the ball park just in time. The Yanks beat the Dodgers to tie the Series and Rizzuto told manager Casey Stengel of his sport-car trouble.

"The car is good luck," Stengel said firmly. "You drive it to tomorrow's game too, y'hear?" Rizzuto did and the Yankees won the Series. This is a lesson in baseball strategy no manager can afford to forget.

Rightly or wrongly, staid American-car drivers instinctively tab the Drophead Set as snobs. And they regard the club diversions held by the beret boys as so much foreign nonsense.

How the Rally Is Contested

Take, for example, the "rally," sometimes spelled "rallye." A rally is a contest in which exact timing, rather than speed, counts. The contestants report to a starting point, each car holding a driver and "navigator," the latter often being the good-sport-type gal.

Just before the rally starts, each navigator is given sealed directions regarding the course. The idea is to follow the time schedule precisely. Points are lost for being too fast between control stations, as well as for being too slow. The rallies are held over public highways, which doesn't make us Sunday drivers any too happy.

For the clambake-kind of sport-car gathering, gymkhanas are held. The Kansas City region of the SCCA held a typical one last year. The fun included a balloon-breaking contest in which the zooming sport-car drivers tilted long, sharpened lances at anchored gasbags, and a test in which speeding drivers tried to toss Ping-pong balls into empty tin cans fixed along their route.

The Delta region gymkhana, in Biloxi, Mississippi, featured a scoring test with basketballs tossed from moving sport cars. Often husbands, in the

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driver's seat, are blindfolded and then ordered to park their cars in designated spaces while their wives give directions. This procedure is excellent training for something, I can't think what just now.

The big-league events for foreign sport cars are the road races which have soared to high spectator popularity across the nation since 1948. Here again, the impression of snobbery and of aping European customs arises. The road races are supposedly amateur events and the new owner of an MG dreams that he, too, may get into a Grand Prix and win top honors as 100,000 cheer.

That's the bunk, of course. The big road races are the show spots for the foreign racing cars, and as fast as one marque cops a big race, its triumph is blared out in advertisements. The owner of a Morgan has as much chance as winner over-all against a $14,000 Ferrari or a $9,000 Osca as a jalopy has of winning at Indianapolis.

The leading American road races include the annual tests at Watkins Glen, New York; Bridgehampton, Long Island; Sebring, Florida; Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin; and Pebble Beach and Golden Gate Park in California. Road races require careful policing and permission by local and state authorities, who usually grant it despite misgivings in many quarters about spectator safety.

The National Safety Council recently declared it believes "road races probably create a safety problem . . . That is why we have taken the stand that sport-car owners should get together and organize so they can have a special place off the highway on which to try their cars for speed and stamina."

Connecticut sport-car groups have beaten criticism to the punch by building a private road-race course at Thompson.

The attitude toward the public of a few sport-car road-race apologists may give you a jolt. Last year, when a seven-year-old boy was killed, and his father and brother were injured along with 10 other spectators during the big sport-car race through the main street of Watkins Glen, a writer in a sport-car publication had this to say:

"It was unfortunate that the season's most popular sport-car event at Watkins Glen should be the scene of tragedy. To place the blame entirely on the driver . . . is unfair. The blame should also be shared by those in charge of policing the area, as well as the money-hungry town merchants who continued to do business as usual while the race was in progress."

The indignant writer failed to explain why the speedballs were racing through the narrow main stem of a small town in the first place.

Drophead Set Is So Fickle

But don't let me be too hard on the Drophead Set. I know how they suffer for their sport, which I herewith return to them for keeps with at least one question unanswered: Why are these kids so fickle? Every car a sport-car addict has is the greatest in the world —until he sees another one. Take that Von Schonfeld chap I was talking about.

A few weeks after he ripped out his Jaguar's stock wheels and replaced them with the wire ones, I met him in the office of Fred Pittera, managing director of the World Motor Sports Show in Madison Square Garden.

"How's the Jag?" I asked him.

"Oh, the Jag," he replied with marked lack of interest. "I sold it." Then his eyes lighted up. "But now," he went on, "I've got a Maserati, a real race-winner. Cost $8,500 new. A bomb on wheels!"

Maybe I'll listen to Herb Shriner, the NBC Hoosier television wit and sponsor of the International Motor Sports Show in New York's Grand Central Palace. Sound man, that Herb Shriner.

"You know," he said to me one day, "you look more like the Classic Car type to me. I'm one myself. I've got a doozy of a 1934 American job I fixed up. Ripped off the fenders, ripped out the upholstery, ripped off the top . . ."

That's right down my alley. I'll become a Classic Car man myself. I'll take my sedan and start ripping. I'll show those sport-car nuts! ▲▲▲

"We thought we were through with our carriage so we let the boys build a racer out of it"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

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ERIC GURNEY

Strictly Confidential

WE DON'T KNOW what's causing it—perhaps some psychiatrist can tell us—but there seems to be more puerile backstairs gossip these days than at any time within our memory.

The other day a man had something so confidential to tell us he insisted he could not divulge his Big Secret anywhere except in our home. So there we went, and when he opened up we tried (out of misguided courtesy) to conceal the fact that we considered his revelations far from startling.

Like many another member of the Clandestine Cult this man had fallen in love with two expressions—*"sub rosa"* and "off the record." (Some years ago the favorite admonition of these Confidential Charlies was "mum's the word.")

This type is the editorial-office equivalent of the Club Bore. He usually comes well introduced and feels his importance so strongly that he does not hesitate to take a lot of time.

In fact, one of these pests once took a half hour to tell us "in the strictest confidence" that the head of a great corporation was "about to resign." He beamed when we said, "You're almost right," then crumbled when we added, "You see, he resigned last week."

Occasionally these Furtive Freddies can be amusing. There is one we used to encourage because he had cultivated the most sardonic wink in the United States. The most ordinary information became enigmatic and insinuative when accompanied by that diabolical quick flutter of the right eyelid. Once when we were badgered and bedeviled we let him in just so he could wink for us and take our mind off our troubles.

On the back of an old laundry list we found a versified description of one of these hush-hush boys that we once wrote in an effort to portray a typical mysterious expositor of the commonplace. It goes like this:

He never says a word without
First looking o'er his shoulder;
Within his confidential breast
A million secrets smolder.

Each syllable he utters as
It gravely slips its tether
Is whispered even when his theme
Is nothing but the weather.

Around Dame Rumor's ample waist
A loving arm he slips
And tiptoes furtively through life,
A finger to his lips.

We'd like to quote the fellow but
Real secrecy's essential,
For everything he said to us
Is Strictly Confidential.

Russia's New Mail Order While You Wait and Wait

EVERY POST OFFICE in Soviet Russia now displays a flamboyant poster inviting the public to patronize the Reds' fastest-growing retail enterprise, an official "Mail Order House" with branch depots in more than 100 convenient centers. Under the direct management of the Ministry of Trade, it promises that orders for anything in its catalogue will be filled "within 10 days."

Unfortunately copies of the catalogue are hard to come by. Letters to the newspapers complain that requests for this interesting volume have remained unanswered for weeks and sometimes months.

But the lucky people who eventually get their hands on a catalogue have something to enjoy and cherish. The book lists a great variety of merchandise—clothing for men, women and children, musical instruments, radios, kitchen utensils, household equipment and all sorts of useful things for the home, the farm and the workshop.

Here are articles that in many cases have never been available in the remote parts of Russia. And the benevolent government will ship them C.O.D. if desired.

In Russia, however, things are not always what they seem. According to the local newspapers, the functioning of the great mail-order enterprise leaves much to be desired.

A provincial customer who ordered a Star wrist watch waited two months and then received a polite letter stating that "the Molnia type of kerosene lamp is not yet on sale."

A petulant newspaper reader reports that he ordered a samovar and after six months received a flatiron.

A Siberian housewife sent for a sewing machine. "When it arrived," she wrote her newspaper, "it was an old machine, scratched all over, with loose rivets and a cover which didn't fit. The article was useless. I have sent it back and demanded a new one. Please wish me luck. I am sure I will have a long wait."

A villager in south Russia ordered a food chopper and got a vacuum cleaner. A miner in the Urals sent in his money for a mouth organ. When he had waited a month or so, he wrote a letter and was told his money had never been received. He forwarded the stub of his money order and learned that his money had been successfully traced. Since then, a long silence—but no mouth organ.

The big national newspaper Izvestia discusses the whole situation somewhat flippantly. "After all," it reasons, "the Mail Order House is a big undertaking and presumably a serious one. We hope that in due course it will stop playing practical jokes and settle down to giving the customers something better than sewing machines instead of bicycles, flatirons instead of samovars, and bad jokes instead of large parcels."

Americans, who have been under the delusion that the mail-order business originated with a Chicago boy named Aaron Montgomery Ward about 1872, will perhaps be surprised one of these days to learn that it really was invented by the Russians a century or so earlier, and has now been revived in a big way by the farsighted Soviet Ministry of Trade.

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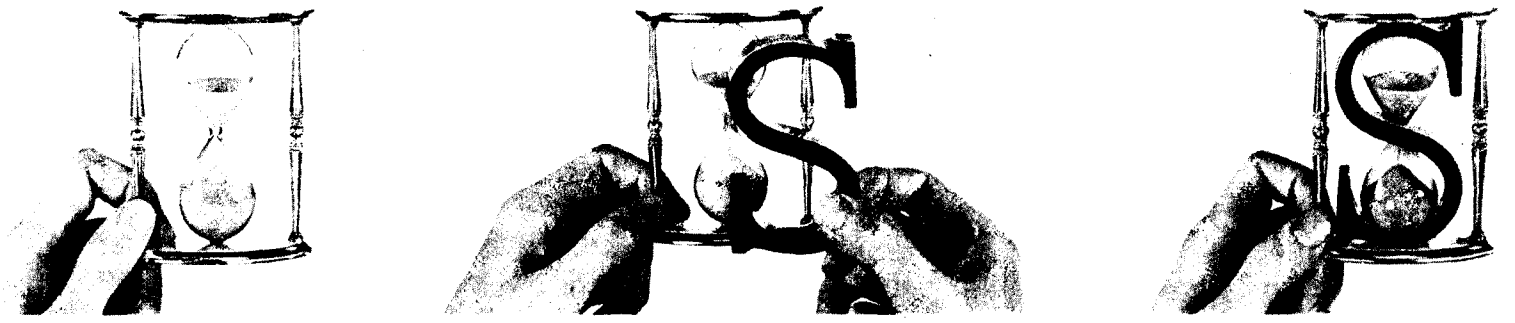

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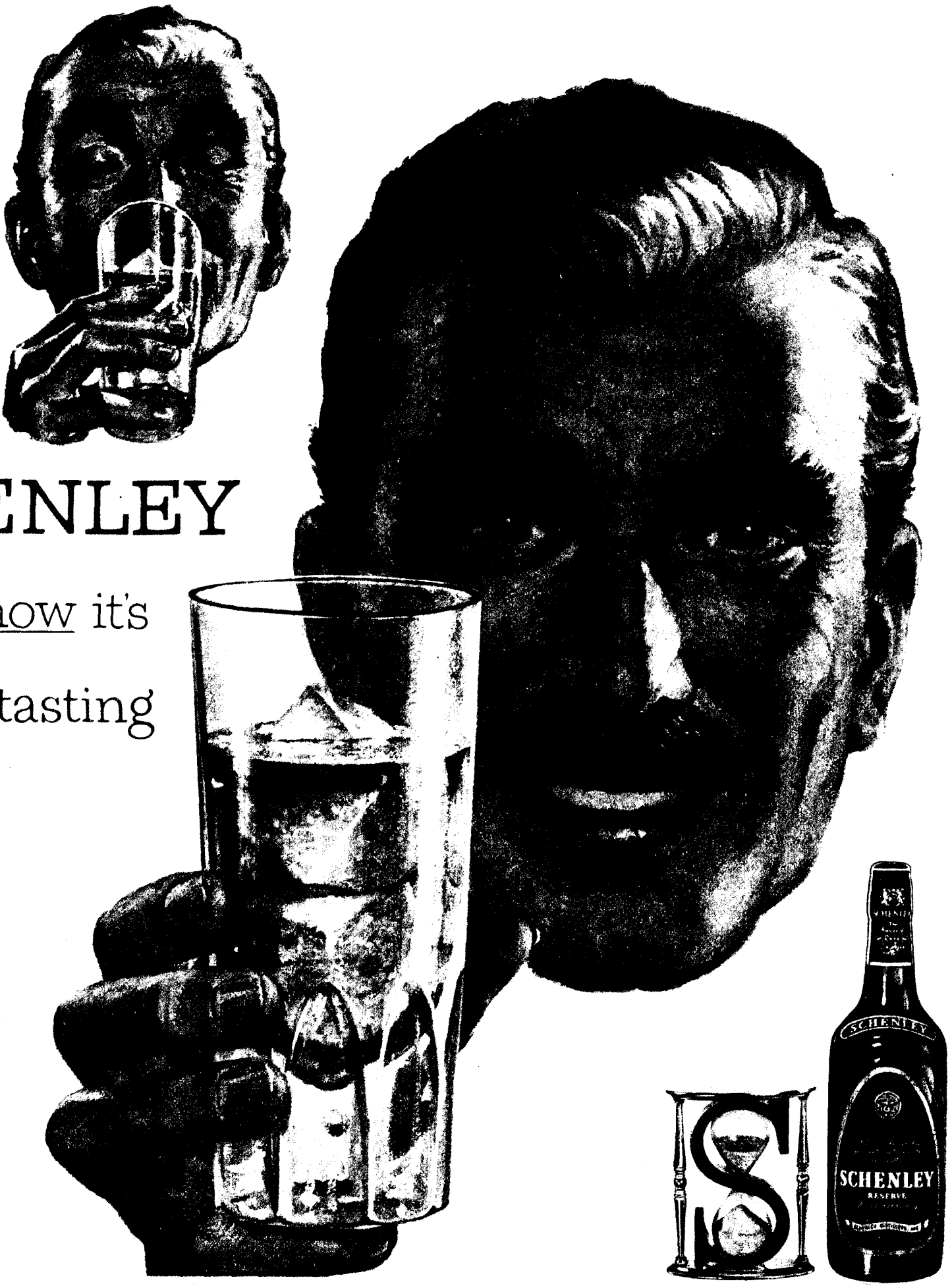

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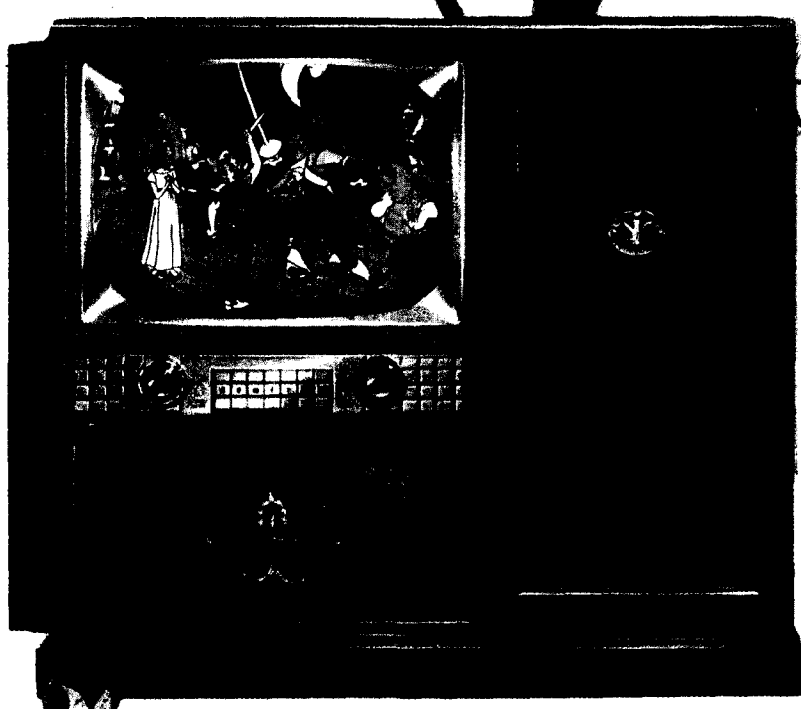

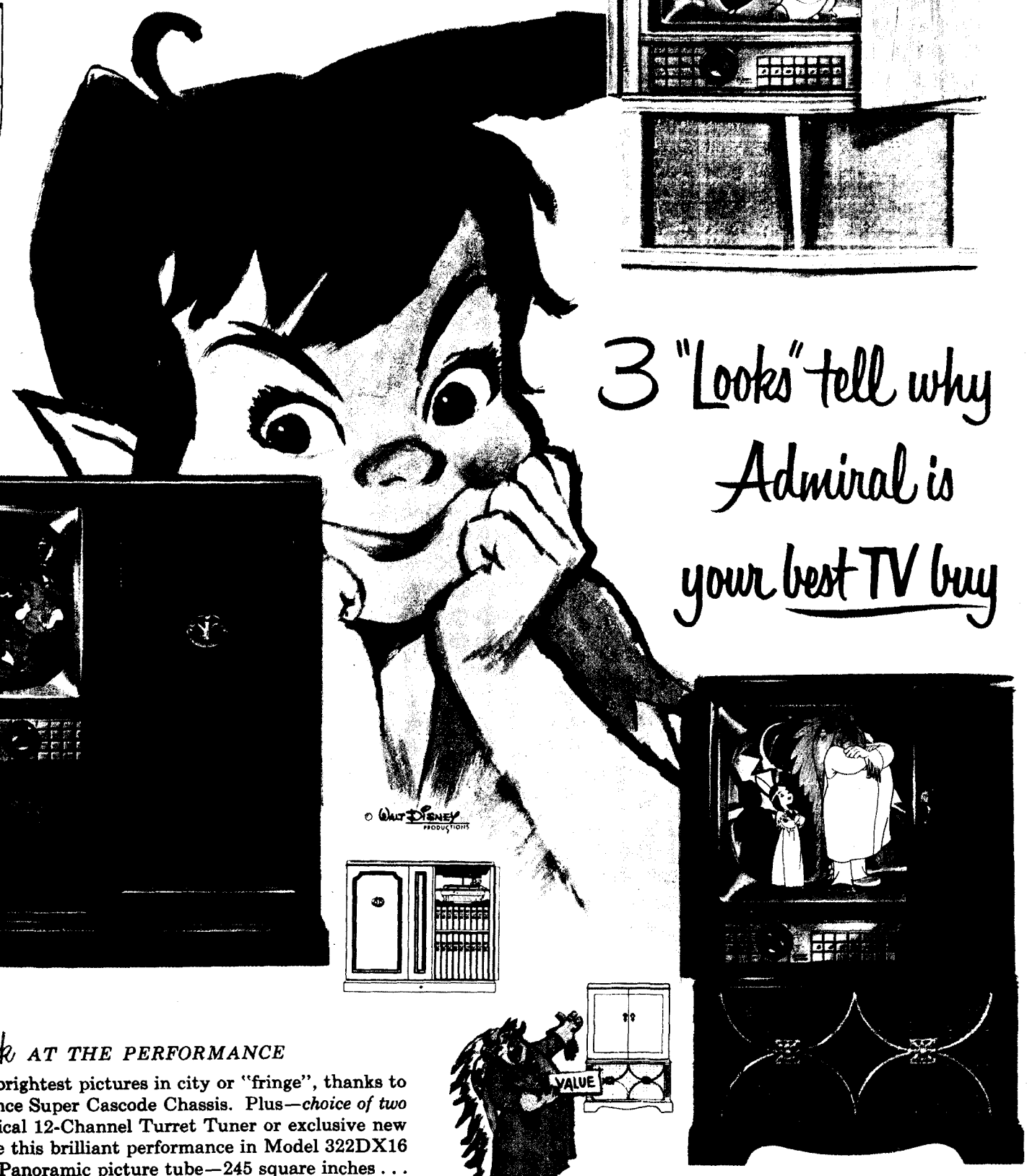

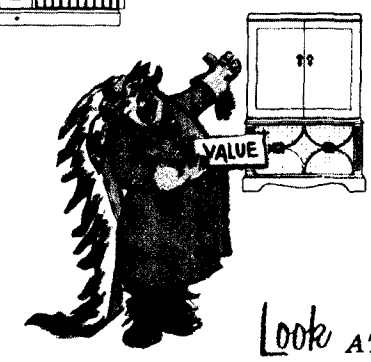

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